PAUL RAYMOND'S

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME TWO · NUMBER EIGHT · FORTY PENCE · NOT FOR SALE TO PER

Notorious Novotny
Alarms and Exposures!

Venal Veitch
Vile Bodies

Pirate Pop
Goodbye to all that?

and Cleopatra
A Midsummer
Night's Dream

Must we always wait for pictures like this?

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We shouldn't have to wait for pictures like this.

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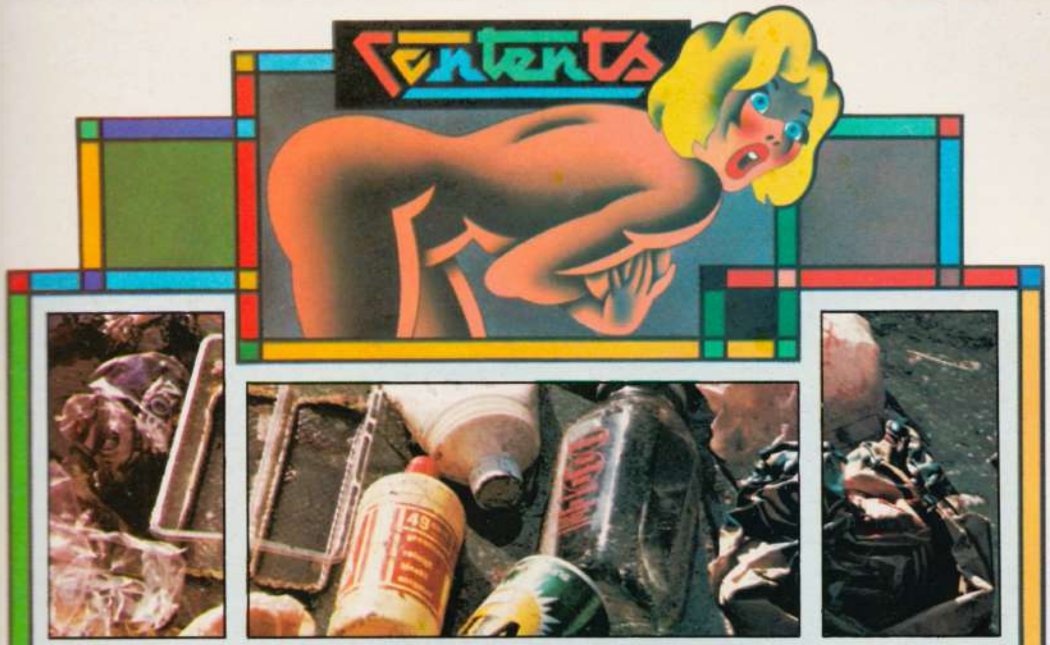

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If you are one of those people who perversely thumb through magazines from back cover to front, this introduction will appear as a postscript, or yrammus. In which case there is no need to titillate your imaginations with lubricious details of the goodies to come. You can't teach an old depravarus new tricks, as my father, an eminent sinologist, would have said.

Having got that off my chest I've no doubt your mind is springing back, elastically, to Mark Royston's odorous account of rubber fetishism, punctured by an excerpt from the poetry of Conrad Weiss, a name to conjure with in terms of 20th century gramanas.

Last month we began serialising the utterly frank diary of William Veitch, a vicar whose preoccupation with the world of the flesh and devilry rates him on a par with the greatest of Victorian letchers.

He almost puts Mariella Novotný in the shade. Almost, but not quite. That young lady would be very difficult to eclipse, indeed it is not for nothing that a well known parliamentarian described her as the government's chief whip. You cannot censure a government which shows that the fire of passion still burns bright, even if the honourable member *is* a little limp after an all-night sitting.

Perhaps, en passant, you noticed that *Club International* has thrown in its lot with the women's lib movement. From now on we shall encourage as many women as possible to burn their bras. Our attitude to female equality is entirely progressive, after all it does become a little monotonous being on top all the time. Remember the old Russian saying: 'You cannot make a good vodka out of potato peelings!' So, in future you will not see any wrapping on *Club International* girls. Revolutionary? No, merely keeping abreast of the times.

This month, we've also got some Vile Bodies; but for contrast look at Sophie. And there's Mike Hill's Just Desert's for after!/*Scharnhorst.*

It keeps them off the streets!

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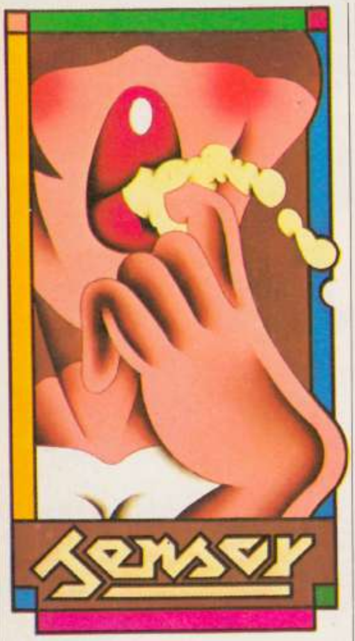

SCREEN

by Lawrence James

Back in the days of '49, miners would spend years of their lives shovelling through mountains of mud and rock, seeking those elusive specks of precious gold. Films this month have included more than their fair share of mud – and very little of anything remotely resembling gold.

Let's tackle the biggest mountain first. *Day Of The Jackal* was an enormously successful novel by Frederick Forsyth about an attempt by an English O.A.S.-backed assassin to kill General De Gaulle. Director Fred Zinnemann has turned the book into a very successful movie. He covers his bets by using just about the best supporting cast around – to pick out any one would be invidious – and the result is bound to be a box-office blockbuster. Shout loud enough that you've got a wonderful film, and people will actually believe you.

The only trouble with *Day Of The Jackal* is that it's not really a wonderful film at all. In fact, it's not all that far away from being mediocre. The basic problem is this: Frederick Forsyth is such a cunning writer that he can carry you along with your disbelief trustingly suspended. But, spread the plot across a wide screen for over two hours and the story looks as full of holes as an old chip basket.

Sure, it has some nice moments, but the pace just isn't fast enough to bear you lightly over the tissue of implausibility and improbability. The long, long arm of coincidence is stretched to unprecedented proportions and odd intrusions of unintentional comedy don't help the atmosphere. Like near the end when the plot has, more or less, disintegrated anyway and the Jackal – nicely underplayed by Edward Fox – is near to his target. The French police, thicker on the ground than bluebottles on an over-ripe peach, have covered the roofs, the streets, the crowds, the sewers. And a special squad of very tall officers has orders to surround the General "without him noticing". Think about it. *Day Of The Jackal* passes a couple of hours pleasantly enough, but I honestly preferred *Day Of The Triffids*.

Once upon a time, best beloved, the cinema industry only employed black people in roles as warm-hearted menials or capering imbeciles. Then, like a newly-hatched comet there came Sidney Poitier. He generally played different facets of the same jewel – the black superman. He was super-cop, super-teacher, super-doc. He hardly ever cussed or done a bad thing. Clean and respectable, Poitier became a huge box-office draw to whom nobody could take exception. Why, even Wolverhampton rednecks couldn't object too much if he moved in next door and, well, you know.

Money and status brought him the chance to direct and star in his own film. Now, nobody expected him to make a film brimming over with racial conscience, but at least he might have made an entertaining film. *A Warm December* sticks in your mind like stale liquorice nougat. It's a cross between the mawkish sentimentality of *Love Story* – the plot is similar with Poitier as super-doc again – and a "Look At Life" tourists' eye view of London. It does nothing for Sidney Poitier's career and that's a shame. It does less than nothing for black people – and that's worse.

Two disappointments down and one more to go – but stick with me. There really is a little gold to come. A few years back, Harry Harrison wrote a depressingly brilliant (or, brilliantly depressing) science fiction novel with the excellent title "Make Room, Make Room". Director Richard Fleischer has used that novel as a base for a poor science fiction film – *Soylent Green*. This rotten title is the name for one of the staple foods – including soya beans and lentils – in a grossly-overpopulated New York in 2022. From such a fine springboard, Fleischer succeeds only in landing (artistically speaking) flat on his face in three inches of muddy water.

It has one or two good things, like a nicely-staged riot, and Charlton Heston does his best as a twenty-first century Steve Carella who uncovers a monstrously updated Sweeney Todd sort of conspiracy. *Soylent Green* was Edward G. Robinson's last film and he gives a touching and sensitive performance. He even manages to hint at what a good movie it might have been.

Ah! Now for the first glint of gold. *Jimi Hendrix* may be a bit too long, with its mixture of live performances and interviews with a load of Hendrix's friends and fellow stars. But, it has vitality and really comes to life when the music starts flowing in a loud technicoloured orgasm of sound.

Only Eric Clapton stood above Jimi Hendrix as a rock guitarist and he lacked Jimi's showmanship and flair. Jimi played his guitar behind his head, with his teeth, he set fire to it, smashed it and screwed with it. On stage he was a mean mother but off it he was quiet and naive, surrounded by hangers-on and groupies.

Outstanding numbers are "Wild Thing" and Dylan's "Like A Rolling Stone". The outrageous Little Richard says: "He did it so good; he gave it all to you." And he did. Or, like Mick Jagger says: "I just wish he was still here." So do a lot of people.

There won't be a better film than this about the late and great Jimi Hendrix. Some real heavy gold! But, the finest gold of the month was old gold – fifty years old. And it was genuine twenty-two carat.

Blood And Sand was made over fifty years ago – in 1922 – and the star was Rudolph Valentino. The word "star" should be in neon capitals fifty feet high. Although he was to die tragically young in 1926, and though his acting seems a little stylised by our standards, Valentino as the doomed matador leaves no stop unpulled. He's funny and sexy and amazingly self-aware – far better than I'd ever guessed. A contemporary quote about *Blood And Sand* said: "Valentino represents the world-old lure of sex and the ideal of perpetual romance. He is the symbol of eternal love." *Blood And Sand* is planned to be the first of a series of revivals of Valentino films. I'll be watching for the next one.

Like a Janus-faced harlot, the cinema condemns television as its murderer, then gleefully embraces successful series and drains life-blood from them to give itself a specious vitality. Thirty minute episodes don't always adapt to feature film length, but among the current plethora of these artistic half-breeds currently being spawned are *Love Thy Neighbour*, *Father, Dear Father*, *Nearest And Dearest* and *Steptoe And Son Ride Again*. If you like the originals, then you'll probably like these. Just remember that there won't be anything on the other channel.

What a thing to find at the end of the rainbow – a pot of Sir Lew Grade's gold!

SOUND

by Peter Muego

Reggae, for the uninitiated, is a highly stylised form of dance music that accents every other beat, i.e. one, TWO, three, FOUR, one, TWO, . . . etc., etc. It is Jamaican in origin and it was in Jamaica that, during the fifties, R & B and urban blues became popular via U.S. radio stations. Jamaican musicians very quickly latched on to these new sounds, partly as a reaction against the white American pop being played by local stations, and began to produce their own, home-grown R & B. By the early sixties the beat had subtly altered and an essentially Jamaican style was emerging.

This music was called "ska" and was typified by heavy "walking" bass lines, off beat brass or piano rhythm and often vocal accompaniments such as "huh chicka huh chicka". Ska had only one purpose – to be danced to in halls and discotheques, and to that end it succeeded admirably. Even today these early recording by Jimmy Cliff, Jackie Edwards, Prince Buster and the All Stars, and The Skatalites contain the irrepressible beat that has you off your seat and on to the dance floor. They were made in small studios, or even tin huts to judge by some of the sounds that emerged, but in spite of this some excellent music came through as in the case of the Skatalites' Don Drummond, rated by George Shearing as among the world's top five trombonists.

With success, of course, came changes. Popularity brought money, better recording techni-

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RUM

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Load up a glass with ice. Shoot in a large slug of Bacardi rum. Top up the breach with genuine, real American Dry.

Now draw on a beautiful drink. And walk tall.

BACARDI RUM

ques, improved musicianship; and the frenetic beat of ska, known in this country, by the way, as "blue beat" from Melodisc's Blue Beat label, became smoother and more sophisticated until, by 1966–67, it had become "rock steady" which as the name suggests, was much more urbane and more in keeping with the tastes of the Jamaican emigrants, especially in Britain. This process of sophistication has continued over the last five years to give us the style known as "reggae"

There is an interesting parallel between the development of reggae and other twentieth century musical forms, particularly those of Negro origin, the blues. These forms all begin as reactions to prevailing social conditions and were initially confined to a very small segment of the population. Their emergence into the mass market necessitated a dilution of the original force. To give an analogy: if six people share a quart bottle of whisky, they will each get one third of a pint and very drunk. But if one hundred people have to get one third of a pint of liquid from the same bottle, an awful lot of water will have to be added and very few of them will be even slightly tipsy. Personally, I prefer my whisky neat.

Music is either for dancing to or listening to, or both. Dance music demands a simple, definite beat and listening music demands that there is something to be listened *to*. Present reggae has, to many minds, neither. It seems to be mostly trivial and/or smutty. For example, "Reggae Round the World" by Byron Lee and the Dragonaires (Dragon DRLS 5001) is a collection of well-known tunes including "In the Mood" and "Backstabbers", not particularly well performed or produced, with a reggae beat. This seems to be a rather pointless exercise that does little for either Byron Lee or the material. Or there is one called "Censored" by Lloydie and the Lowbites (Trojan Lowbite 1) which contains world-shattering lyrics on the lines of "I've got a big dick, It's three feet thick", and that old faithful "Bang, Bang, Lulu". I will forbear making any comment on Judge Dread's "It's All In The Mind", (Trojan TRLS 60), except to assure him that it is not in mine; or on The Pioneers' "I Believe In Love" (Trojan TRLS 48), except to note an interesting attempt at Alan Hull's "Alright On The Night". The half-dozen samplers sound like collections of singles that did not happen, with the odd hit thrown in for good measure. "Funky Kingston" from Toots and the Maytals (Dragon DRLS 5002) deserves a mention as an album that tries. Three of the tracks capture some of the immediacy of the early days but the remainder is let down by technique and production. Ike and Tina Turner's "I Can't Believe What You Say", for example, just falls flat.

As I mentioned earlier, two albums shine out from the surrounding murk. The first of these is "Catch A Fire" by the Wailers (Island ILPS 9241). The Wailers have received much deserved publicity over their recent tour and so suffice it for me to say that they are the only reggae band to realise that if you want people to listen, you have to give them something that is worth listening to. The other album is a three record set called "The Trojan Story" (Trojan TALL 1). It is a history of Jamaican music from 1961 to 1971 and contains items like "Confucius" by the Skatalites and "Darling Patricia" from Owen Gray, Island's second release. It is exceedingly well thought out and well researched, there is a reasonable amount of data on an accompanying sheet, and at £2.99 for forty-eight tracks it is excellent value. The tracks ably illustrate the changes from the earliest R & B, through ska and rock steady, to modern reggae, and they have been chosen more for their musical and historical value than for the artistes' popularity. The compiler has definitely done his homework on this collection.

And now, if you will excuse me, I shall return to my Stockhausen – I think I heard an interesting use of the seventh harmonic in bar fifty-seven.

SYNTAX

by Charles Tynan

If, as Dorothy Sayers once said, letting the black alley cat out of the loot bag, there have ever been only seven basic plots through which thriller writers weave their magic, then Mr Ellin has invented the eighth. And to extrapolate from the number of variations created over the years on the first seven, I suppose it is fair to assume that we shall see something like 985,400 novels of crime, horror and plain cosy detection concocted in England, France and the United States between now and the end of the century from the sparkling new idea that Mr Ellin has produced for our delight in *Mirror Mirror on the Wall*.

I wish I could write as he does. It would mean defecating myself of the terrible literary and conceptual habits of a lifetime spent lazing in the Anglo-Saxon pool of po-faced expressionism. It would mean using simple gut language as a muscle of creative thought, tight and firm and wholly devoid of flab: a piece of intellectual fibre that can carry a ton of action through the space of a mere dozen pages, with character and speech and cross-reference all adding colour and dimension before the reader has had time to unhold his breath. Mr Ellin's words crack and spit, shriek and flash and kettledrum, slide like micro-lightning across the circuits of your brain, drop a minim of icy acid piss upon your eyeballs, grab you not by the short and curlies but down there by the soft undercockskin you had always thought was unassailable by word of man. Do we breed writers of this tune this side of the Atlantic? What is there in the air Mr Ellin ingests, or in the beer he drinks, that gives these new commands to the English tongue? Or perhaps we cannot, in any fairness, call it English any more. This is something minted by an alchemist from the alloys of all those vernaculars that span a globe from central Europe and the Middle East to the Bronx and Broadway. The result is gold.

It seems a killing has been done. There, before the narrator's slow and bemused eyes, like the victim, still puddling blood. . . .

But what can I say about Mr Ellin's tale that even begins to do justice to its other-world ingenuity, and that does so without lessening the puzzle for you when you buy it (as you surely will, if you spend not a penny more on a hardback this year) and read it (or, more accurately, when you are consumed by it, for in this case the normal subject/object relationship between reader and print is neatly but wholly reversed) – what can I say that is anything more than reviewer's pap? I'll try again.

Puddling blood. In the bathroom of his apartment in Greenwich Village. A big, white-skinned wench "garbed in unabashed Belle Epoch whorehouse":

Caught at her prayers. No, ordered to them. Nympho, haste thee to thy orisons. She might have circumvented the closed-circuit TV, made her entrance, demanded I gratify her. That I get between those stout thighs and fill her to the brim. Eyes half closed, lips moist and parted, she pleaded. Tempted, I refused to play ball. Explained that I had a schedule which didn't permit any such fiddle-faddle.

Who is she? He doesn't know. How did she get here? He doesn't know. Did he himself kill her? He doesn't know, but he recognises the gun lying beside her: a six-shot Smith & Wesson K-38 Heavy Masterpiece target revolver, weighing two pounds six ounces fully loaded. And from that point, the book is a turbulent voyage of discovery, and of self-discovery; time-twisted between the flickers of an eyelid, events looped round one another as the incoming tide sweeps round a crumbling sandcastle and meets itself in a silent curled splash of surprise.

During the voyage the narrator encounters some of the women in his life, his ex-wife, his son, his lawyer turned stepfather to his son, his analyst, and assorted colleagues and clients (he is in publishing).

The primary thrust of the story comes from the narrator's sexuality. And this, I suppose, over and beyond the language, is what gives the story its unique grip. Probably no other piece of crime fiction has used sex as the pivotal element so totally, or with such consistent logic. Peter Hibben, the narrator, has an eye for the main fuck. And for miscellaneous sideshows too. He knows what he likes, and he can tell you the crux-points of his childhood where his fancies were shaped. He will recall the special relationship with his sister, and how his dad went with a teenage redhead, and how Pete himself once followed the same redhead to her hotel room and got a full-armed wallop across the chops for his trouble. He will tell you why his marriage turned to powder, and of the concern for his son Nick in the confusing moralities of a split home. He will sketch-in prostitutes in London, Copenhagen and elsewhere. His taste in femality is in no sense incidental to the action: it is at once the reason for the crime and the clue to it. You will find yourself teasingly extended, if not from the base of your rod then certainly from the depth of your cerebrum, in putting two and two together and making four. The sum keeps refusing. And then at the end, of course, everything clicks, with a bony precision that first numbs you and then starts you clapping. I wonder if any book has ever actually caused a reader to clap.

I cannot, alas, give you much of the narrative thread. But if I have not already tempted you, let me show you a few strands from Mr Ellin's tough little pages. They illustrate, variously, sexual obliqueness; concern for the morals of the young; Jewish flip on mixed-creed marriage; and mind near the end of its earthly tether.

The analyst, Dr Ernst, describing the prostitute Peter meets in Copenhagen:

"A large, cowlike creature whose breath reeks of cigar smoke and who would be quite willing to stretch out naked on your floor and have you drop your shit on her for four hundred kroner."

Peter's Christian mother on her Jewish husband:

"If it wore a skirt and stood still, he had his pecker in it before you could say Deuteronomy."

Peter seeing a little girl, about five years old, wandering idly along a hard-porn magazine rack in the newsagent's shop at an hotel:

I am relatively shockproof, but still I am jolted by this public display, by the fact that the child has just finished slapping a row of erect cocks and receptive cunts, by the indifference of the elders on the scene. . . .

And, running through the centre of the tale, the scene where Peter finds himself apparently in his analyst's consulting room, painfully strapped to a chair, the doctor himself in the role of judge inquisitor, and a nightmare jury made up of family and ex-family facing him, its members breaking away from their collective duty to give evidence in his trial – Peter's father speaks:

"Your honor, I tell you I don't know where I went wrong as a father. I'm just a simple, horny-handed old real estate dealer, never indulged in any real vice – despite temptation, I know the Lord wants it to be done only face to face, with the man on top – and I was always glad to give Bubba here sound, manly guidance. To handle a gun, car, and boat so you don't get yourself killed by them, to fight fair if you can and dirty when you have to, to respect all decent women of your own race, including your self-refrigerating mamma and big-mouth sister, and above all, never to depend on any cheap rubbers out of a vending machine but buy the best if you don't want a surprise package laid on your doorstep sooner or later.

"So I did my best, but always pulling against the current, you might say, because his tight-ass mamma and sister had their cultured little hooks in him, hauling the other way. And I lay a lot of the trouble on Harvard. I mean, what the hell kind of place is that for an

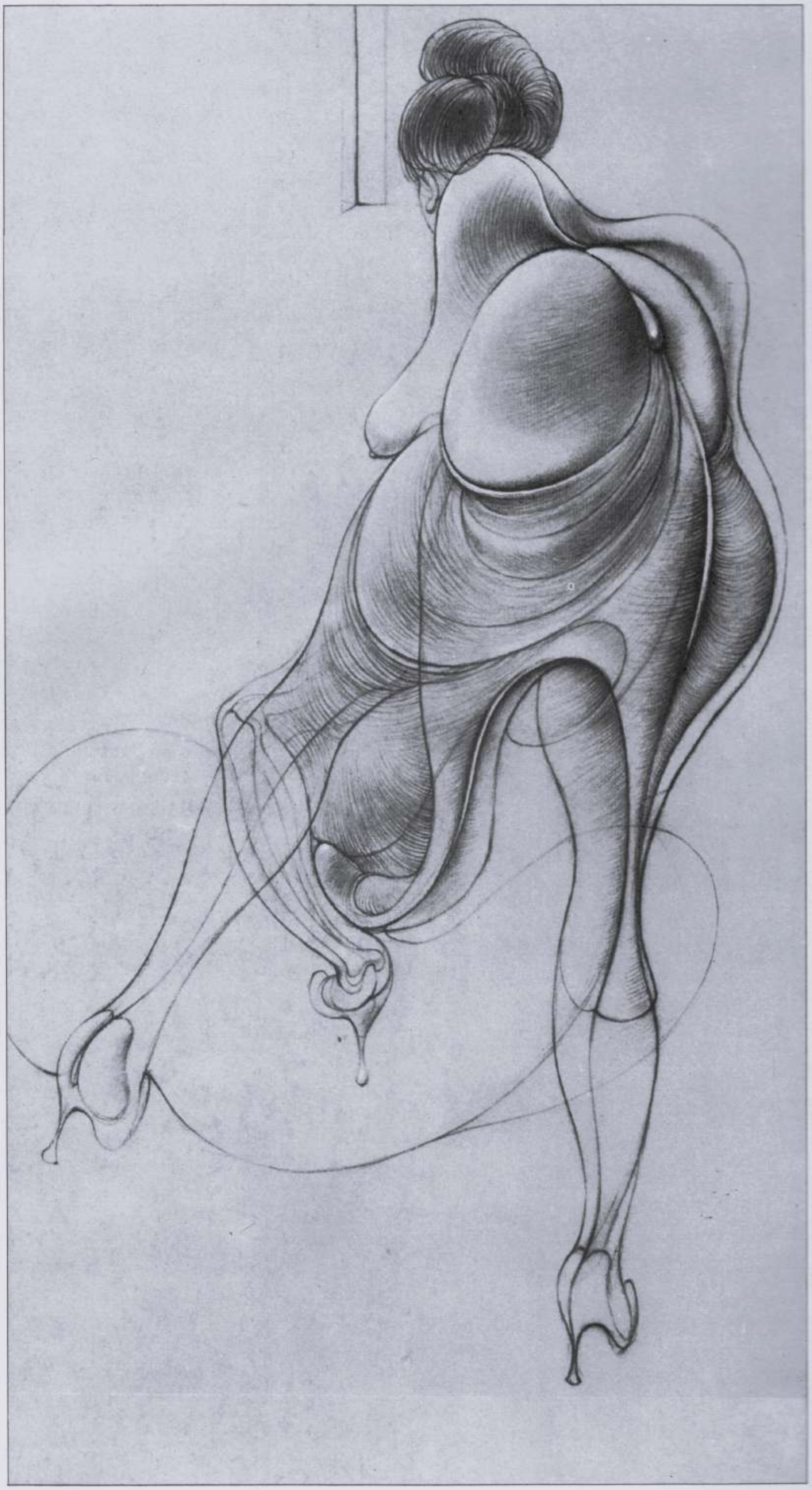
All-State high school lineman? Let's face it, your honor, an Ivy League jock is just against nature. But it was his mamma and sister got him slanted toward Harvard and turned from healthy outdoor sports to printing dirty stories in that college magazine, and after that it was all downhill to perdition. So it's no surprise he wound up putting a bullet into some high-price hooker because she was out to blackmail him or some such. Especially when you figure he was likely blind drunk on poisonous New York martinis at the time instead of just feeling good on pure, natural bourbon."

So there is our hero listening to his nearest and dearest making sense out of his assumed guilt. Everything figures. Everything belongs. I like to think that Miss Sayers was rushed a copy of *Mirror Mirror* in her heavenly drawing room, and that she was joyously overwhelmed by the discovery of the eighth basic plot.

Mr Ellin himself must surely get his eighth Edgar Allen Poe award: he has already, in a brilliant career as novelist and short-story writer, chalked up seven, and his work has been filmed by directors as varied as Hitchcock and Chabrol, Losey and Clive Donner. But if I were Mr Ellin, I should arrange for the slow and agonising murder (something like simmering in bourbon, or garroting with sausage skins) of the entire senior staff of Messrs Jonathan Cape, of 30 (sorry, Thirty) Bedford Square.

How do Cape pay tribute to this genius on their fiction list? They put *Mirror Mirror* into a print package that is all but illegible, a dust jacket that defies every canon of sales display, so that if you are looking for it in the bookshop you won't find it, and if you find it you won't want it unless someone has breathed the good word into your ear. Secondly, they grace it with a blurb that merits an Edgar Allen Crap award as the most banal and misleading of the decade. Thirdly, and worst of all, unforgivable and unforgettable, they perpetrate upon Mr Ellin a truly hideous misprint at a key point in the narrative that all but destroys his dazzling denouement. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, literals hardly matter (and this book, in addition to the big one, has its share of small ones). In the hundredth case, they matter very much. Here, the careless mistake amounts almost to breach of contract between author and publisher, and between publisher and reader. If editors and board members at Cape can sleep at nights after their near-criminal lapse in this book, then they are indeed the insensitive word-brokers of our most awful imaginings. My hope is that they will, however, be kept in a state of sweaty sleeplessness from now until 1st January 1984. Damn and blast their soul cases.

The world would be perhaps marginally better off without Cape's brand of moral idiocy. It would be a great deal worse off without the kind of adventurous creativity exemplified by Mr Ellin.



The illustration shows a drawing by Hans Bellmer called Needle Heel (1961) taken from a book of The Drawings of Hans Bellmer, edited by Alex Grall and published in Britain by Academy Editions. Price £6.50.

Fantasy

In another revealing and provocative article, Mark Royston throws some light on the fantasies we all hide.

by Mark Royston

Illustration by George Underwood.

The man (or woman) who tells you that he (or she) has no fantasies is a liar, yet it is strange how people, in general, tend to fight shy of talking about their daydreams, especially the sexual ones. They are quite willing, often positively eager, to relate at boring length, and in exasperating detail, the previous night's dreams, but waking fantasies are regarded as too private for discussion.

It matters not how ridiculous the events, how ludicrous the characters in a night-time dream might have been, they are described with enthusiasm – in fact the more bizarre the particulars, the greater the relish with which they are recounted – but, pressed to divulge day-time fantasies, people, in the main (except upon the analyst's couch), are reluctant. Why is this?

It is because they feel that they are in no way responsible for their unconscious thoughts, so what befalls them during night-time reveries is nothing to be ashamed about, whereas waking fantasies, even if not deliberately invoked, can, at least, be switched off by thinking about something else.

Thus, because the subject matter of fantasy is predominantly of one's own choosing, we tend to be loathe to reveal it, especially if it happens to be of an unusual nature, which, of course, is almost invariably the case. After all, what could one expect a fantasy to be if not fantastic?

Another reason for keeping quiet about our daydreams is a feeling that any admission to having them is tantamount to a confession of failure, in that we are not satisfied with things as they are, and, if there is one sphere of activity (other than his ability to drive a motor car!) in which a man hates to be thought of as anything but expert and completely fulfilled, it is sex.

Fantasy, of course, is far from being confined to eroticism. It permeates the entire spectrum of life, and may be difficult, in some cases, to separate from ambition or simply wishful thinking (winning the pools, for example) but, in this article, we are to content ourselves with an examination of sexual fantasies.

One can best define such dreams as erotic, mental images which accompany sexual arousal. Almost without exception, men, when they masturbate (sometimes when they make love) do so while visualising in their minds certain, specific characters, events and environments, based upon real situations remembered, or, more often ideal (for them) situations invented, in which the ultimate degree of sexual arousal and gratification is the aim and the achievement.

Men usually have an extensive repertoire of fantasies on which they can draw as the mood takes them, or as circumstances suggest, but there are always one or two established favourites, refined and polished to perfection by repeated usage, like an oft performed play, and as well known in all their intricate details as the pages of a much-treasured book.

The analogy between a fantasy and a book is a very good one, and will stand up to considerable elaboration. In that a man's sexual fantasies can be likened to a secret library of pornography, which has been built up over the years, and whose contents closely mirror the predilections of the collector-owner.

Pornography, other than the lowest type produced solely for commercial reasons, is, to a large extent, nothing more than written-down fantasy, for it seldom has much connection with reality, or even with possibility. It can be argued, with some justification that, to anyone except the writer, pornography is inferior to fantasy for the following reasons:

1. It can only be an approximation of the reader's own dreams.

2. Much of it is badly written, and the words fail to do justice to the ideas.

3. It usually has to be kept hidden away from prying eyes, and, if discovered, results in uproar, or even loss of reputation.

4. It is very expensive.

Any man who has the gift of words, rather than spend a fortune upon erotic works, the bulk of which, apart from the occasional, well-thumbed passage or two, are not precisely to his taste, would do better to apply himself to writing down his own fantasies.

It is likely that he will find great exhilaration and release from tension in so doing, and may discover in himself a latent talent which he had no idea existed. He may even find his outpourings capable of giving pleasure to others, thus bringing a double gratification – not to mention the possibility of financial reward.

It is our earnest recommendation that all works produced in this manner be locked away and left unread for a period of six months or more, by which time the contents will have been largely forgotten in detail (although not in substance, which will, of course, be the very essence of the writer's fantasised sex life). When they are, eventually, rediscovered and reread, they may well strike the author as the ultimate in erotic literature.

This they are most unlikely to be, but, since they are tailor-made for him, the illusion is understandable. Let it be remembered that most of the world's erotic masterpieces were written as a form of self-gratification and with no thought of financial reward. Also apt in this context are the words of Nietzsche: "One's own self is well hidden from one's own self – of all mines of treasure, one's own is the last to be dug up!"

The fantasies of women revolve around strong, god-like men, the male genitals (often disembodied), being raped and being prostituted, although most females have little notion of precisely what a prostitute's life entails, particularly in respect of catering for deviants, which is somewhere in the region of ninety-five percent of their total activity.

Bestiality, especially with dogs, is a fairly common feature in female fantasy, apart from which compared with their male counterparts, the daydreams of women are relatively "straight" in content, and, in the main, women are satisfied to let the ideas remain in the mind, feeling no compulsion to try to translate them into reality.

One can say that, generally, the fantasies of women are more romantic than those of men, whose ideas tend strongly towards deviation and the bizarre, just as men, in reality, indulge in aberrant practices far more than women, of their own volition, do.

Out of love for her partner, a man's wife or girlfriend will often try to help him in the realisation of his deviant dreams, but, with all the good intentions and love in the world, these sessions are seldom successful, partly because the female's heart is not really in it. Unless she is a very convincing actress indeed, the man, supersensitive in the area of his deviation, will quickly realise this, and the lust-value of the experience is drastically diminished accordingly. The deviant must have the whole-hearted cooperation of his partner and must believe (even if it is not true – and it seldom is) that she is deriving equal pleasure from the experience.

Another, and perhaps more obvious, reason for the frequent failure of deviant sex-play with wife or girlfriend is the lack of requisite knowledge on the part of the female. She may be totally willing to do whatever her partner desires, but, if she does not know how to proceed without being given detailed instructions, the session, lust-wise, will never get off the ground.

It is for this reason that there will always be a place in society for the type of ambitious call-girl who takes a pride in her profession, and believes in giving her clients as accurate a realisation of their fantasies as is humanly possible. To this end, she will have made a deep study of many of the standard works on the psychology of sex, and may well know more about the underlying causes of her client's condition than he does himself.

She will also have a considerable medical knowledge, because an appreciable proportion of the treatments a call-girl is expected to administer revolve around hospital practice, and the role of nurse is one that is repeatedly demanded of her.

One such girl is Yvonne Duprez, who recently wrote an amusing and educative autobiography under the title *Call-Girl de Luxe*. We interviewed her in her impressive home in the Surrey "stockbroker belt", and here is a shortened transcript of our recorded conversation:

Mark Royston: Do you find your clients talk readily about their fantasies?

Yvonne Duprez: They all do now. I only have regulars, you see – about forty all told. It's better like this. There is mutual trust and no danger either way. I'm not one to take risks – too much to lose.

M.R.: By "now" do you imply that, originally, you *did* experience difficulty in drawing your clients out?

Y.D.: Enormous difficulty in some cases. For example, one man – a middle-aged architect – visited me over a dozen times before he plucked up enough courage to tell me what he *really* wanted.

M.R.: And what was that?

Y.D.: Nothing all that unusual – just extreme humiliation, with one or two refinements – dye capsules and that sort of thing.

M.R.: You find requests for such treatment are common?

Y.D.: Yes, indeed. In this class of work it becomes almost routine, but it's strange how each man has the idea he's unique and is afraid to come clean.

M.R.: Yes, that's a human quirk – a form of egotism in a way. As you can imagine, I find exactly the same thing in my clients who come for psychoanalysis. They are invariably relieved to receive my assurance that they are far from being alone in having such fantasies, in fact, I have a standard patter to cover the situation.

Y.D.: What is that?

M.R.: "Rest assured, my friend, that no-one in this world is unique. There is nothing new under the sun. Whatever your mind is capable of conceiving, other minds will already have envisaged, and, insofar as the fantasy is feasible, there is not the slightest doubt that it will have been translated into reality."

Y.D.: I tell my lot the same thing, but hardly in such a classy way.

M.R.: What do *you* say, then?

Y.D.: "You name it – I've done it!"

M.R.: And is that strictly true?

Y.D.: Almost, but not quite. I don't go in for the ultimate stuff – you know, terminal techniques – not that I haven't received requests, but I do have my principles even though some people may not think so. I have witnessed these things, of course. When one is studying a subject there is no sense in shutting one's eyes to the ultimate expression of it.

M.R.: Where did you see it? Not in this country, surely?

Y.D.: In Paris. It's a regular thing there, you know – at least once a month. Spectators come from all over Europe – and the States, although there are plenty of other places where it's done, too.

M.R.: Where, for example?

Y.D.: Stockholm, Hamburg, Brussels, I think – also in the Americas – Rio, Buenos Aires, Mexico City and, of course, Los Angeles. That's the most freaked-out city in the whole world, I reckon.

M.R.: You've visited there?

Y.D.: Once. Jesus, no-one's normal. But *no-one*!

M.R.: But where do they find the men willing to take part?

Y.D.: No problem. There's usually a long waiting list. No accounting for taste, is there? One of my clients is hooked on the idea. He wants to be crucified. He's a really nice guy, but a complete weirdo. He had a strict religious upbringing and now he's got religion all mixed up with sex, black magic, voodoo and Christ knows what else. I have to shroud myself like a corpse and lie in a coffin, surrounded by candles, while he masturbates and sings hymns. He visits me about twice a month. I understand that, apart from this, he's quite a sensible guy – happily married with two nice kids.

M.R.: Is he your most extreme client?

Y.D.: No, not by a long way. They're all peculiar, but so different. It's difficult to make comparisons really. One chap's got a terrific castration complex. I have to go through a ritual of pretending to castrate him each time he visits me – money for nothing, really.

M.R.: What, precisely, do you have to do?

Y.D.: Make everything as realistic as possible, like a hospital, with myself dressed up as a nurse. I get him to strip off and lie on a table which is covered with a large, white rubber sheet. I give him a good erection and then produce a case of surgical instruments – they're his own, actually – which I've kept in the 'fridge so that they're icy cold. I make a great show of fiddling around with them, building up the tension. Eventually, I select a scalpel and approach him, looking very stern. Of course, I don't actually cut him at all. I use the handle part of the instrument, which I draw firmly all around his scrotum. The metal's so cold I suppose it does feel as though he's being cut. Anyway, he always lets out a tremendous scream and comes off immediately. Then he gets dressed and leaves. Apparently, it gives him complete release from his sexual tensions. In a way I *am* a nurse – wouldn't you agree?

M.R.: Certainly, I agree, but you are preaching to the converted. I rather doubt whether you could get as many people to subscribe to your views, more's the pity. Would you please give me a few further examples of curious fantasies?

Y.D.: As many as you like – what sort in particular?

M.R.: Anything, but as varied as possible.

Y.D.: Well, there's Robert, he's rather quaint. His obsession came from a simple phrase from his childhood. He was a mother's boy and was, it seems, often accused of being tied to his mother's apron strings. He took the expression literally – you know how kids do – and it made a deep impression upon him. That was the start of it. Of course, over the years, he's worked on the idea, like all my clients. You never find a fantasy growing simpler. The desire is always for more and more elaboration. Robert's is now highly sophisticated. In its present state of development we refer to it as the "Fido trolley".

M.R.: And what's that, for Heaven's sake?

Y.D.: It's a flat, four-wheeled trolley – the sort legless beggars use in India. I strap him to it in as uncomfortable position as I can, and then attach it to my body with a series of chains secured to a heavy, leather belt I wear. He follows me behind wherever I go – hence the name "Fido". It's bloody hard work pulling him around like that. When I've had enough of it I get Barbara, my assistant, to fetch him off. It gives him immense pleasure.

M.R.: I must say I find that case absolutely fascinating. The origin of the fantasy from the idea of being tied to the mother is particularly noteworthy. I have, of course, come across many cases of apron fetishism in my work, but had never considered the possible import of the expression "tied to her apron strings". With its connotation of bondage, and recognising the inflated importance and frequent misinterpretation of quite commonplace sayings in a child's mind, I believe I have, thanks to you, made a significant discovery here. I shall have to look through my files on apron fetishism in the light of this. Have you any comparable examples, please?

Y.D.: Plenty – but none that you would not already know about.

M.R.: Such as? Please don't overestimate me – I don't pretend to know everything. Certainly, the apron strings concept seems full of significance now, and yet its importance had escaped me for all those years.

Y.D.: Well, there's all the talk of punishment – spanking, caning, locking up in dark cupboards, and similar things kids get threatened with. It's amazing what complex fantasies evolve from children's fears and anxieties, but, obviously, this sort of case must be old hat to you.

M.R.: I know about the origin of fetishism and sado-masochism, of course, but there are always new facets to be discovered. The subject is such a huge one.

Y.D.: Yes, I suppose it is, but, quite honestly, I've ceased to be surprised by anything any more. You may like to hear about Kenneth, who used to be plagued by bed-wetting when he was a kid. Would that be of interest?

M.R.: Certainly. Punishment for juvenile bed-wetting is a common cause of fantasy and deviation in adult life, but there are usually specific details which make each case different. Please tell me about Kenneth.

Y.D.: Well, his mother used to cane him for it, and made him sleep on rubber sheets and wear rubber knickers, so, as you can guess, we have the entire rubber scene with him in all its glory – if glory's the right word!

M.R.: Yes, rubber fetishism often stems from infantile enuresis. The erotic fantasies involving the two elements frequently manifest themselves in adult life in a sublimated form. We have the obsession with mackintoshes, "wetting parties", mud-larking and the like. Thousands of men are stimulated by the sight – even the thought – of saturated clothes clinging to the body, yet are unaware of the origin of their fantasies.

Y.D.: Wait a bit, now – men like to see wet clothes on a girl, not so much on themselves, although I agree a lot of men like to *feel* wet.

M.R.: A simple transference mechanism – very common in fantasy. You must remember that sexual fantasies are carefully built up to give the maximum erotic pleasure, and the original experience is frequently restyled to this end. Fantasies can be regarded as daydreams, and you know how much symbolism and intermingling of material goes on in dreams!

Y.D.: My word, you certainly know your stuff! You make me feel like an amateur.

M.R.: One does not have to be an Einstein to do a good job as a croupier. Frankly, I am astonished – and impressed – by the depth of your knowledge. I feel that your clients are extremely fortunate in having found someone so understanding and, if I may say so, so very attractive.

Y.D.: Nice of you to say it. I always try to please. Now, about Ken, it seems that his mother was a very well-built woman with a pretty huge pair of breasts. One of his earliest memories is of being fascinated by his mother's enormous cleavage. He wondered why she had "another bottom on her chest". She used to thrash him severely for his incontinence and, one night, when he woke up crying, she rushed into his bedroom, found him lying there, saturated, on the white rubber sheet, and began to lay into him with a cane. She was only wearing a thin nightdress and, as she leaned over the bed to hit him, he clearly recalls seeing her huge breasts swinging about beneath the filmy material. I don't really need to tell you the rest, do I?

M.R.: I suppose not. No doubt Kenneth is a breast fetishist as well as a rubber addict – a common combination incidentally – and I imagine he is also a devotee of the female bottom. That "bottom on the chest" phrase is most significant, and it is surprising how many times I have encountered it. The mother's cleavage tends to make an indelible impression upon the male infant. I have no doubt, also, that Kenneth enjoys being humiliated. All the same, I would like you to give me details. It is invariably interesting to see exactly how the original elements in a traumatic experience are reshaped into a pleasurable, erotic fantasy which is originally employed to allay anxiety regarding further punishment, but which, almost inevitably, becomes a dominating theme in the adult sex life.

Y.D.: Well, it's pretty obvious that *I* can't fulfil the mother role for him. I'm 37–23–36, nicely stacked, but hardly overwhelming. Ken likes to be overwhelmed – so do a lot more of my clients – and that's why I employ Barbara as my assistant. As you must know, thousands of men have this craving for enormous breasts – the bigger the better once they are on heat. It seems there's just no limit in this direction, and Barbara is ideal. She's only nineteen, but Jesus, what a body! She has the biggest pair of breasts I've ever seen, in the flesh or in photographs – and I know all about Geri Stottz, Francine Gottfried, Laurel Forrester and the other Yankee "block busters". They're not in the same league as Barbara – and you should see her bottom. Fantastic!

When Ken turns up for a session, Barbara re-enacts his infantile experience with him. Then, like I said, we have the whole rubber scene, too, but there's nothing new I can tell you about that!

M.R.: Have you any other clients whose fantasies you can pin-point as being directly a result of childhood experience? Deviant fantasies – and practices, because the one leads to the other – almost invariably *do* stem from infantile experience, but it is not always an easy matter to establish the link.

Y.D.: Yes, there's Gerald. As a kid, he was threatened with all sorts of dire penalties if he didn't

Continued on page 42

TERRY

Photographed by Carlos Sylvester

The last time Terry was in town, it was autumn. Those golden and russet days, of course, gave way at sunset to crisp chilly evenings, pungent with the aroma of burnt leaves and roasted chestnuts, and the sight of young lovers walking closely, arm in arm, smoking and talking with animation and laughing with excitement.

Terry loved London in the autumn and longed to escape from what had been a tedious afternoon with journalists and photographers, and the perennial hassle of fashion coordinators, agents and hangers-on. She longed to pretend for a few hours that she was just an ordinary American girl doing her own thing in the city of love. Wearing a pair of faded blue jeans and an old levi jacket and covering her long straight brown hair with a kerchief from Longbeach, California, she slipped quietly out of the Portobello Road hotel.

Terry knew Westbourne Grove from a previous visit, earlier that year, in the summer. She was looking forward to Uncle Sam, *flying the stars and stripes and blasting heavy progressive rock into the street. She intended taking her usual table by the window, so as not to miss a thing, and ordering two hamburgers, two portions of French fries followed by a banana split and oodles and oodles of delicious strong black coffee.*

Well, she was in for a bit of a shock because change, in spite of what the English say, takes place quickly in London. Westbourne Grove looked like it had been hit by a hydrogen bomb, or to be more precise, by property developers and middle class businessmen out to make more bread. There were hoardings everywhere concealing the fronts of all the jokey little shops which builders were now busily converting into elegant dress shops and expensive furriers.

"All the dear little shops have gone," she sighed, pretending that some dust had blown into her eye because she didn't want passers-by to think she was weeping. When she discovered that Uncle Sam *had also disappeared, her depression knew no bounds, so she decided to rush off to Sophisto-Cat and buy herself a long dress and a straw hat with streamers and a parasol.*

"We're not called Sophisto-Cat any more," the man said. "We're Aristo-Cat now, and we don't sell clothes any more."

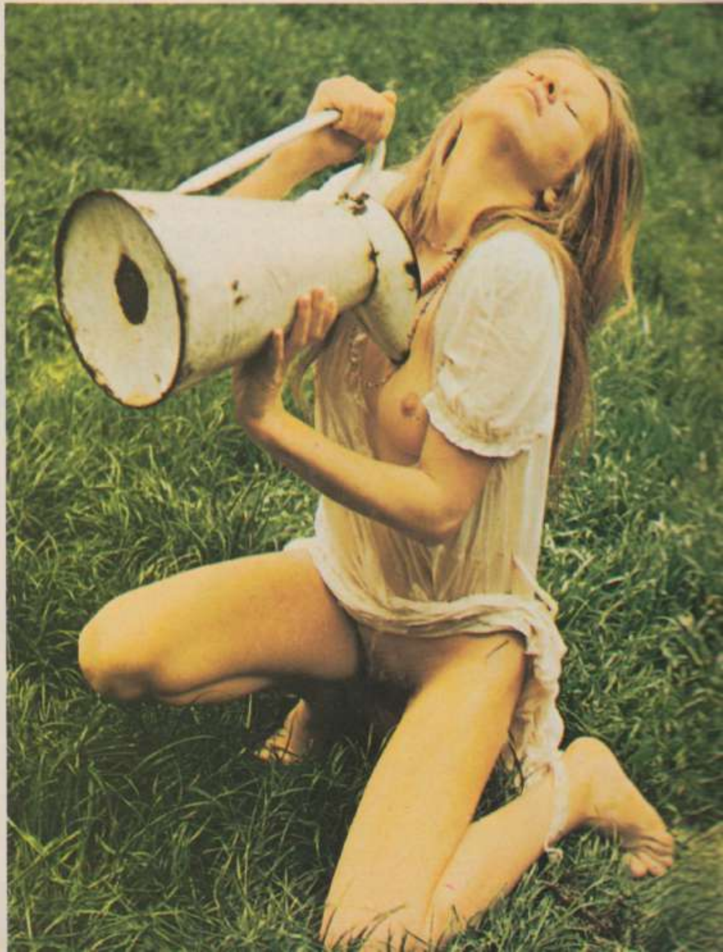
"You don't sell clothes any more?" she asked incredulously.

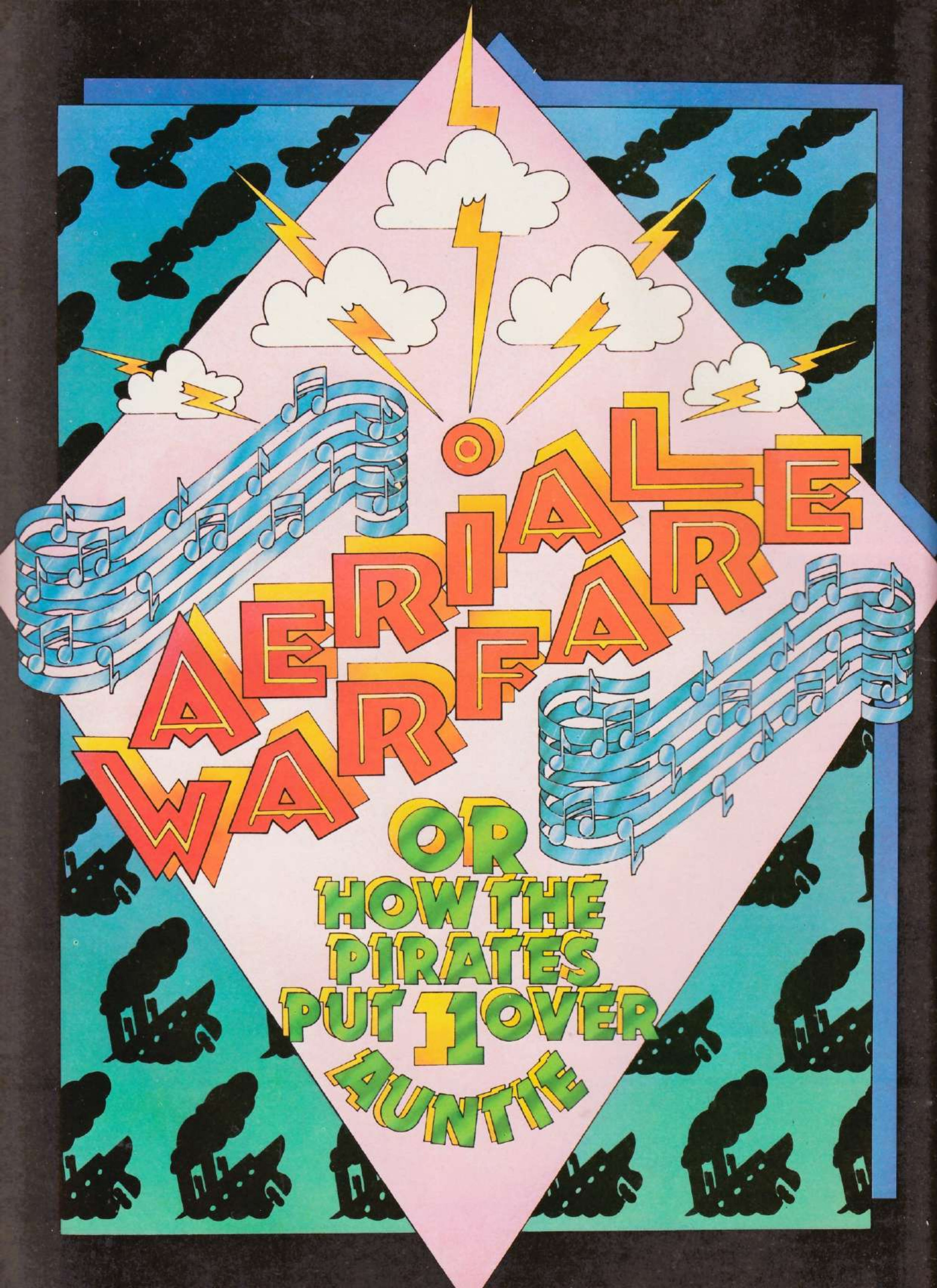
"No. Just furniture."

"It's so sad!" Terry suddenly proclaimed. "Westbourne Grove is finished and dead! The lovely hip atmosphere has gone." She just turned round without a word, walked out of the shop, and decided to head back to the hotel. She dragged herself down the street until she was distracted from her sorrow by Bette Midler singing Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy. *She looked up and was quite frightened by a huge eagle with spread wings staring at her angrily. Terry was real scared until she regained her composure and realised that she had come face to face with* The Great American Success. *She peered through the window. It was empty. She examined the menu and decided that she couldn't face a Moon Rock and a Lunar Module, so she rushed across the street, nearly being run over by a taxi.*

Terry just leaned against the nearest building on the other side o the street and burst into tears.

LEAD
BIRDS




AERIAL WARFARE
OR
HOW THE PIRATES PUT 1 OVER AUNTIE

by Jamie Mandlecau.

Illustrated by Head Office

As the entrepreneurs, the communicators, the newspapers, the conglomerates, the ex-pirates, the showmen and the businessmen, fall over each other in the Great Radio Race to provide the United Kingdom with commercial radio and the B.B.C. chiefs defensively turn Radio I into an out-and-out "progressive" pop channel, moving Jimmy Young, the housewives' favourite with some seven million listeners to Radio 2 – the new easy-listening-middle-of-the-road-light-music-channel, we look back on the last Great Free Radio battle: the Armada (Caroline, London, 390, 355, England, Scotland, Radio City, Essex, 270, Mercur, Nord, Tower, Invicta, 227, Atlanta, Syd, RNI, Noordzee, Capital, Veronica, Albatross, King, Sutch, Hauraki, Jackie, Luxembourg, Geronimo) vs the Government in an anarchistic free-for-all that included invasion, hijacking, violent death, payola, commando style fire bombing attacks, phone tapping, Scotland Yard, the Secret Police, the CIA, NATO, and overtones of Communist interests. We ask, "What did those storm lashed ships in the North Sea really mean?"

Caroline: The New Animal.

At noon, on Easter Saturday, the 28th March, 1964, a new transmitter on board the mv "Caroline", a converted 763-ton passenger ferry, anchored 32 miles off Felixstowe in Suffolk, proclaimed her call sign and announced, "This is Radio Caroline on 199 metres on the medium waveband. We shall be broadcasting seven days a week from six in the morning until six in the evening." The Beatles' recording of "Can't Buy Me Love," sliced through the airwaves and Britain's first commercial station was on the air. The power of 5 kilowatts was soon increased to 10 kilowatts and on the 9th April, the *Evening Standard* reported Radio Caroline had received more than 20,000 fan letters in her first ten days of broadcasting.

One month later, a former cargo boat, the mv "Mi Amigo", which had been previously used as Radio Nord, an American-backed offshore station broadcasting to Sweden from the Baltic and had then been used off the coast of Mexico for some time, had been fitted out in Greenore in Ireland to be used as Radio Atlanta; and it anchored fourteen miles away from the "Caroline", off Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, broadcasting a 10 kilowatt signal on 200·9 metres. The Blitz had begun!

In July, after successful merger discussions, Radio Atlanta closed for the last time. Late that night, the mv "Caroline" weighed anchor and began to move southwards, eventually re-anchoring 42 miles off Douglas on the Isle of Man. Here it became Radio Caroline North, while the "Mi Amigo" Radio Atlanta operated as Radio Caroline South. Between them, the two ships covered the greater portion of the UK. Some of the DJ's included Simon Dee, Mike Raven, Mike Allen, Tony Blackburn, Rosko, Keith Skues, Dave Lee Travis, Johnny Walker and Tommy Vance. The man behind the scenes was Irishman Ronan O'Rahilly.

In January 1966, Radio Caroline hit the headlines when the "Mi Amigo" went adrift and aground on the beach near Frinton, Essex, in a gale. After two days on the beach, the ship was refloated and taken to Holland to be refitted.

Facts 'n Figures:

Out of a total 39 million people who tuned into the "alternative stations", Radio Caroline claimed a listening audience of 8 million which put her on top of the pirate pile. Advertisers included such names as: Unilever, Imperial Tobacco, Beechams, Pye Radio, Baby Cham, Mars, Palmolive, Colgate, Lyons, Horlicks, Charringtons, Paramount, United Artists, Airfix, Hawker Siddley Aviation, with the highest percentage of air time allocated to USA religious organisations such as Oral Robers and the Voice of Prophecy. The estimated costs to put both ships on the air were £400,000 and the advertising rates were around £90–£110 for 30 seconds peak time. Running costs ran as high as £6,500 per week and Project Atlanta Limited, the Caroline sales organisation, employed some 26 people in their London office and head offices in Ireland, Holland and America. Advertising rates were based on a coverage of a hundred-mile radius with a potential listening audience of some 25 millions, and one advertiser, the "News of the World," noted a 22% increase in its circulation in areas covered by the station.

The station undertook to become a working part of its listener community and sponsored sports events, dances, contests, awarding the Caroline Bell and Beat Fleet scroll to such persons as Jonathan King, the Hollies, the Monkies, Rolling Stones, Sandie Shaw, Jimi Hendrix, Cat Stevens, Lulu, Georgie Fame, Petula Clark, the Animals, Beatles, Cliff Richard, Donovan and Roy Orbison.

Rocking the Boat.

The first European countries whose state monopoly of radio was challenged, were Denmark and Sweden. In 1958, Radio Mercur began transmissions to Denmark and was followed by a Swedish station called Radio Nord. In 1962, Radio Syd commenced transmissions from off the Swedish coast. In May 1960, Radio Veronica anchored off the Dutch coast – broadcasting for several months in English as well as Dutch, inviting advertisers in East Anglia to get in touch. In 1962, Radio Uilenspiegal, broadcasting from a cement ship anchored off Antwerp, Belgium, suffered a fate that threatened all the radio boats – it ran aground in heavy seas and was a total loss. That these stations were both popular with their listeners and financially successful, set many groups of people in the UK to thinking about the possibilities for action closer to home.

Radio London – The Big L.

On 19th December, 1964, Radio London began broadcasting from a converted U.S. minesweeper anchored 32 miles off Frinton-on-Sea. The American style radio of Big L was heard on 266 metres. The station had cost some £2 million to put on the air. The financial backing came from English and American investors through a trust situated in the Bahamas. Advertising rates were around £56 per 30 sec. peak time slot and in January 1965 the station was able to claim it had £200,000 worth of advertising in prospect, and rivalled Caroline for king of the listener pile. DJ's earned up to £50 a week.

The Ack Ack Brigade.

Not all the stations were as professional as Caroline or London. Smaller organisations set up transmitters on the disused World War II ack-ack forts in the Thames Estuary. On Shivering Sands Fort, pop singer Screaming Lord Sutch began Radio Sutch. He relinquished ownership of the fort to Reg Calvert for the sum of £5,000 and the name was changed to the ill-fated, Radio City. A few miles away, Radio Invicta broadcast from the Red Sands Fort. Saboteurs cost the owner, Tom Pepper, one boat and some £1,000 when the station proved to be effective. Later, he and two colleagues were the first Pirate victims when their supply boat, the "David", sank in a sudden squall. Though Pepper tied himself to a board, he froze in the winter waters. Pirate Radio was slowly but surely losing its romantic associations. The war was just beginning.

Rule of The Strong Right Hand.

In December, 1964, their precarious position was brought home to the pirates when the Dutch government took action against Radio Noordzee, an offshore radio and tv station broadcasting from an artificial platform mounted on steel stilts in the sea-bed, six miles north-west of the seaside resort of Noordwijk. In a dramatic air and sea operation, the island platform was seized by Netherlands police and put out of action.

Radio City increased its power and Radio Invicta became Radio King, a sweet music station. When new DJ Mike Raven arrived for duty at the Red Sands Fort he found, much to his surprise, three men who had been marooned for over three weeks. When water and tinned food supplies had run out, they survived by eating dehydrated peas. Then Radio City decided to expand, using the Fort Knock John as a base to test equipment, clashing with the plans of a Southend businessman, Mr. Roy Bates, to use the fort as the base for another pirate station, Radio Essex. A month long battle of boardings and counter boardings followed. In November, Radio Essex broadcast on 222 metres, the first 24-hour station and the only localised station, concentrating on the county of Essex.

Ringing In the New Year.

Early 1966 saw the real offshore boom. Radio 390 "Your Family Station", took over from Radio King. In the north, Radio Scotland broadcast from the 500-ton former Irish lightship, "Comet." Radio 270 broadcast from a 160-ton converted Dutch lugger, the "Ocean 7", anchored three miles off Scarborough. A massive show biz Hilton Hotel party launched Radio England and Britain Radio, both stations broadcasting from the same ship, the 480 ton "Laissez Faire", a former U.S. Liberty ship. There were now some ten stations broadcasting and still more planned: Radio 365 was going to take to the air, covering the north of England, Radios Channel, Caeser, Mayflower, Freedom, Manchester were all in the works. Radio London reported an income yearly of £600,000 and Caroline claimed £750,000 in the first 18 months with advertising still pouring in. To meet the threat of the new pirates, both organisations increased their transmitter power.

Government goes pirate hunting.

The main governmental arguments against the pirates were: they stole wavelengths, they paid no copyright on the records played, they were a hazard to shipping as they interfered with ship to shore communication, they flouted international regulations and gave the country a bad name abroad. The pirates' reply was simple: people had the freedom of choice, to listen to any broadcast without government dictation. Before the pirates, the record industry was run by four major companies and now new minor labels were winning 20% of the market. There was no arguing that the pirates were filling the gap between the BBC and its listeners. It was also pointed out that the pirates were in international waters and breaking no law. Technically, they *were* legal. All the leading stations paid a percentage of money to the Performing Rights Society and contrary to the claims of damaging the interests of performers and composers, they were daily assailed by record companies, promoters and musicians to broadcast their work. The GPO cut the ship to shore radio links with the pirates, announcing messages would only be handled in an emergency. When the tenders servicing the pirates left for International waters, H.M. Customs and Excise ruled all on board had to carry passports, stores were inspected. Other authorities involved included H.M. Waterguard, H.M. Immigration, Special Branch, CID, Board of Trade, Ministry of Transport, British Railways, Port of Health Authority, Trinity House and the Local Harbour Board – for each trip made! The tenders travelled three or four times a week, carrying food, fuel, water, relief crew, disc jockeys, records, mail and instructions from the shore-based office.

It was widely known that the Postmaster General, Mr. A. W. Benn, was preparing legislation to stop the pirates. The events surrounding the Radio City station on 19th June hastened his task.

Radio City – The Tower of Power.

The 22nd June, 1966 Radio Caroline "Newsbeat," best sums up the event. "Thirty-seven year old Mr. Reg Calvert, manager of many pop beat groups including the Fortunes, and owner of the pop radio station, Radio City, was shot dead in a mansion near Saffron Walden, Essex. A man is reported to be helping police with their inquiries. A shroud of mystery surrounds the activities of Mr. Calvert with conflicting reports of the future of his station. Last Monday he asked Scotland Yard to investigate an alleged boarding of his station by unknown people."

The event became headline news with speculation centred on the Radio Caroline–London rivalry. Why had ten people, including one woman, boarded the station on 19th June? Who were they? Who was the mysterious woman? Why had Reg Calvert been shot? Intense competition was alleged to have sparked off a pirate war. The *Daily Telegraph* announced, "Men whose names are pronounced with ease in City circles offered to buy each other up, or off. There was talk of "punch-ups" in normally quiet and respectable offices. There was even talk of blackmail."

Major Oliver Smedley was charged with the shooting. He was concerned with a company, Project Atlanta who operated Radio Atlanta, later amalgamating with the Caroline organisation. Project Atlanta lent Calvert money and a £10,000 transmitter. Calvert then set about dealing with Radio London. Project Atlanta used the transmitter as a stronghold over Calvert to get in on the deal and boarded the fort to protect its property. Calvert threatened to use nerve gas to take back the fort, scaring off the Radio London deal. The next suggestion was a tie-up with Radio 390, though this was nipped in the bud when Reg Calvert forced an entry into Smedley's home and was killed. The jury deliberated for little more than a minute to find Major Oliver Smedley "not guilty" of manslaughter.

Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Gone!

The end of July saw the first reading of the Government's Marine Broadcasting Offences Bill that would make it illegal for British Citizens to provide programme material for off-shore radio stations, to work for them, to take advertising time on them, to supply them with equipment, food or fuel, or assist them in any way. Conviction in a Magistrate's Court carried a fine of £100 and/or 3 months' imprisonment; or up to 2 years imprisonment on conviction in a higher court.

With an estimated lifetime of nine months, the pirates unleashed their master plans on how they'd beat the legislation: non-British crews, international advertisers, supplies from European based boats/planes/helicopters – Caroline engineers cleared a helicopter landing pad on top of the Rough Sands Fort, eight miles off Felixstowe in international waters. However, Radio Essex also laid claim to the fort and when it transferred equipment there, the two organisations came into conflict. Newspaper headlines declared another pop war". After many boarding attempts, Radio Essex owner, Roy Bates, declared he was going to build an electric fence around the Fort. His armoury included six shoguns, a flame thrower, an air rifle and petrol bombs. One attempt left a man stranded, and a boat on fire.

The rest of the pirate crew weren't faring much better. A man threatened murder on board the "Laissez Faire". Amid financial difficulty brought on by advertising shortage and shareholder clashes the end loomed dangerously close. Successful prosecutions were brought against Radio City, Radio 390, Radio Essex and Radio Scotland for using a transmitter without a licence.

At 00.01 a.m. on 15th August, 1967, the Marine Offences Act became law. Only Radio Caroline weathered the storm, changing the call sign to Radio Caroline International.

Caroline Hijacking.

Caroline International moved its offices to Holland. On board the ship, the music was still the same: Free radio at no cost to the listener. They proclaimed £300,000 worth of advertising and indeed, once again, an American religious organisation had purchased two hours daily air time. To confuse the GPO, dummy adds were run among the real ones. The future looked rosy until the morning of 3rd March, 1968, when both Radio Caroline South and North were simultaneously hijacked by the Dutch Wijsmuller company in a claim for non-payment of bills. The ships were taken to Amsterdam, the "Mi Amigo" to be scrapped and the "Caroline" put up for sale. This left only two offshore stations, Radio Veronica off the Dutch coast and Radio Hauraki off New Zealand. After courting disaster, running aground on the rocks, Radio Hauraki was granted a licence by the New Zealand authorities and moved towards a land based operation.

Dutch Pirate War Begins.

In 1970, Radio Veronica, broadcasting on 192 metres, 32 miles off the Dutch coast between Scheveningen and The Hague, celebrated its tenth successful year of broadcasting. Then came a new neighbour, Radio North Sea International, broadcasting from the Mebo 2, a converted 570-ton Norwegian coaster. Transmitter power was an astounding 105 kilowatts, backed up by an FM transmitter and two 10 kilowatt short-wave transmitters, giving the psychedelically painted radio ship, worldwide reception. On board the ship were luxury cabins, fitted carpets and fountains in the urinals. Regular transmissions began on 186 metres. On 23rd March, RNI anchored off Clacton, Essex. Through April and May it played a cat and mouse game with the GPO, jamming the station.

In June the station changed its name to Radio Caroline International and launched an intensive anti-Labour Party campaign and evidence later suggested that the station played a decisive role in many marginal constituencies that fell to the Conservatives. By 24th July, RNI had returned to the Dutch coast off Scheveningen.

On 14th June, 1970, test transmissions began for Radio Capital, broadcasting on 270 metres, from the mv "King David", anchored five miles off the Dutch coast. From the start, the ship was plagued with troubles: the aerial collapsed, a ship's officer caught his leg in the anchor chain, while in harbour the cock on a tank of diesel fuel in the generator room had been left open in a sabotage attempt to blow the ship up. When it returned to sea, Capital Radio was equipped with two of the latest West German rifles, two sten guns, a Browning high powered machine gun and nerve gas bombs.

RNI Leaves the Air.

On 26th August, 1970, the RNI tender "Mebo I", was arrested in in Scheveningen harbour and chained up by a court officer. An Amsterdam night club owner claimed the station owners owed him some £3,000. Three days later this same gentleman attempted to hijack the radio ship, setting out with two tugs and a crew of more than twenty men. Their efforts to cut the ship loose from its anchor chain met with stiff opposition. DJ's provided listeners with a running commentary of the action. The attackers prepared to use a powerful water cannon on the aerial and though the station would certainly have been put off the air with the mast toppling, a high voltage arc via the water path would have killed those on the tug. Help arrived and the attackers left. The Dutch Royal Navy began an inquiry into the event. On 24th Sept. the station suddenly closed down claiming the ship had been sold to an African company and would shortly sail for the Mediterranean. The truth, as we shall see, was far more exciting.

Capital Radio Down: One to Go!

On 25th Sept. 1970, the King David lost its anchor in heavy seas and the Mayday call was sent out. The ship finally grounded on the beach at the Dutch coastal resort of Noordwijk and all the crew were landed safely. The armoury was handed over to police. Examination of the engine room later showed that the moving parts had been mysteriously lubricated with highly explosive diesel fuel: had the engines been used to check the ship's drifting, an explosion would have wrecked the engine room and perhaps blown a hole in the side. Near ready to sail again, the ship was impounded for £15,000 salvage fees. In the months following there was money offered to the owners if they would agree to jam Radio Veronica and a phoney agreement was used in a Veronica blackmail attempt.

Blackmail, Bullets and Bombs.

An article in the Dutch "Elseviers Magazine" exposed the Veronica/RNI "ether blackmail" deal in which Veronica agreed to pay £100,000 over to the RNI owners if they agreed to stay off the air. In January 1971, though Radio Veronica had placed their man on board the "Mebo 2", the former RNI owners reclaimed possession of the ship and towed her to an anchorage off the Belgian coast. Veronica sued for piracy on the high seas though a Dutch court ruled that since RNI had offered to return the money, it could continue broadcasting. Understandably there was much muttering among the Veronica owners.

The incident finally came to a head on 15th May, 1971. Millions of listeners in Britain and on the Continent followed the dramatic events as the call went out: "Mayday! Mayday! This is the radio ship Mebo 2, four miles off the coast of Scheveningen, Holland . . . we require assistance urgently due to a fire on board this vessel caused by a bomb being thrown into our engine room . . . Mayday! Mayday! This is an S.O.S. from Radio North Sea International.

As records continued to be played between Mayday calls, the crew fought the blaze with hand extinguishers for an hour until rescue tugs and a firefighting vessel arrived. It was later revealed that the bombing was the work of paid commando frogmen who had boarded the ship from a rubber dingy and placed an ounce of dynamite on a pipeline leading to a 250 gallon oil tank. On 18th May, the *Evening Standard* reported, "Dutch police have arrested the man who is alleged to have given the order to blow up Radio North Sea International's ship Mebo 2." The man was a Veronica director. He had paid the divers £1,200 in advance to buy the equipment. All were later sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Though the ship had been badly gutted, when it was found the studios and transmitter room were untouched, the crew and disc jockeys returned and normal broadcasting was resumed. Later that same month, the fate of Capital Radio was sealed when the operators of the station were officially declared bankrupt.

Veronica on 192 metres and RNI on 220 metres, medium wave, were left alone to battle for the thin share of advertisers.

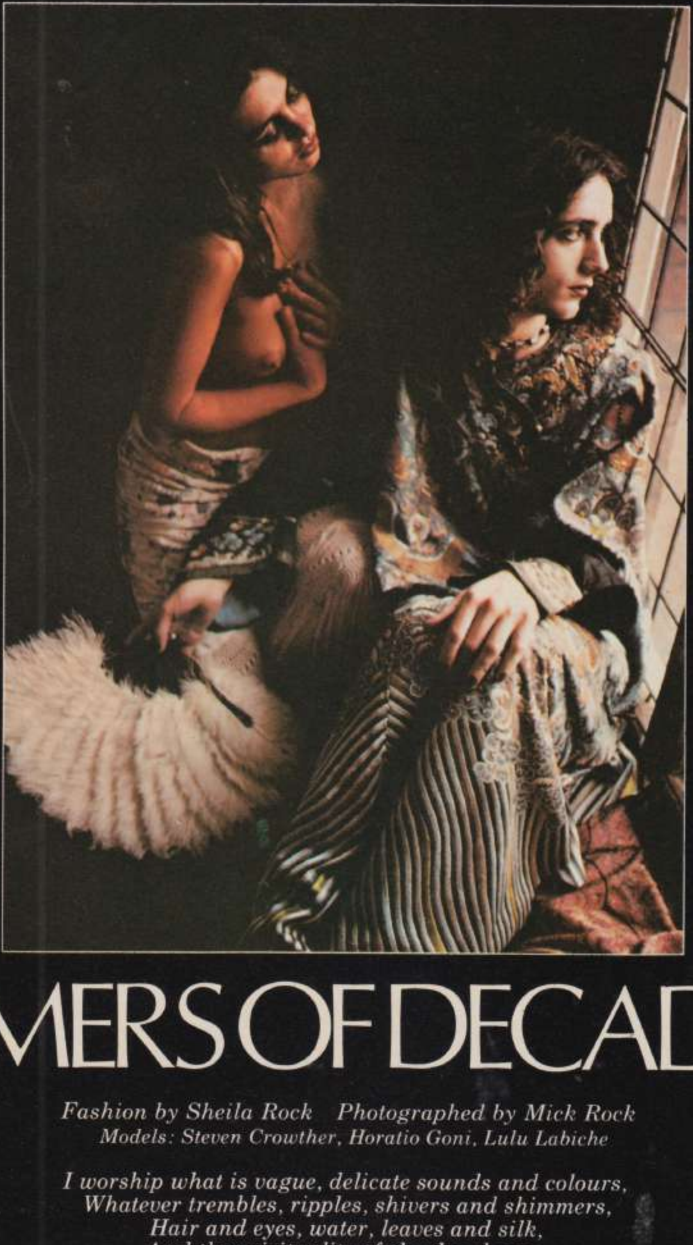
Mutiny As Radio Caroline Returns.

Late 1972 saw the return of Radio Caroline International. Her Dutch creditor had sold the "Mi Amigo" for £2,500 and the buyer refitted her under the guise of housing a "pirate museum." The ship anchored just outside Dutch territorial waters off Scheveningen, between Veronica and RNI, broadcasting on 259 metres, medium waveband. The future looked bright for the station with both crew and DJ's working on the understanding that no wages would be paid until the station was successful. Amid fighting on board among crew and DJ's and gun threats from the captain, all over wages disputes, the ship was towed into Amsterdam harbour – only after payment of the disputed £4,500 wage claim, harbour dues, cleaning up the ship for a seaworthiness inspection that included welding up a hole in the side of the ship, was owner Ronan O'Rahilly able to see his station safely back to sea in her old anchorage, broadcasting regularly on 252 metres, medium waveband. Plans for new aerials and more powerful transmitters, with broadcasts directed at the UK, are again in the air.

The Strasbourg Treaty.

In the 1940's the European Broadcasting Union set up a study group comprising 32 nations to consider the allocation of wavelengths. This led to what became known as the 1948 Copenhagen Plan, but of the 32 countries, only

Continued on page 84



DREAMERS OF DECADENCE

Fashion by Sheila Rock   Photographed by Mick Rock
Models: Steven Crowther, Horatio Goni, Lulu Labiche

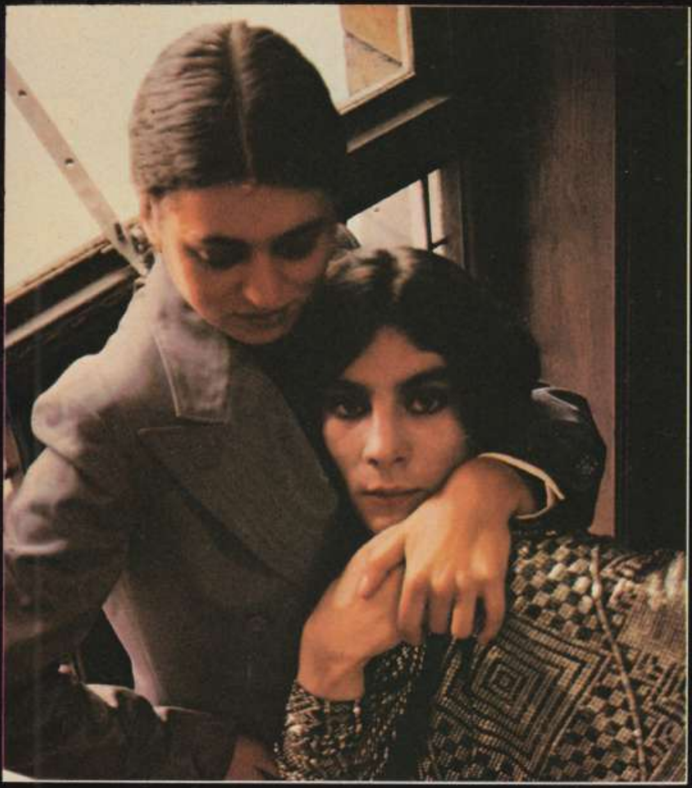
I worship what is vague, delicate sounds and colours,
Whatever trembles, ripples, shivers and shimmers,
Hair and eyes, water, leaves and silk,
And the spirituality of slender shapes.

Albert Samain (Les Jardins de l'Infante)

Antique 19th Century Chinese embroidered blue robe, £500. White ostrich-feathered fan, £10. Both from Essences. Her cream floral printed shawl from a selection at Essences.

Cream cotton jacket with stripes and matching trousers, £40.50. Navy-blue silk shirt, £25.50. Both from St. Laurent Rive Gauche. White shoes, £29.00. Also from Rive Gauche.

White cotton blazer, £53.50. White cotton trousers, £16.00. White cotton shirt, £15.00. White shoes, £29.00. Green silk bow tie, £6.00. All from St. Laurent Rive Gauche.



Red silk jacket, £70.40. Black smoking trousers with satin stripe down the side. £38.00. White silk shirt, £26.50. Black bow tie, £6.00. All from St. Laurent Rive Gauche. Black shoes from the Chelsea Cobbler, £21.50. Silver-topped ebony cane from Catherine Williams, Antiquarius Antique Market, £10.

Grey silk jacket, £70.40. Black smoking trousers with satin stripes down the side, £38.00. White silk shirt, £26.50. Black bow tie, £6.00. All from St. Laurent Rive Gauche. Black shoes from the Chelsea Cobbler, £21.50. Oriental tapestries and shawls from a selection at Essences.

FIRST TIME

by Kate Barlay

Illustrated by Wayne Anderson.

"Yes, yes, yes. I tell you! My husband was the first."

"Not so loud! I believe you."

Annika glanced swiftly around, then put a small piece of *Schwarzwaldertorte* into her mouth. Her friend looked at her bemusedly, sitting so close to her on the red plush banquette, hemmed-in by the marble-topped table, the fashionable crowd around them. It was afternoon and the ceremony of coffee and cakes at Kranzler's was in full-swing.

"Annika, I only asked. You started this conversation."

"I know," she answered humbly.

"Well then, if he was the first, what went wrong? Your husband is handsome, intelligent, amusing, he does well." Her eyes followed the flash of diamonds on Annika's fingers.

Annika's lips moved, then she turned to her friend. "Ilka, it's good to see you. We were children together. . . . I couldn't talk this way to anyone else . . . I was *virgo intacta*."

As she said this her smile deepened, her eyes looked into the distance with such intensity as if she watched a film invisible to anyone but herself.

She was pretty, especially her huge eyes with their indefinable colour which was a mixture of brown and grey. But she was fading a bit. Both of them looked still youthful, but not young any more.

"What are you thinking about now, Annika?"

Annika shook her head slightly and slowly brought her gaze back to her friend. "I was thinking what a pleasant place this is. It reminds me of Gerbeaud in Budapest. Are you happy living in Zurich?"

"Oh yes. Very."

"I can imagine. The shops are gorgeous. This town smells of money."

Ilka laughed. "Yes, banks everywhere. Don't you like London?"

"London's fine. Even my husband could have been fine if . . . "

"What's the matter with your husband, Annika?"

"There's nothing the matter with him," Annika flashed, her temper on short fuse. "It's me. And Uncle Bela, the swine!"

"Uncle Bela?"

Annika looked down at her plate. She had finished the *Schwarzwalder* and stared at the smears of cream as if studying them in a laboratory. Her friend remained silent, waiting.

At last Annika sighed and said simply, "I have to get it off my chest and I'd rather tell you than an analyst." She laughed. "And it's cheaper. All right then. . . . You remember how stern, old-fashioned my father was? I was fifteen and danced to his tune like a performing seal. One afternoon after lunch he called to me, 'Annika! I want you to take these papers to the lawyer, Dr. Koroncy. He knows you are coming and expects you at four. Don't be late. Behave yourself, be polite, respectful. That doesn't mean you should stare at your shoes and mumble as you usually do, like a little idiot. He's an important man and a friend. My daughter must behave in a manner worthy of me. You understand?'

"'Yes, father.'

"'All right! Here's money for your tram-fare and don't lose the documents.'

"'I won't, father.'

"He smiled affectionately and pinched my cheek. 'My little pigeon!' Then he hurried away.

" It was summer, August. The asphalt was melting, but I walked to save the fare. We always seemed to be short of money.

"Though I had started in good time, I was breathless and moist under my light pink dress by the time I arrived at the Street of the Golden Hand where Dr. Koroncy lived, in the very heart of the town, close to the Danube, the best district.

"It was cool in the entrance hall, and rather dark. He lived on the second floor. It was already five-past-four. I was late and ran all the way up. At the door where his name was displayed on a brass plate, it was necessary to pause and blow my nose. I also rubbed my neck with one of mother's handkerchiefs that still smelled of lavender in spite of all the changes in the world . . . . Then, taking a deep breath, I pressed the bell.

"Dr. Koroncy himself opened the door. 'Come in, *kis lányom*. Come in. I'll lead the way. You must excuse the bleakness of the flat. My family is in the country, visiting my mother-in-law, so I'm all alone and only my study is habitable.'

"A powerfully-built man, he walked ahead as he talked. I followed – through the dining-room, brown shutters lowered, letting in a mere chink of light here and there. The smell of moth-balls permeated the air, carpets lay wrapped in paper, scarcely visible in the gloom, tied with string, long, silent, like mummies in some newly-discovered necropolis.

"His study opened from it. The air was stale there too, but the staleness was tinged with the scent of his cigar. One still smoked, like incense, in the ash-tray. Apart from his desk, there was a large sofa along one wall, covered with a Persian rug and there were cushions as well. He took the packet of documents from me and told me to sit down on the sofa, then went to his desk and looked through the papers. From time to time he murmured, 'This won't take long, *kis lányom*. Just excuse me a little longer.'

"My eyes wandered around the room, though when I noticed the painting opposite the sofa, I dropped them. It was a huge nude lying abandoned on a bed, framed in gold. Just then Dr. Koroncy spoke again.

" 'Well, everything seems in order. Now I'm going to offer you some refreshment.' Through the slats of the lowered shutter the sun's rays streamed in and dust particles danced lightly on the beams. Dr. Koroncy got up, putting aside the papers, and said in a conspiratorial whisper, 'We're having ice-cream and cakes from Gerbeaud. I didn't have lunch. No appetite because of the heat.'

" 'Yes, it is hot,' I agreed eagerly, remembering father had ordered me not to be tongue-tied.

" 'When I heard from my good friend that he was sending his own daughter I thought I had better get something nice. It's in the kitchen. I won't be a moment.'

"He bustled out like a good-natured nanny. I liked him. He wasn't at all someone to be afraid of. Apart from the nude I tried not to look at, but did, I felt quite at ease.

"He came back carrying a tray, opening the door with his elbow and shutting it with his foot. The tray was placed on a low coffee-table before us. He handed me a glass dish of melting, multi-coloured ice-cream. He ate his with relish and so did I.

" 'Good, isn't it! Nothing to beat Gerbeaud!'

" 'Nothing!' I agreed enthusiastically.

"Then he offered a plate of four cakes sitting temptingly in their white-frilled paper nests.

" 'You choose first!'

" 'Oh, no, Dr. Koroncy, you choose!'

" '*Kis lányom*, I insist! Ladies first. And if I may ask you a great privilege, don't call me Dr. Koroncy. Just simply Uncle Bela.'

" 'Yes, Dr. Koroncy . . . I mean Uncle Bela,' I said, giggling a bit shyly, but flattered.

" 'Well, now!' This time he held the plate almost under my nose and I smelled the sweet scent of the goodness of the cakes.

" 'The *Rigo Jancsi* and the *Indianer*, please!' I hunched my shoulders, gauchely relaxed, enjoying my treat. I ate everything he put on my plate. He didn't eat his, only breaking the cakes up into tiny pieces, though I only noticed this after I had finished mine.

" 'Don't you like cakes, Uncle Bela?'

" 'Yes, yes of course I do, my sweet little girl. Only in this heat. . . .'

"He put his left arm around my shoulder, we were sitting very close. 'How was school? Did you get good marks?'

"I pursed my lips, shrugging. 'Father wasn't very happy. It's the maths, you know. I find maths difficult.'

"He gave my shoulder a small squeeze. 'Never mind,' he said, holding my chin with his other hand, 'I could never add up either, but I don't seem to have done too badly.' He turned my face slightly, making me look at him. 'How about boys? How many hearts have you broken? You can't count them, can you?'

"I blushed. His eyes looked into mine. His dark, gleaming eyes, the white a bit blood-shot, I noticed. His hair shot with silver. His strong white teeth glittered in his tanned face. He smelled pleasantly of some shaving lotion and his shirt was tinged with the scent of his cigars and his body that

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radiated warmth. Strangely, at that moment I felt almost cold.

"Like some small animal, I sensed danger. I wanted to ask him to take his arm from my shoulder but was afraid to offend him. It was all so friendly. He was such an important man. I simply didn't know how to behave.

"To cover up, I laughed, my voice sounding silly to my ears. 'Oh, Uncle Bela, I don't know any boys! Father wouldn't let me.'

"He leaned close and whispered into my ear, 'Would you be afraid if you knew a boy?'

"His breath tickled my ear, his whisper was strangely exciting. In an agony of embarrassment my heard pounded as he put his hand on my knee. I looked down at that large, warm hand. It was a nice hand, his manicured fingers a bit square, the tips turning up slightly at the joints. On his little finger he wore a ring with a dark stone and the gold glittered in the half-light of the room. I shivered slightly and made a move as if to rise, but he leaned forward, cutting off my escape, his weight forcing me into a prone position on the sofa, my head resting on a cushion, my feet dangling to the floor. His hand crept higher. I wanted to protest, but he put his lips on mine. His mouth felt soft. He kissed me tenderly, his lower lip was full, he seemed to search my mouth with his, the corners, the inside of my lower lip. His hand went up, bold, my heart was racing, almost bursting . . . his fever . . . I caught it. Somehow I couldn't breathe through my nose, I opened my mouth and he took possession of it greedily as his probing hand found my secret flesh, his fingers soft and tender. He caressed, held back, then again . . . and again until if he had stopped I would have died . . . the sweetest torment. He understood my smallest move, his fingers obeyed my unconscious demands. Then when my craving for release was at its height, his touch became stronger, my body heaved and I think I almost fainted in ecstasy. . . . For a moment, I seemed not to exist but then, still shaking convulsively, I began to cry. His hand covered me for a while, warm and protective. He was kissing my face, my eyes, whispering to me. 'My darling, my precious little darling, my sweet little girl, rest now. Rest.' He raised my legs to the sofa, arranged my body comfortably among the cushions and gave me a glass of water. Then he left me alone.

"I felt at peace, almost drifting into sleep, helpless as a baby, leaving everything to him. I stopped crying, just lay there with closed eyes.

"After a while he came back. At the sound of his footsteps I opened my eyes, he was wearing a dressing-gown.

" 'I took a shower. . . . ' He sat again close to me. He smelled of scented soap and he leaned over me and kissed me and I kissed him back. Strange, how quickly I had learned to kiss. Then he lifted my small brown hand, nails bitten to the quick, and kissed it, then lowering my hand, he put it under his dressing-gown . . . and for the first time in my life I touched a man. Alive, burning, hard, living a life of its own under my hand. . . .

Only instinct guided me and I tormented him until he gave a hoarse cry and with a great shudder foamed over my hand, and then he was kneeling before me, trembling, his face suddenly white, his head resting on my small breasts as he whispered, 'My little girl, my adorable little girl!'

"After a little while he got up slowly and went out again. When he came back he was dressed as before. I went to the bathroom and when I came back he was at his desk, studying the papers I had brought.

"I stood in front of him, the awkward, stupid little schoolgirl again, not knowing what to say. He looked up, then came round to me. 'I'm afraid it's getting late, *kis lányom*. You must take a taxi. Tell the driver to stop at the corner. Don't get out in front of your house.' He gave me some money.

"For a moment he held me in his arms, rocking me like a baby. 'Uncle Bela,' I whispered, 'when do I see you again?'

"He said, 'It's best if we don't see each other again. It would be dangerous for us both, very. . . .'

" 'But after what happened today . . . ?'

" 'Nothing happened. Forget it. Nothing happened, you understand? You are *virgo intacta*.'

"I suffered after that. I longed for Uncle Bela . . . for his hands. I went about like a sleep-walker, thinking of nothing else. Once I was crazy enough to go to his flat. It was a few weeks later. His family was at home. A child took me to his study. He was sitting at his desk and he offered me the chair opposite. In another room somebody was playing scales on the piano.

" 'My daughter – practising!' Uncle Bela told me, cool, impersonal, the lawyer, father's friend. Then he had the cheek to ask, 'What can I do for you?'

" 'Nothing!' I said. 'Nothing . . .' and I ran out.

"He was a witness at my wedding. Father asked him. After the ceremony, he kissed me. I could smell his shaving lotion and the scent of his cigar and I hated him, how I hated him!

"The trouble was I could never forget him! My wedding-night was nothing . . . nothing compared with the fever he had roused in me . . . Uncle Bela, the swine! He spoiled me for my husband!"

Annika asked her childhood friend, "Can you understand this? Any of it?"

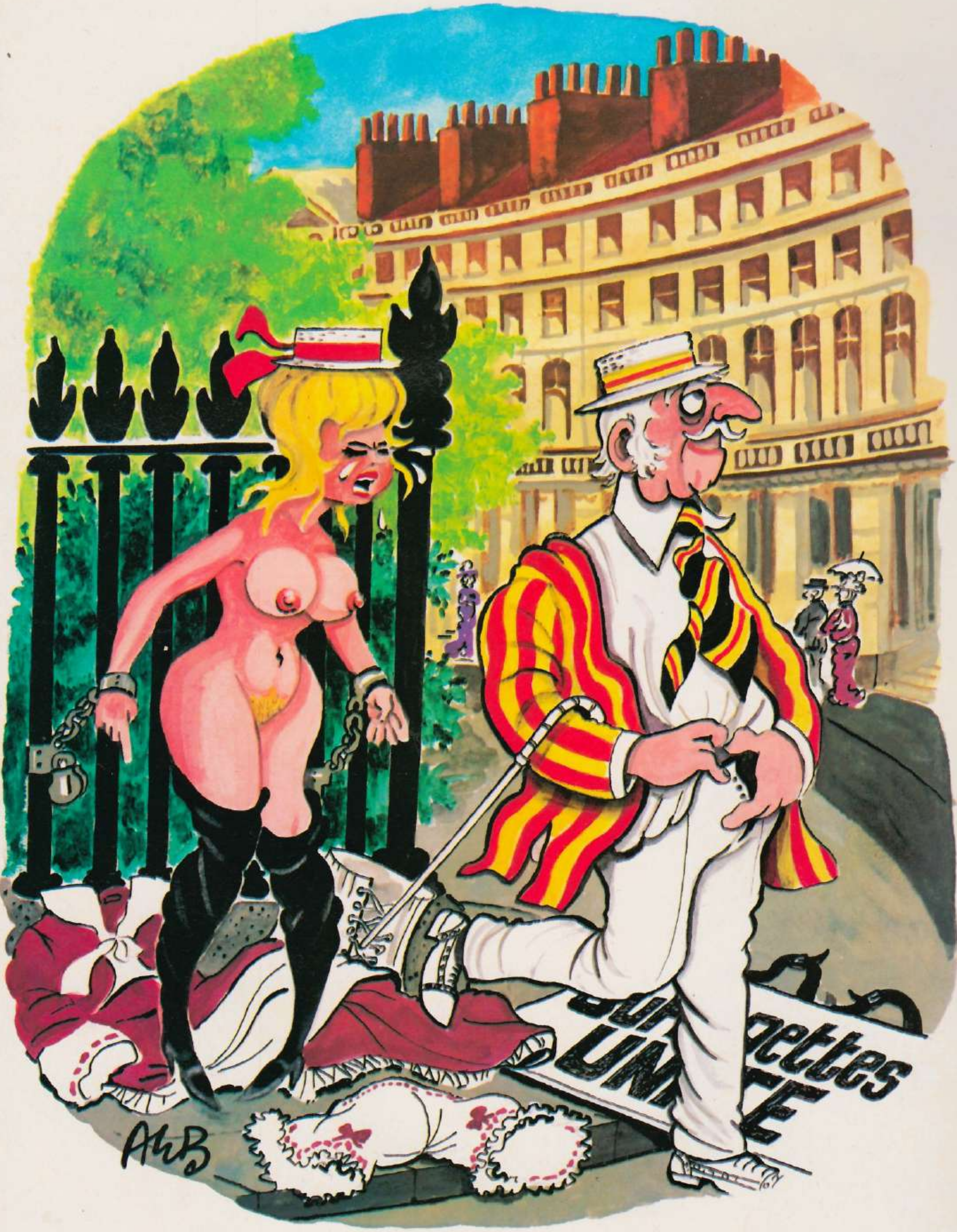
"Yes. Yes, I think so. But he's dead now. Annika, what are you going to do with your life?"

Getting into the taxi, she said, "I have affairs. I need to be mixed up with men. I'm still searching. You see I got fixed on him."

Ilka stood there as Annika gave the address to the driver and shut the taxi door. She waved once more as the car moved away.

The Bahnhofstrasse shone under the evening lights. Ilka walked quickly towards the Limmat.

"Poor Annika!" she thought as she hurried on to be home and together with her husband and her little son. Soon she was lost in the crowds crossing the bridge. Diamonds glittered coldly in the windows of the gorgeous shops. ☐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"*You Beast!*"

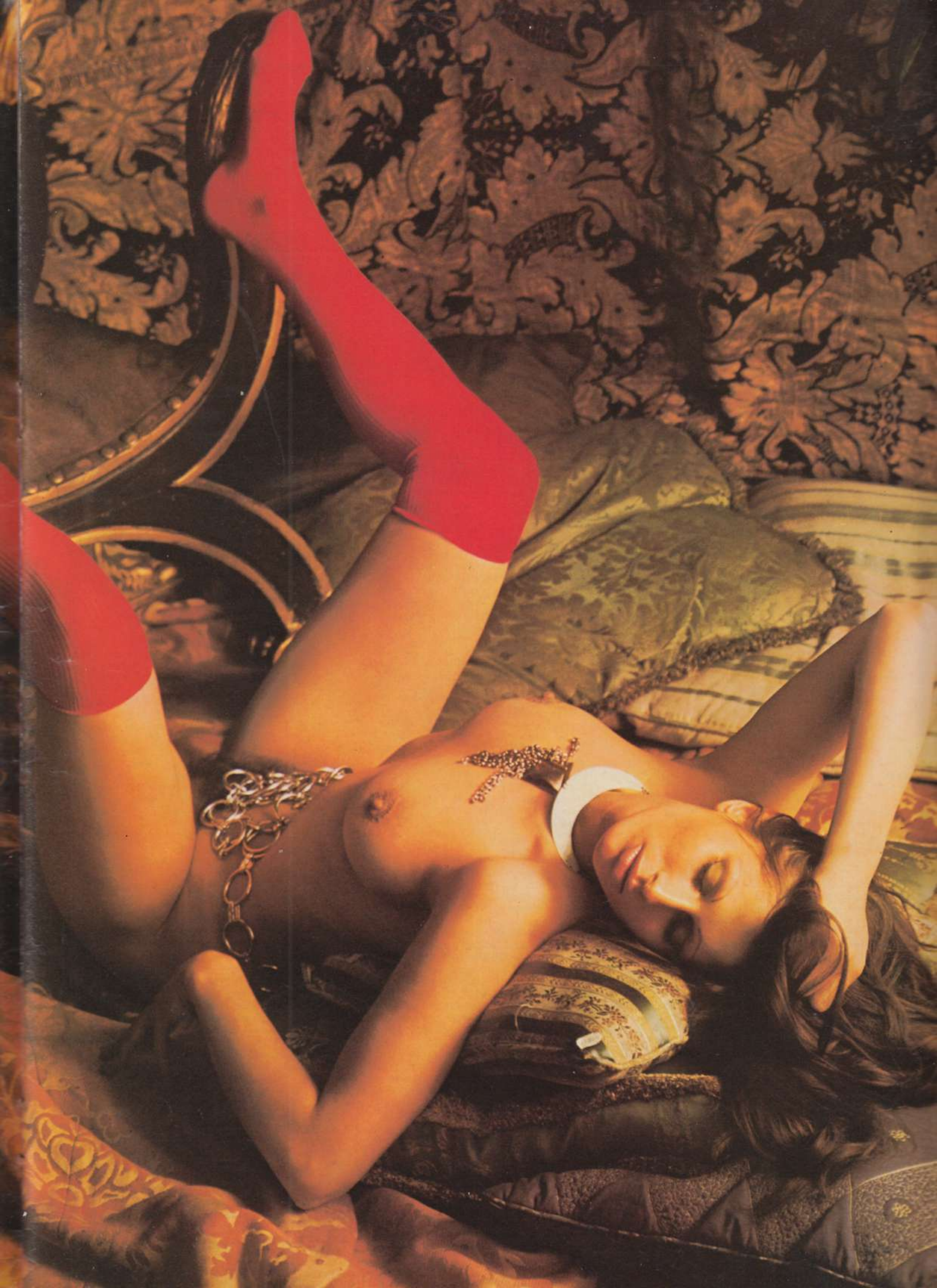
Elizabeth

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur

Elizabeth is considered by many people – chiefly editors, photographers, interviewers and pedestrians – to be one of the most beautiful girls in the world, but she's also a phenomenon because there are so few things she can't do. For example, she's a first-class bricklayer and recently created a sensation on a building site by driving up in her Bugatti and applying for a job as a foreman. Needless to say, she didn't get the job! They weren't having any competition like Elizabeth round the place!

Elizabeth can do all the things you'd expect her to be able to do although with an individual flourish. She cooks better than Elizabeth David and Fanny Craddock put together, *designs her own clothes better than Yves St Laurent and makes them all herself with her own fair hands. She's an expert on wines and cheeses and is often invited to attend tasting parties. She's also invited to attend "sniffing parties": the big perfume houses in Paris often invite her over for a weekend of sniffing just to make sure they aren't losing the scent. Elizabeth plays the piano, dances and sings skilfully. She also writes articles and short stories for magazines like* Club International. *However, there's one thing Elizabeth* isn't. *She isn't a women's liberationist. "Why should I settle for mere equality with men when I've been infinitely superior to them all my life?" she aks incredulously. "It's men who need liberating anyway!" she stresses.*

One day Elizabeth was standing on the steps of the National Gallery, minding her own business, when a handsome young man standing on the pavement waved his hand at her and blew her kisses. She thought to herself. "That couldn't possibly be intended for me," and looked away pretending to admire St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It was a Sunday and one of those rare English summer days, hot, blue and golden, and the steps of the Gallery were crowded with tourists and natives slightly surprised by the sunshine. When she looked back, the handsome young man was still waving his hand at her. "I do believe that's intended for me," she thought, and smiled at the handsome young man ever so slightly. The next day Elizabeth was standing at the window of her Mayfair flat overlooking Shepherd's Market when she noticed the man she had seen walking along the pavement. Even Elizabeth, with her cool, conservative upbringing, was unable to remain unaffected. So she flung open the window and shouted to her young admirer to attract his attention. When he turned round, it wasn't her friend at all! She had never seen him before in her entire life. She felt a perfect fool. And to her folly was added the feeling of humiliation, for he called up laughingly to her, "What's the charge, love?" She was aghast. She was mortified. She slammed the window shut with a bang. And she hid under the bed until she regained her confidence.



THE VENAL VICES OF VICAR VEITCH

The year is 1874 and the Reverend Veitch has settled into his new living in Sussex. His outrageous abuse of Molly, his maid, gives Noakes, the servant, an opportunity to insidiously transgress the clearly defined boundaries which existed between Master and servant. Noakes turns out to be a ready accomplice of Veitch in his insatiable sadism . . .

April 11

Well, my cup runneth. Chudleigh informed me that Noakes refused to release the horses and trap to Hubbard, and I sent Molly to summon him to the vicarage. Molly returned in some agitation to declare that he would not move one inch without his just desserts. "I would be rid of him, sir. I am ashamed at myself, at the way I have let him take me. He is away to the inn." I told Molly to compose herself, that all would be well, and went into the lumber room, which I mercifully kept locked during the presence of Mrs. Juppley, and which contains all that I have left of the family silver. I selected for my purpose a tureen with my grandfather's crest, and hurried to the stables, where I hid the tureen under some sacking. I then took the trap myself, and went into Battle where I reported the theft of a tureen to the constabulary. "This would seem a matter for the detective police," said the desk sergeant, "but as we have none hereabouts, sir, I will accompany you," and although it was a mild day, he threw his ulster about his shoulders, and followed me to the trap. "He is a thieving scoundrel, and I want no mercy for him," I told the sergeant, "I caught him out before, but because he is painfully ugly and has difficulty in obtaining a post elsewhere I forgave him." "You clergymen, sir, being men of God, are too kind to the likes of them. They are common roughs, sir, the servant class hereabouts, they think of nothing, begging your pardon, but women and ale. I'll give him women and ale, sir, the magistrate he knows the likes of them. Be bound the fellow has done his stint in Lewes Gaol afore now." He took the reins after a mile or two as he said that he did not like to see gentlemen having to use horse themselves. He was an agreeable fellow. When we reached the stables, Noakes was still away, which made the task easier. Like a game of blind man's buff I led the sergeant to where the tureen was hidden, and allowed him to find it. "See here, sir," he said, "the scoundrel!" "That is it," I said, "see the coat of arms?" "I see it, sir," and began to look about the place. When he entered the back room, he called out, "What in the name of God goes on here?" I followed him. "Foul practices, sergeant. Foul, evil practices, I'll be certain. I dread to think of the acts of horror that have gone on here without my knowledge." "It will go hard against him," vowed the sergeant, moving to other rooms. He came back bearing a teapot. "Is this your property, sir?" I was pleased to see the teapot. "No, this is the property of my predecessor, the Reverend Chudleigh, who will, I am sure, lay charges against the villain. He lives in the village." "We have a villain here, sir, I wish I had brought my constable with me," said the sergeant, but I assured him that Noakes was a thin sallow individual, and could be taken by the bluff strong sergeant. Noakes entered shortly afterwards. He did not see the sergeant. He was flushed with drink. "I piss on you, reverend," he said, "and when I get my desserts I will piss on you again." "I've seen this man before," said the sergeant from behind the door, "chicken-stealing." "Fuck you!" said Noakes, staggering, "I never stole a chicken in my life, so God help me." "Six months in Lewes will clean your mouth out, you scoundrel," said the sergeant, then turned to me, for I was recording the conversation in my diary, "yes, sir, make a report of this, it will suit my book very well." Not so well as *my* book, I thought. The sergeant began to talk in a ponderous manner, aware that I was scribbling away. "From chickens to gentlemen's silver. We'll see you in Newgate yet, my lad." Noakes espied the tureen. "What in the devel's name is that?" he asked, "I swear I have never seen that in my life before." "They all say that, sir," said the sergeant turning to me, extremely amused, "even after a twelvemonth in choky, they all say it." He turned to Noakes, and went on, "And I suppose this teapot you have never seen before? Yes, my lad, you're silent, you are learning, my lad." Noakes made as to leave, but the sergeant lumbered to his feet, drew his staff and struck Noakes three or four times about the shoulder. This seemed to bring Noakes to his senses, for he consented to have metal bands put about his wrists. I accompanied the sergeant with Noakes to the police-station in Battle, and later informed Chudleigh of all that had passed. To my disgust, Chudleigh wished to forget the matter of the stolen teapot, making me more convinced than ever that Noakes had some strong hold on him, but I persuaded him that it was his duty as a subject of the Queen to lay evidence against the man. After I left Chudleigh, I went back into the lumber room, to see what other articles I could find to secrete about Noakes' rooms. Chudleigh very kindly invited me to retain the trap and pony, and offered to lend me Hubbard. I suspect that on Monday he will withdraw from his undertaking to give evidence against Noakes and is endeavouring to sweeten me now. At dinner, Molly indicated coyly that I could have her, but I was worn out after the day's exertions, and declined the offer. This worried me more than somewhat.

April 12

During the night I heard someone moving about the house, and carefully I drew from the drawer of my bed-side table my revolver, as it occurred to me that Noakes had broken away from his captor and had come back to wreak vengeance. I then heard a timid tap on my bedroom door, and Molly entered wearing her shift. "I want it bad," she whispered, and she took off her shift, and entered my bed. I removed my night-shirt, and fingered her slit vigorously, probing at her innermost parts. "I want it bad," she repeated, and lay on her back. I jumped on top of her, and she twisted her thighs about me and squeezed. I gained entrance and felt her bounce energetically against my stones. Her slit was as hard to gain purchase as a greasy pole, but I ground away, until the delicious moment arrived, and I spent copiously. Without a word, she left my bed, and I lay awake for a while, the impression of having dreamt it being deceived by the damp patch on my sheet where she had oozed forth her semen. Although it was Sunday, I praised the Lord that I had still sufficient manhood, despite my years, to entice a young woman to my bed, but to my shame I continued to think back to the time when Noakes was lashing at her. The agreeable experience of the night was somewhat spoilt when I received a communication from my damned wife, extremely anxious to come out and live here, and I decided at breakfast that it would be desirable for Molly to leave the vicarage. As she was now the only servant on the premises, scandal would shortly level its finger at me, of that I was sure, and as she was with child the scandals would be twice augmented. As she was sadly incapable of running a house, I decided that now would be the time to be rid of her, and it was also possible that when she reconsidered the matter she would regret her reluctance to make capital of my transgressions. So I asked her to bring her man to see me, and this she did after the morning service. A well-built manly lad, he was civil and awed. I told him that I understood he was desirous of marrying Molly, and asked him if anything stood in the way. He had the promise of a cottage on the estate, but had no furniture. "Very well, Tom," I declared, "Molly has been a good servant to both me and Mr. Chudleigh, and I have decided to reward her for her services. The day you are married I will give you and Molly the sum of ten sovereigns." This was undreamed of wealth to the lad, and he stammered his thanks, and then I brought Molly in and explained the matter. The couple thanked me profusely, and, feeling in good humour. I told them that I would look out one or two sticks of furniture for them. It was perhaps remiss of me to tell them that they could take the bed from Noakes' stable, as I was not certain as to its ownership. I hoped, but silently, that Tom would have many years of happy bouncing, but knowing the way these country girls fall into slovenly ways after they have been breeding I did not hold out much trust. This evening I gave a rousing sermon on sin, and was gratified to see several uncomfortable faces in the congregation.

April 13

Feeling that I have felt my passions triumph too often since I arrived here, I engaged a woman of middle age to housekeep for me, a Mrs. Glover, a respectable woman who lives outside of the village, whose husband died two months ago. Molly asked me if I would perform the marriage ceremony at the earliest possibility, and this I agreed to do. Hubbard drove me to Battle for me to lay evidence against the scoundrel Noakes. He is a pleasant young fellow.

April 14

I read that the Bishop of Manchester had reproved a congregation at Blackpool for being there. The visitors should not be at the watering-place to be on the loose. How were the lodging-house keepers to go to church when they had to administer to the wants of the selfish visitors? I cannot understand the impertinence of the man. It is difficult enough to entice a congregation into a church, and it seems foolish to insult them once they are there. Would I were at Blackpool instead of languishing in the Sussex wastes!

April 17

Mrs. Glover having been with me now for two days, I find her extremely cleanly and satisfactory in every way, and now that Molly is to be made an honest woman of, as the cant phrase has it, I am inclined to lose interest in her. But I must admit to boredom, and even the arcane delights of my library failed to release this, the rakes being flagellated into frenzy did not concern me overmuch, and the succession of curious postures did not interest either. I enjoyed reading *Nathalie* by Miss Kavanagh, and although I had intended preparing Sunday's sermon I found the romance preferable.

April 18

I casually mentioned to Mrs. Glover the possibility of having a young girl in to do the harsher work, thinking of Molly's young sister. The provisions of the Education Act do not seem to operate here, and she would be cheap to employ. Chudleigh had in tow today a young gentlewoman from America, a relative. She had a dark skin, and I at first believed that she was of Indian extraction, but Chudleigh, sensing my surprise, told me that olive face-powder is "all the go" on Fifth Avenue. With the dash of red on her round cheeks and her hair plastered down she looked like a china doll from the Soho Bazaar. But she called me "reverend sir" with such quaint emphasis that I felt it in my heart to forgive her.

April 19

Chudleigh and the American girl were at the morning service, and during the sermon I extemporised on the affection and love that we bear our American cousins, at the same time directing my attention to the young lady, and she smiled and prettily blushed. She was dressed in a black silk dress with black lace, with a high bonnet with ostrich feathers. Her delicacy in sitting down in the pew with her extravagant bustle was a lesson to the matrons of the parish, who look as if they had a cushion stuffed up their backside. What pleasure it gives me to see a well-dressed woman, and what pleasure it would give me to have my way with Chudleigh's guest. The gentle rise and fall of her dress gives promise of a fine pair of globes, and I would wish to give her something up her backside other than a bustle. The gay women of London were never so entrancing as when one took fifteen minutes to get down to the flesh, when one could unwrap the petticoats like the skins of an onion, to find beneath it all the firm succulent flesh of a true whore. God, the days pass slowly here, and in the evening I had had enough of it, and sought out Molly, but there was no slow unveiling of the female form divine. It was off with her drawers, and a desperate plunge into her cunt, her lips rising and falling like the great steel timbers of a paddle-steamer, her belly bumping me up and down. I rose to her, and made her wait for my last lunge, but the stupid wench screamed, and to prevent her cry being overheard by Mrs. Glover, I was obliged to put my hand over her mouth. She mistook her place, and bit my hand, and to punish her I withdrew my staff and spent over her hairy belly, sliding the soft underside up and down the loose flesh. Fucking a servant girl is not like fucking a gentlewoman, and is not a pleasure for a man of refined tastes, but "The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works" (*Psalms* 144 9) and one must make allowance for the shortcomings of the servant classes. Whatever Molly lacks in refinement, she is a *clean* woman, and the thought of crabs is far distant when one takes her. Bitterly ashamed at myself for yielding to my baser passions on a Sunday, and after reading part of another novel, *Adele* by Miss Kavanagh, I spent the remainder of the evening on my knees, praying for guidance and help in adversity, praying to overcome my passion for low women. I wished that I had married a woman of both refinement and sensuality. The thought of Louise descending upon me with her Puritanic ideas of lovemaking depresses me. To think that after all these years of married life I have never seen her naked – it is preposterous – not that there would be anything alluring about Louise in the skin.

April 24

This damned celibacy may suit those of a sanguine temperament, but it has been many days since I had my fill, and I regret the absence of Molly, and yielding to veiled threats. I told Hubbard that I would be taking the trap myself, and thinking that I was paying another call upon the unfortunate Mariana, he thanked me profusely, but instead I turned the pony's head towards the coast. On the way I removed my clerical collar, and put a monocle in my eye, and in the guise of a man about town I entered Hastings. It was a simple matter to find a place for the pony and trap, and I strolled along the promenade, sampling the sea air, and peering at the beach for game. Another gentleman was likewise engaged, and he had the assistance of a spy-glass. "It is too early in the season," he said, "too damned cold for the tabbies on the beach." He folded the spy-glass up, and quizzed me. "Are you willing to pay for your tabby?" he asked.

"That I am," I said. "Well, sir, you have come to the right man. I can tell you where to go. If you continue to walk along for about half a mile you will reach a square. It is called Warrior Square, but the only warfare you will meet there if you call at this address is Amazonian, if you take my meaning. The charge is a sovereign, but it is well worth the expenditure." He wrote down the address on a blank card, and handed it to me. "I am much obliged to you, sir," I said, and he raised his hat and walked away. The square contained a number of handsome residences. I found the house without difficulty, and pulled at the bell. It was opened by a serving girl, who curtseyed, and said madam was at home, and would I care to leave my hat and stick with her. She escorted me up an elegant flight of stairs, and tapped on a door. Madam opened the door, a ravishing creature in a black fur-trimmed jacket over a mauve skirt. She led me into the drawing-room, and said, "Would you talk?" "If it is to the purpose, madam," I said, "bawdy talk." She laughed, showing glittering teeth. "You London men!" she said, "how I miss them! The local breed, they are not talkers. What are your tastes, sir? I will tongue you until your blood boils, or I will ride you, or if you are one of those I will flog you most delicately, or you can suck me. There have been no more men today, and I bathe regularly." "Let me glimpse your ankles," I said, my staff rising, "and your legs." She sat down in a deep chair, and slowly drew up her skirt and petticoats. She had a nicely-turned ankle and fine slim legs. "I wear the best French drawers trimmed with lace," she said, "and beneath that I have the most capacious harbour on the south coast, yet I can grip the gentlemen so tight that they scream. You have a collapsible Gebus, sir, I have a collapsible shaft that can expand and contract at will." I went on to my knees, and pushed up her petticoats to see her drawers gripping her. As I pushed my face against her warm underbelly, I heard her ask, "I trust that you have never been visited by the vile enemy?" "Clap and pox are strangers to me, madam," I said. "Stroke my legs," she urged, "are they not trim?" I did as I was bid. "Think on my shaft," she said, "waiting for you. I'll take in your stones." "I'll ram you, madam," I said, "by God I'll ram you!" "You are an ardent one," she said, "anxious to get at me, I can see. Let me see what you have got to please me with, what fashion of Thomas you possess." She unloosed my trowsers, and my staff was firm and unyielding. She went on her knees, and rolled her tongue around my quivering manhood, while I plunged my hands down her bodice and grasped her luscious sweet bubbies. "I must have you now," she said, looking up at me, "your hands have made many a woman weak I'll be bound." I followed her into her bedroom, and she slowly disrobed, down to her drawers. God, that I had been compelled to spend my days and nights with creatures like Molly, with their fat backsides and their cow-like udders. As I wrenched myself out of my clothes, she backed away. Her body was firm, her bubbies were tight and hard like apples, and I jumped across the bed at her, clawing at her drawers. She evaded me, and ran skittishly around the bed, but I caught up with her, and pulled down her drawers, exposing a delicate slit, with the fairest of bushes. It was the work of an instant to thrust my face into this arbour and drink of her wine, and while I was sliding my tongue up and down her cavern, she moaned and whimpered. "Take me, you fellow," she called, "give me what you've got, and no stopping." I launched myself on top of her, and plunged into her. She exerted her hips with rare effect, and suffused my stones with her spend, withdrawing when I was about to spend, then rising up again to meet me. "You screw wonderfully well, madam," I shouted, and she replied between her gasps, "And you too, fellow, you have a weapon to subdue even me, who has had many a thing in me." "I'll give you good measure, you trollop," I said, and with a final effort I spent. I rolled off her, and immediately she disappeared, and I heard the sound of rushing water in a neighbouring room. I was bathed in sweat, and it was an effort to raise myself from the bed and dress myself. She returned in a *robe de chambre*, combing her black hair. "Well, good day to you," she said, "you may rest in the hall. I warrant you never had a tumble like that for a while." "You know the tricks, madam," I said, "I am much obliged to you." I bowed to her, and she said, "Pay the maid, sir. Good day." And so I gave the maid a guinea and a shilling for herself, and trudged back to where I had lodged the trap. During the journey I pondered on the experience of the afternoon, but had a sinking feeling, knowing that I had once again betrayed my cloth.

April 30

Disaster has struck, as I knew it would. The fate of a lecher is to be struck down, a lecherous clergyman most of all. Impatient to be at my lady of pleasure, I journeyed over to Warrior Square, but when the maid bade me enter I found an individual there whom I recognised as the loiterer I saw yesterday. "The Reverend Mr. Veitch?" he inquired. "You must have made some mistake," I said coldly, "I appear to have come to the wrong house." "Then you have stolen someone's hat," continued the fellow, "for observe the inscription". I took my hat, and there, indeed, was my name. "A choice hat," said the man, "and a choice hat-maker from St. James's." "I seem to have come to the wrong house," I repeated, and began to open the front door, but the impudent rascal put his hand on my arm, and said, "Wait, sir, don't run off like that." He called out "Milly!" and the madam appeared at the head of the staircase, smiling. She hurried down the stairs, and at the foot, she made a mock curtsey, and said "Reverend sir!" "What is the meaning of this, madam," I said sternly, "I have never seen you in my life before, and who is this fellow?" The man looked at Milly and declared "Well, for my life, I don't know why you had him. What was wrong with that little whore, Clara?" "He is a gentleman of taste, Toby, a gentleman of discrimination, he would not want to go with a half-a-crown slut. You mind your trade. I'll mind mine." "I've been pimping long enough to know your tastes, Milly," said the man called Toby, "but this one I cannot understand, so help me, by God he is *old*." "I have been insulted enough," I said, quivering with anger, "unhand me, sir, or I will call the police." "Hold, reverend," said Toby, "we can settle this little misunderstanding amicably, I am sure. We shall see what you have in the pocket of that handsome frock coat, ah, yes, a clergyman's collar. Get the maid to put him in that room, Milly, and turn the key on him. We must think on this." Milly called for the maid in a loud arrogant voice, and the maid appeared, curtseyed at me, and opened the door. There was nothing for me to do but enter, and as there was no knowing how long I would be kept there I took out my pocket-book and made notes of the conversation, and the peculiar Cockney idiom of the ruffian, Toby. I looked about the room, furnished in a civilised manner, and played a musical-box I found on a side-table. The man Toby entered. "I see you are fond of music, reverend," he said, turning it off, "and so am I, and thus we have a bond. We also have other bonds. We are frail flesh, the only difference between us relating to prostitutes is that I live on 'em and you lie on 'em." He laughed heartily at his own quip. "They can be damned nuisances, as you and I know, you being a man of the world and I being a man of business, and they can be damnably expensive. A sovereign for half an hour, I ask of you, how absurd. I also ask of you this – who can *earn* a sovereign in half an hour?" "Well, she can," I said, "your Milly." "We have expenses, reverend. You being a man of the church would not know about this, but that sovereign is a sovereign gross, but we do not get a sovereign nett, by Jove, not so. There are expenses. The maid, she gets twenty-six pounds per annum, because she has to be trusted." "May I make a record of this conversation?" I asked him, "for I find it of great interest." "You're a cool one, reverend," said the fellow, "and I like you for it. I see you do a kind of code. That is very useful, it must be useful for sermons and so forth. Pray scribble away. Pardon me." He opened the door, and Milly entered. "What is all this?" I asked her, "we had a pleasurable time before, why this now?" "I am sincerely sorry," she said, "but it is not a fair world, and we have to take a profit where we can. I was in Duke Street, St. James's, and calls on me were regular. Not so here, for the town is full of cripples, those who could, can't, and those who would, won't." "Well, you want money," I said. "Yes, and we'll get it," said Toby. "He's a cool one," he told Milly. "He is a man of the world," said Milly, "and won't pay if he can avoid it. If he were a bishop he could pay well, but we must not bite him too hard. I should say a hundred pounds would do the trick." "I have five sovereigns in my purse," I said angrily, "take that and be damned to you both, and that is all I am paying. It is your word against mine." "Not if you were caught in the act," said Toby. "That is not likely," I told him. "It is very likely, by God," said Toby, "is that queen in his studio, Milly?" "He was," said Milly, and I was forced to mount the staircase, my trepidation increasing at every step. I would draw a veil at the humiliation I suffered. Sufficient that I was compelled to strip, and made to lie on a makeshift bed with a naked young whore, while an effeminate fellow took a photograph. The scoundrel Toby stood by and sneered, while that damned bitch Milly smoked a small cigar. "It would be better if the man could raise a stand," said Toby. "We'll supply you with a *carte de visite*," said Milly. Quivering with anger while I dressed myself, and vowed that had I been a younger man I would not have let them make me suffer so, but the violence that Toby promised me was sufficient to snuff out any courage that I possessed. As I drove back, I contemplated putting the matter before a magistrate, but then I could not be sure if they would or would not release the photograph to my superiors, or even His Lordship. Aware that I had somehow alienated him, I feared for my position if he should hear of the matter, for the cards he wielded were far more formidable than my poor hand. I would have to raise the hundred pounds within a week, but the curs had promised that when they received the money they would hand me the plate to destroy. Their ultimate threat was that if I did not pay, they would take me again and have me photographed with a man and place the matter before the police, but although I was aware of the penalties for sodomy I did not feel that they could accomplish this. Nevertheless, I had no desire to subject myself to any further indignity, and resolved to find a hundred pounds.

May 1

Took train to London, and made contact with my book courier, who took me to his apartments in Cranborne Street. "You will have a tipple of jacky with me," he said, pouring out a measure of gin, "well, sir, what can I do for you? It is not often I have the pleasure of welcoming you to my humble abode." I told him that I needed to lay my hands on £100 in a hurry, and would have to sell some of my library. He agreed to help me, if I would pay him 10%, and this I said I would do. I handed him my catalogue, and he put on his spectacles, and read through the list, making small marks with a pencil. "These I can place," he said. "I shall be staying at Tranter's Temperance Hotel in the City," I told him, "it is close to St. Paul's, in Bridgewater Square." He made a note on his cuff, and said that he would visit me there at seven that evening. In the afternoon, I went to St. Paul's wherein its cool cloistered and timeless sanctity I paused in reflec-

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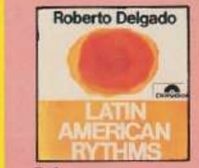
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To: ACB (Audio Club of Britain), 22 Herschell Road, London SE231EH

a date with James Last
BARCAROLE
MOON RIVER
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NINA SIMONE
Sincerely Nina
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VODKA AND WINE
PAUL MAURIAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA
LA MER
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ESTHER & ABI SING-SONG
OFARIM & ABRAHAM
DIRTY OLD TOWN
FREIGHT TRAIN
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BEETHOVEN
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31

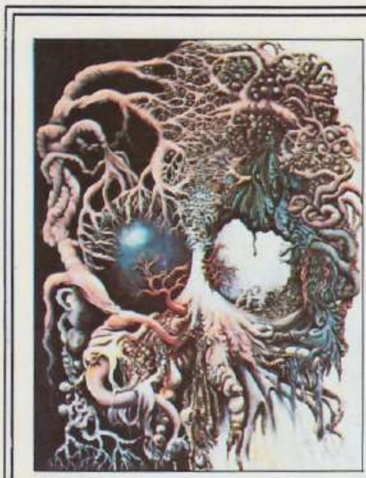
tion and stood to marvel at the genius at its architect, and then to the hotel, where I had a plain but wholesome tea for a shilling, read a little, and awaited my courier. He came on the hour. "It is fortunate that you are residing here," he said, "because the buyer wishes to meet you nearby. With respect, Mr. Veitch, I should remove your collar, as it might disconcert him. He is a most respectable man. We shall meet him in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's at eight o'clock. I trust that this is convenient?" "You have done well, I am always anxious to meet fellow collectors." "No names, though, reverend," warned the courier, "although he is a gentleman of some rank, I will refer to him as Mr. Brown and you will be Mr. Smith. It is a fiction that I hope you will forgive." We found our way through the narrow streets to St. Paul's, and ascended to the Whispering Gallery, where a stout man in a tall hat stood half-hidden in the shadows. "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Brown," I said, holding out my hand. He took it, and said "The pleasure is mine, Mr. Smith. Is not this an enchanting building?" "It is an imposing pile," I said. "Why we should have this air of mvstery, I do not know," he said, "I am put in mind of the ancient Christians meeting in the deep recesses of the Roman catacombs. I must say how agreeable it is to meet a fellow enthusiast who is a gentleman, who is not in trade." "The middle classes have yet to achieve this kind of emancipation, sir," I said, and he chuckled. "How right, by God!" he retorted, "their idea of the supreme wickedness is the music hall." We strolled about, keeping away from the wall so that our voices would not reach to innocent parties. "I am very desirous of the volumes of *The Boudoir*," he said, "if only for old times sake. I knew Dugdale – it must be nearly ten years since he died in the Clerkenwell House of Correction, a quaint fellow, full of fancy. I told him to put his money in the Funds, but he never did. He was too confident, poor fellow, and the Queen, God bless her, had him put away. As for the rest of your list, I must confess that the Rabelais does not interest me. He is a crude writer, and his preoccupation with dung is boring. Give me Swift any day." Mr. Brown exclaimed. He thwacked his malacca on the balustrade, as if to reinforce the point. "Ah, with Swift, there was a difference, there was a man with *style*." "I have Swift's *Polite Conversations*," I said, "but that is not for sale." The courier was following us at a distance. "He is a good fellow," said Mr. Brown, "it is a pleasure to do business with him. He is *fair*. He doesn't go on about the rarity of this or that. What we collectors need, Mr. Smith, is a good bibliographer and a good bibliography to find out what *is* rare. A scholar I know is going to do just that." "It will fill a long-felt want," I declared, "he may put me down for a subscription." "Ah," he said amiably, "there will be so many Mr. Smiths he will become confused. May we look forward to a time when we may come out into the open. The Prince of Wales will not be so hard on us," went on the man, "he is a man of liberal tastes, as the ladies of Baden-Baden well know. But the spooney Queen. I have given up hope, and now with the detective police one is almost inclined to live in Paris. She doesn't know, Mr. Smith, what a damned loose Court she has about her. Tell me, Mr. Smith, do you write yourself?" "No, sir," I replied, smiling, "my talents lie in another direction." "There are some who write and some who do it," said Mr. Brown, "but now to return to business. I cannot take the Rabelais, but have you anything else of antiquarian interest that is not on the list? But pray, no Latin authors, it is as exciting as conning a primer, nor no Calvinist nonsense about the confessional." "I am short on tin," I told him frankly, "but I would release Rochester's *Sodom*." "Done!" he said, gripping my hand. "would a hundred and twenty guineas for the lot fit you?" "It would," I said, and the courier and I bid him farewell. As we walked towards the Barbican, I hazarded a guess at the identity of "Mr. Brown." "He is a viscount, to be sure, Mr. Veitch," said the courier, "but he must remain Mr. Brown so far as I am concerned. Will it be convenient for me to call tomorrow with the money? You said it was a matter of urgency." "You have done well for your twelve guineas," I said, and I wished him farewell as the porter at the hotel called a cab, and he cabbed it off to Cranborne-street.

"Fred's a bit shy.

May 2
I was about to catch the 8.55 from Charing Cross, but suddenly decided to visit my dear wife in Bayswater, and took cab there. London was looking fresh, but they are building everywhere and the dust was irksome. The wretched woman was not at home and the appearance of the house had a slovenly look, with tracts and pamphlets littered everywhere. I did not recognise the servant, a saucy country wench with a complexion like rosy apples. "She said she was like to stay with Mrs. Fuller," the girl said, but she did not know who Mrs. Fuller was, save that she was somehow connected with this spiritualistic claptrap. "Is your mistress well?" I asked, but the stupid creature was not certain whether Louise was well or ill. The courier came in the afternoon, and I received the money and entrusted him with the books, which I had placed in a stout case. Shortly before Hubbard took him to the railway station, I said to him (my courier), "I have a mission of some danger to perform. Is there any likelihood of you knowing two strong fellows to accompany me for two hours or so on Monday?" He hesitated, then said "Leave it to me, Mr. Veitch."

May 4
And so the final day of my time of humiliation and downright lechery. I met the two minders off the train. The taller of the two was dressed in check trowsers that were too short for him, and sported a billycock hat. He handed me a letter from my courier, telling me that he had paid for the railway fare, and at the end of the engagement would I pay them a sovereign each. The tall man introduced himself as Hanover Joe, and his companion as Smallarse, a suitable cognomen. The little fellow was dressed in a moleskin jacket, and wore the type of cap worn by Covent Garden porters. I kept the money in a leather bag, clutching it to me, for they looked a villainous pair. As we trotted along the sea-front, they chittered and chattered about the sea in a Cockney jargon that I could not understand. I lodged my trap, and giving the reins to the fellow who runs the stables, I told Hanover Joe, "These villains have taken a photograph of me in a compromising position, and I am buying the photograph back and the plate." "There is no buying these fellows off, Mr. Smith," said Hanover Joe, shaking his head sadly, "they will continue to blackmail you. Who knows whether they have more than one plate?" "I would not know," I admitted, "I am not a photographer." My spirits sank. "It would profit you to have them taken off your back once and for all," said Hanover Joe, "for five sovereigns each. Smallarse and myself, we will do it, we will wreck them, by God, we will." "Are you fellows who can do this?" I asked. "We have done it before without complaint," said Hanover Joe, and I decided to act as they suggested. "Act as if you would go along with them," advised Hanover Joe, "so that we can obtain entrance. Take the plate, and then scamper, for these things are not pretty to witness, least of all by a gentleman. If you would tell us who we will find." "There is the pimp, the woman, a young whore, and the photographer, an effeminate fellow, and the maid, but she will trouble you none. The studio is at the top of the house, up two flights of stairs. How will you know if they have another plate?" "They keep the plates in boxes, and we will smash them all," said Hanover Joe. We turned into the square, my heart thumping. When I pulled the bell, they were standing out of sight hidden by the porch, but when the maid opened the door, they rushed forward, and held the door open, while I entered. The woman Milly came down the stairs, her eyes ablaze. "Oh, it's you. Have you brought the money?" "I have," I said, "which I will hand over on receipt of the plate." She hesitated. "Come with me, and leave these fellows here." I shook my head firmly. "They will come with me," I said. "They will not," she said, but I remained obstinate. "Then the little fellow, he may come," she conceded, and led the way up the staircase, past her bedroom, and up another flight of stairs. We entered the studio, where Toby was partaking of breakfast, and he looked up angrily. "Is this the Haymarket, for God's sake?" he asked. "He has brought his money," said Milly indifferently. Toby took the bag from me, and looked inside. "We are trusting people," he said. The photographer entered from a small room, blinking. Toby was looking at Smallarse with some disquiet. Smallarse spoke to me, saying "I recognise this bobtail, she had a crib in Duke Street." Milly looked at him, suddenly alarmed, then said, "I know him. He is one of Shackleton's minders. And I know the tall fellow down the stairs, he is Hanover Joe." "Give him the plate," urged Toby, "give him his plate." The photographer went to a large black trunk, and picked out a plate, which he handed to me. I held it so that I could discern the subject, and it was the one. I took one of the table-knives from the breakfast set out, and hammered the plate with the handle until it broke. "That's the end of it," said Toby, "now get you gone." Smallarse took the bag from him, put his fingers between his lips, and emitted a sharp whistle, and in a second or two his companion entered. "By my life," said Hanover Joe, "this is a thieves' kitchen, and no mistake. Well, sir," he turned to me, "you have done us a favour," and grasping the edge of the table, he thrust away at Toby until the villain was sandwiched against a wall, and was screaming away. Milly yelled "Help! Murder!" and Smallarse struck her brutally across the face, upon which she subsided into sobs, crouched on the floor. "I'll take the backgammoning sod", said Smallarse, moving across towards the photographer, who backed towards the dark room, tripping over the box of slides. Smallarse locked him in the dark room, and moved across to Toby, screaming against the wall, taking something from a capacious pocket. "I should go, sir," said Hanover Joe to me, "it is not a pretty sight for gentlemen. And take your money, it will not be needed here. We will meet you by your conveyance." And shaking and mortified, I left the scene of violence, clutching the bag of money. The two men joined me, after some thirty minutes, and we proceeded to the railway station in silence. I paid them their money, and Hanover Joe spat on his, and put it in a back pocket of his checked trowsers. "Toby is not like to die," he told me, "but he is not well." "He is ailing," said his companion, chuckling. "I cannot lay a promise for the other fellow, though," said Hanover Joe, "he was skittish with Smallarse." "He was a backgammoning fellow, and I can't abide them," said Smallarse. They relapsed into their jargon, ignoring me, and when the train drew in, they tumbled in like children on an excursion, without as much as a goodbye.

"Computer dating looks as though it's going to fill a most noticeable gap in my life."



Fantasy

Continued from page 10

stop masturbating, so he dreamt up a kind of penis corset to restrain himself.

M.R.: A very widespread conception – so much so that most manufacturers of esoteric equipment have several models in their catalogues. The most sophisticated designs cost over £50, and consist of a complicated harness of leather straps and a rubber-lined, lace-up, leather sheath for the penis itself, coupled with a scrotal dividing strap which cuts tightly into the pouch and separates the testicles. The motives behind the wearing of such a device are mixed, however. I feel there is a good deal of exhibitionism and narcissism involved. One might say the same thing about the female counterpart – the chastity belt – which sells in surprisingly high numbers.

Y.D.: Gerald is quite obsessed with penis corsets. He has at least a dozen different models, but that's nothing compared with George and his gags – he must have best part of a hundred, and do you know what set him off on that tack?

M.R.: I would be interested to hear. Fantasies involving the use of complicated gags are common. Many of them stem from fears of the dentist – and these are certainly not confined to childhood. Traumas associated with being given an anaesthetic are also responsible for some of the obsessions, although fantasies of masks and helmets are more likely to arise from this source.

Y.D.: You're right off the beam this time. It all started with George when he was taken to see greyhound racing as a kid of six. It was the muzzles that did it.

M.R.: Ah, yes, I have heard of such cases, but they are rare in comparison with those that have their origin in the notion of being fitted with a bit, like a horse. It all goes to show how impossible is the task of bringing up a child without his mind becoming filled with fantasy, and proves that fantasy is natural and nothing to worry about. Just imagine the effect of fairy stories upon a child's mind. You know what fairy stories are called, don't you?

Y.D.: Tell me.

M.R.: Infantile pornography. Think about it – it's not anywhere near so outrageous a description as it may, at first, appear.

We thanked Miss Duprez for her cooperation and received a charming invitation to make use of her specialised knowledge and experience at any time we felt the need. There are two ways of looking at this, and although, at the moment, we intend to confine ourselves to the one, being but human, we cannot help feeling a temptation to sample the other!

Before moving on, we have to say that it is reassuring in these times to find that there are still people around who take a genuine interest in their work, and who believe in giving value for money. It is sad, however, that one seldom encounters the same dedication in certain other professions, which, although perhaps, not so well patronised, do not have to contend with the same degree of censure either.

Let us now examine the elements of fantasy. They fall neatly into three categories: personnel, environment, events.

All three are usually an amalgam of selected images from past experience intermixed with sheer invention. It is a curious fact that whereas daydreamers are not in the least troubled by exceeding the bounds of possibility in respect of the physical attributes of the fantasied ideals (60–18–40 figures and the like), they are usually great sticklers for feasibility when it comes to environment and events.

In fact a great deal of time is spent – very pleasurably – by the daydreamer in polishing his fantasy. For example, he may spend hours working out the pernickety details of the mechanism required to achieve a certain, preferred sequence of events in a time-lock controlled, auto-erotic, bondage session. He may cover sheets of paper with complicated drawings, which, to the uninitiated, are totally unconnected with any vestige of eroticism, but, to the draughtsman, are surrounded by an aura of intense sexuality, and executed in a state of delicious, lustful excitement.

In respect of personnel, exaggeration, often to the point of absurdity, is a common feature of fantasy. Breasts are huger, nipples more protuberant, buttocks more overwhelming, corsets tighter laced, heels higher, ejaculations more violent and copious, orgasms more numerous and more shattering than is possible in reality. This, of course, is why so much hard-core pornography is dependent upon surrealistic drawings rather than photography.

There is virtually no limit to fantasied environments, but a relatively small number crop up repeatedly. Among these, the most popular are hospitals and clinics, caves and pot-holes, quasi-religious temples, school rooms, stables (and other places associated with the horse riding mystique) and theatres.

All these are possible venues of highly impressive and/or traumatic scenes in childhood, and therein lies their strange power to haunt us in adult life. Almost all fantasy has its roots in infantile experience, but undergoes steady change as we mature, becoming increasingly erotic in an attempt to overcome the disturbing, anxiety-ridden effects of the original occurrence.

Symbolism also plays a significant part. This is generally accepted in the case of night-time dreams, but less so in waking fantasies. We believe there is little difference. Dark cupboards in which we were locked become caves, pot-holes, or, perhaps, bonds and blindfolds. Urine becomes rain, or the concept of "wetting" in general, and excrement becomes mud. It is the suppressed guilt feelings associated with thoughts involving urine and faeces, which are ever-present and potent elements in the early life of every human being, that tend to make us seek less aesthetically repugnant symbols for them. As we said to Yvonne Duprez, "No-one is unique."

At the beginning of this article, we stated that pornography (or, as we prefer it in this case, erotica) is written-down fantasy, so here, in conclusion are excerpts from Gustav Lander's gripping short story, *The Exhibitionist*, which succinctly illustrates many of the points we have been discussing. In the story, Erik, a handsome young man, has been persuaded by Magda, his mistress, to take part in an exhibition she is staging for a group of wealthy, female voyeuses.

"The curtain rose, and a single spotlight focused upon Erik's figure, standing, centre-stage. His head was shaven and, strapped around his face was a curious device – a conical funnel of black leather, which flared out from his mouth like a miniature megaphone.

"His body was wrapped around and totally concealed in an ankle-length cloak of black velvet, secured at the neck by a short length of brass chain and a tiny padlock.

" 'Why must I wear these things?' he had asked Magda, 'they look so hideous.'

" 'It is because they *are* hideous that you must wear them,' she had replied. 'Your ugliness will make me appear all the more beautiful in comparison.'

" 'But this awful gag and funnel,' Erik had protested, 'what are they for?'

" 'They are essential,' Magda had explained. 'You must not speak – merely grunt, like a beast. The gag will ensure that you produce the right type of noise, and the leather funnel has three distinct functions. First, you will see that the part which fits into the central aperture of your gag is over an inch wide. That is so you can breathe freely. Second, it is visually grotesque, and I have told you the importance of that. Third, it will act as a megaphone, giving additional loudness and resonance to all the different sounds you will make.'

"Erik remained motionless upon the stage as the music began – Hungarian sounding, pagan and ritualistic. He awaited his first cue – the entry of the cimbalon. It came, and he slowly unfurled his cloak, exposing himself, nude, apart from a genital harness, that gave astonishing prominence to his manhood, from around which all the hair had been removed. There were loud murmurs of excited appreciation from the spectators, and Erik experienced a great surge of pride – pride mingled with lust and the exquisite thrill of exhibitionism."

We will omit the middle part of the story, which is strong meat indeed, intended, primarily, for the Scandinavian palate, and move on to a passage towards the end.

"The music changed to a hauntingly erotic melody, played upon the flute. Magda began to caress him, expertly passing her hands over his body and his limbs, focusing gradually, almost imperceptibly, upon his thighs and his belly, and then, finally, upon his sex.

"She pressed ardent kisses over his shaven scalp, then spoke again, clearly, so that all could hear, 'Oh, how I wish I could kiss thy lips, my Master.' Delicately, she ran the sensitive tip of her extended tongue around the rim of the grotesque, leather funnel, and continued, 'But there is no reason, Master, why thou should'st not taste of my body's sweetness.' She emphasised the last word, and, caressing his manhood with great finesse, leaned over him, her lovely face just inches above his hideous features, slowly released a stream of syrupy saliva into the funnel and watched as it trickled down his throat.

"There was nothing he could do to stop it, even supposing he had wanted to. The gag inside his mouth prevented his blocking the end of the delivery pipe with his tongue, and, even if his tongue had been free to move, it would still not have been possible to stem the relentless, downward flow, because the pipe was over an inch in diameter, so that he could 'breathe freely' – or so Magda had told him.

"He felt the warm, sweet saliva course down his throat, and experienced a surge of desire so great that he almost fainted. The effect was reinforced as Magda performed miracles with his organs. Uncontrolled groans of rapture echoed from the black funnel, transporting the gloating spectators to even greater heights of voyeuristic delight, so great was her cunning. She held him on a plateau of ecstasy."

Knowing our Gustav Lander, things are never quite the same as they seem, and, before the night is out, Erik learns that the strange, leather funnel has other uses with which Magda, quite understandably, has not acquainted him.

So, to summarise, sexual fantasies are custom-made daydreams, tailored to provide the maximum erotic pleasure. The fantasiser takes elements from remembered experiences and combines these with invented images, scraps of films, TV shows, plays, books, lingerie advertisements, etc., and builds up an elaborate, mental collage to suit his own specific taste. We see no harm in fantasy – none at all – and it can act as a wonderful emotional safety valve.

Fantasy also has the advantage of being cheap – in fact it need not cost anything at all. It is a perfect way of working something out of the system at minimal expense – rather in the same manner that the wise man who finds himself hooked on photography (or whatever) browses luxuriously through the catalogues without ever buying a camera. ☐

Sophie

Photographed by Eugene Finkei

We'd like to state that Sophie Browning, a swinger from San Francisco, really pow-wows us.

Sophie owes her unique heritage to a great-great-grandfather: "He sprung from your Newcastle City," she says. "My parents tell me his name was Ebenezer Cruikshank – and it's from him I've got some Red Indian blood! Old Eb was one of the original diggers in the Great Californian Gold Rush of 1849. Seems like the old timer teamed up with a certain comely Sioux Indian maiden between excavations – if you know what I mean! – and before you could say General Custer, the product of this unlikely liaison was my great-grandfather!"

And now, over a century later, our sexy 36-21-36 Sophie, by leaving her native Californian shores to seek gold in a more sophisticated fashion, seems to be making her great-great-grandfather Ebenezer's trip in reverse. She's obviously an heiress to the old miner's adventurous spirit, having abandoned a successful career as a model for a leading San Francisco fashion house, to try her luck in the more leisurely atmosphere of England.

"Ultimately, my principle ambition is to become a fashion model again," explains Sophie. "I hope that London will turn out to be less of a hustle than America – San Francisco seems to me more crazy, more neurotic every day. It's rather like trying to work whilst running in a hundred yard sprint!"

We assure the lovely expatriot that in England things are conducted in a much more leisurely way. There's plenty of time, we tell her, for crumpets on the lawn, the tinkle of teacups in elegant salons, the mellow clonk of willow meeting leather on village greens, and endless dissertations about the variations in the weather, although hardly in the vicinities of Piccadilly Circus and Hyde Park – and let the subject drop there.

"I know it sounds as old-fashioned as a steam engine," she remarks, "but I'm a firm believer in marriage. To me, the modern idea of two people living together, experimenting with a trial marriage, is out. This kind of relationship's devoid of any responsibility, thus it's robbed of any respect. From what I've read, the Red Indians were very stern and moral on this important issue – almost puritanical, in fact – but there's a lot of value in this philosophy, being based on deep, permanent feelings, not just casual 'sex-happenings' which seem to me to be as emotionally moving as multi-storey car parks!"

A highly unusual analogy, we considered, looking deep into Sophie's serious eyes, but one that held a lot of sense. Finally, to complete our portrait of this more-than-welcome import from the Colonies, we played the 'what's your favourite game' with her.

What's your favourite food?

"Fish and chips! I just can't stop eating it."

Hobbies?

"Skin-diving. And I'm fond of reading. Not both at once, though!"

Music?

"Experimental pop. You know, Country Joe and the Fish, Simon and Garfunkel, groups like that."

Kind of man?

"Oh, most kinds, so long as they're kind and have a sense of humour."

Current lover?

"Gee, give me a chance! I've only been in England a few weeks. . . ."

She won't have long to wait.

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

Sex Probe

by Hildegarde Eisenach

Illustration by The Acrobatical Graphical Company.

In an earlier article, I described an interesting case of female domination, coupled with an addiction to leather – a frequent combination – so it is appropriate that, this month, we should examine the complementary picture, as exemplified by the astonishing case of a submissive, male, rubber fetishist.

It will be noted that I used the words "addiction to leather" (not leather fetishism) in connection with my female client. This is intentional, for there is, in my experience, no case of female fetishism in its true sense. Fetishism is a peculiarly male deviation.

Just as leather is a strongly "dominant" material, with its connotations of power and oppression in the form of harness, buckled straps, tight-laced corsets, boots and whips (as typified by the SS and Gestapo uniforms and trappings of Nazi Germany), so rubber is plainly a "submissive" material – soft, smooth and pliable, evoking images of rustling, all-enveloping cloaks, weird masks and helmets, and apparatus used for medical (or quasi-medical) purposes such as enema pumps and catheters, which are deliciously frightening to the masochist, who strives to re-enact, in erotic surroundings, those very situations which trouble him most in real life.

In this connection, it is apposite to quote a sentence from the erotic novel *Submission*, by Hans Kalmann, in which a male slave is describing his feelings on first setting eyes upon the chamber in which he is destined to spend the rest of his life in the thrall of a beautiful countess. I have never encountered a better or more succinct depiction of the submissive, male state of mind:

"My terror was so mixed with wonder at the alluring grotesqueness of her superb Rubber Room that, in exquisite, rapturous dread mingled with anticipation of my impending thraldom, I felt delicious tremors of the most sublime exultation strike in my loins and lift my twitching testicles."

Fetishists are NOT to be pitied. Many authorities deride the restrictive nature of their deviation, but restriction need not be a bad thing. In my opinion, fetishism no more restricts the fetishist than does music written for, say, a quartet or quintet impose limitation upon the composer. Some of the finest and most moving experiences in aural sensuality are to be found in Chamber Music (especially that of Beethoven and Schubert) in which the composer has chosen deliberately to constrain himself to four or five instruments, when he could have scored the work for a full symphony orchestra.

It is the very fact that so much is concentrated on so little that adds a new dimension to Chamber Music, and it can similarly be claimed that a distillation of the essence is what brings refinement to fetishism and masochism (almost inseparable, which may, most aptly as it happens, be regarded as Chamber Sex!

The idea of spending one's entire life in a state of perpetual bondage to a beautiful and implacably cruel mistress is a common one amongst male submissives, although it is relatively rare that the concept gets beyond the realm of fantasy. For one thing, most men are aware of their limitations, and, for another, there are usually an excessive number of complications, not the least of which is frequently a wife and family, to make perpetual bondage a feasible proposition.

Even so, there are a number of men in this country (their ranks are greater on the Continent) who have voluntarily surrendered themselves, body and soul, to just such an existence of never-ending servitude, and who are now, at this very moment, as these words are being read, living in conditions of the most abject humiliation. I have, myself, been involved, in three such cases, and Roland C.'s is one of them.

This case is so extraordinary in many of its aspects that I feel the best way of presenting it is to set down a transcript of the tape-recording I made of a conversation that took place between myself and a female client, who had come to consult me about her husband's relatively mild submissive tendencies and associated love of rubber.

This girl, Denise H. – an attractive twenty-four-year-old – was rather naive concerning sexual aberrations, but I had succeeded, without too much difficulty, in convincing her that she had no cause for concern in relation to her husband's peculiarities. It was, however, apparent that I had greatly surprised her by some of my revelations regarding the practices of rubber fetishists and male submissives. It was also obvious that I had aroused her interest and curiosity, for she continued to bombard me with questions concerning various matters I had mentioned during my analysis of her husband's case.

As a rule, I switch off my recorder as soon as the main substance of the case has been discussed, but Denise's interest was such that I thought it might be useful to continue recording, especially as her questions, and reactions to my answers, were typical of those one might expect from many broadminded, but unsophisticated persons on learning about ways of life which are far beyond their own experience, or, indeed, their imagination.

D.H.: Earlier on, you mentioned something about men surrendering themselves to women, and you used the expression, "perpetual bondage". I must admit that I find the idea of this extremely fascinating, in fact I just can't get it out of my mind. Could you tell me more about it, please? I suppose I must be "kinky", but, somehow, the idea appeals to me enormously.

H.E.: You are not necessarily "kinky" at all. The idea of owning a male slave is a common one amongst women. It is a frequent fantasy in childhood, fostered, to a large extent, by fairy stories – you know the sort, featuring a beautiful princess and her page. These are highly sado-masochistic in concept, as, indeed, are many children's stories. "Beauty and the Beast" is an absolutely classic example. In later life, the idea of the Mistress-slave relationship becomes highly stimulating in the erotic field, on top of which it has pleasurable connotations of Female Superiority, Women's Lib. etc.

D.H.: You said that there are a large number of male slaves. Are there many in London?

H.E.: Yes, hundreds.

D.H.: You surely don't mean perpetual slaves?

H.E.: No, perpetual slaves are not all that common outside the realm of fantasy, but I do know of cases all the same.

D.H.: Honestly, I find it quite impossible to visualise any circumstances that could make a man take such a drastic step. I mean, these things might be all right to dream about, but reality and fantasy are two very different things, aren't they? I don't see how any man could be such a fool as to give up his freedom for all time.

H.E.: Possibly not, but let me tell you about Roland C. His case is one in which I was personally involved, and I'm sure you will have a much better understanding of the circumstances which can drive a man to surrender his freedom when I've told you about Roland's tragic situation. Now, obviously, Roland is an extremely submissive character, and has been for as long as he can recall. He is also a rubber fetishist. Unlike your husband's condition, however, Roland's is extreme, resulting from some traumatic experiences with a deviant cousin – a girl ten years his senior – when he was a small child. Interesting as it is, that is another story and I cannot go into details now. When he was in his early twenties, Roland fell in love with, and married, a lovely seventeen-year-old girl, Margaret, who, because she reciprocated his love, tried her best to gratify his bizarre, to her, desires. However, not being inherently a dominant character, and having no clear-cut deviations herself, she was quite unable to give him the satisfaction he craved.

D.H.: You mean to tell me that Roland actually told Margaret all about his kinks?

H.E.: Yes, and you have to admire him for this. Few men are honest enough – or courageous enough – to admit to deviation, even in fantasy, yet, for a truly happy marriage, it is essential that there should be no sexual secrets between the partners.

D.H.: You say Margaret has no leanings towards domination, yet, earlier on, when discussing the case of Ted, my husband, you told me that, no matter how submissive a person may appear to be, everyone has sadistic elements in his, or her makeup, and that aggressiveness is born in us, as an instinct for self-preservation. I know I can be pretty sadistic at times – in fantasy anyway! It seems to me that you have rather gone back on what you said.

H.E.: I see you have a very sharp mind, also a highly retentive one! You are quite right in what you say, and I shall have to be more precise in my statements. I should have said that Margaret had no proclivities towards domination in excess of those inherent in all well-adjusted females. Is that more to your liking?

D.H.: (Laughing) Yes. I'm sorry to be so pernickity, but this subject really fascinates me. What was Margaret's reaction when she found out that Roland was a weirdo?

H.E.: Much the same as yours, I imagine. You seem to have adjusted to it. I experienced little difficulty in convincing you that your husband's condition is nothing to get hysterical about.

D.H.: True, but you say that Ted's case is an extremely mild one in comparison with Roland's.

H.E.: So it is, but degree in these matters tends, in my experience, to count much less in the mind of the partner than the very fact of the deviation itself, up to a certain point, of course. Clearly, there are limits, but these, in general, are less of a problem to the wife in cases of male submissiveness, when she is not at the receiving end, than in male aggressiveness, when she is. Once a girl has accepted the fact that her husband is a masochistic fetishist – and this, obviously often comes as a tremendous shock – the actual extent of his deviation matters a great deal less than its mere existence.

D.H.: All the same, Margaret must be a wonderful girl to try to gratify his desires.

H.E.: Yes, in some ways she was an exceptional character, but not so much in her willingness to try, herself, to give her husband satisfaction. After all, you are going to attempt to satisfy Ted, aren't you? When you really love a man, these things tend to come quite easily once you fully understand his need and the causes of it, which are not his fault – if "fault" is the word. It is in demonstrating that deviants are in no way responsible for their condition that I, and others in my profession, hope we are rendering some service to humanity.

D.H.: Oh, I'm sure you are! You've certainly taken an enormous load off my mind, I don't mind telling you. But, if, as you say, Margaret was cooperating with Roland in his quirks, why did he have to go and surrender himself to another woman?

H.E.: I'm coming to that part of the story. As I've already told you, Margaret was not a dominant character, but, because she loved her husband, she tried, like many other wives, to act the part for him. I want to impress upon you that the vast majority of deviant sexual activity *is* merely play-acting, but carried out with such skill and sophistication that total involvement occurs during the session, but, once the climax has been reached, the acting is over. The "players", as in any good theatrical experience, feel a wonderful sense of fulfilment and well-being, and there are certainly no ill-effects. It is repression which is responsible for most psychological disturbances in the sexual field. Roland's case was an exception, however. He wanted more than just acting. A lot of men think they do, or try to tell themselves that they do, but, in fact, it is not so. When a man pays a prostitute to humiliate him, it is he who calls the tune. She only goes as far as he wishes.

D.H.: I'd never thought of it like that. What you mean, really, is that the man is the boss all the while and is simply acting the part of underdog?

H.E.: Precisely. The borderline between aggressiveness and submissiveness is a very blurred one. The man who employs a girl to humiliate him is, in effect, simply using her as a tool. It can be argued that it is he who is humiliating her. All the same, there are exceptions, and, as I said, Roland is one of them. However, Margaret did manage to satisfy him for a few months, that is until the novelty of marriage and a new body wore off. I'm sorry if I sound callous, but, as I never tire of telling people, I am a realist. I see things as they are, not as the do-gooders and moralists would wish them to be. Men seek variety in sex – let's not try to kid ourselves otherwise. If a wife wishes to keep her husband content and faithful, it is up to her to provide as much variety as possible. With modern makeup techniques, wigs and prosthetics, this is not all that difficult. However, with Roland's being an extreme and chronic case, Margaret stood no chance, and he soon became sated – even bored – with what she had to offer him. Understandably, her technique was very limited, and she had little knowledge or finesse in the art of domination. Having had no interest at all in the subject until meeting Roland, her understanding of the finer points of the "game" was minimal. After a while, Roland began to ask her for degrees of subjection more bizarre than Margaret, with the best will in the world, could bring herself to inflict upon him.

D.H.: What sort of subjection do you mean exactly? I take it that you are referring to practices far more advanced than those my husband expects of me?

H.E.: Yes, infinitely more advanced. Have you heard of Conrad Weiss?

D.H.: No, who is he?

H.E.: A poet and writer, married to Anneliese Helm, also a poetess and novelist. He is submissive, she is dominant. It is almost an ideal partnership.

D.H.: Almost! I would have thought it was perfect!

H.E.: Not so. The dominant personality derives more pleasure if the victim is *not* a submissive, because operations are then directly against the will of the passive partner. When a submissive husband desires to suffer humiliation, the dominant wife is merely giving him what he wants – it is a very complicated business, and we have no time to explore it here. I brought the subject of Conrad Weiss up in reply to your query, "What sort of subjection?" There is no better way for me to answer this than to let you read one or two of Conrad's poems – I know him and his wife, by the way. They are both Austrian by birth. He has the gift of expressing extreme concepts in a manner that seems to take all grossness out of deviation, although such grossness exists only in the mind of the beholder. I think you might find these verses helpful in your case, too, even though your husband's condition is nowhere approaching in intensity that of the subject matter contained in the lines I am about to show you.

At this point I selected three of the shortest of Conrad Weiss's poems from my files and passed them over to Denise to read. These are the verses in question:

Strange worship

I feel the need for Rubber once again –
To have its thrilling softness on my skin.
I know its fragrant magic will relax
This state of nervous tension that I'm in.

I lock myself inside my Rubber Room –
Inhale the pungent scent I love so well,
Embrace the rustling, perfumed, latex drapes,
And feel my penis stir and gently swell.

In nakedness, before the glass I stand,
And draw the rubber sheets between my thighs.
I feel that lovely soft and cool caress,
And proudly watch my manhood's staff arise.

And now a subtle tension has replaced
The nagging stress experienced before.
This time, the feeling lies in my control –
I have the choice to make it less or more.

With rubber clothes I build the tension up,
By calculated, slow, but sure, degrees,
Until a wondrous climax racks my loins.
And brings me, sobbing, down upon my knees.

Oh, Rubber, thou hast made a slave of me!
I'm helpless in the power of thy scent.
Still on my knees, I humbly worship thee
And kiss the latex drapes on which I spent.

Questions

Why am I helpless in these rubber bonds?
And lying on this rubber-covered stone?
Why is my scornful Mistress sitting there?
So proudly on that awesome-looking throne?

Why am I clystered, cathetered and tubed?
Why strange, valved nozzles plugged into my nose?
What are these pumps and instruments all for?
Why am I nude? What happened to my clothes?

Why does my Mistress wear those high-heeled boots?
Why is it that my heart is pounding so?
What are those other girls all waiting for?
Do they expect to see some kind of show?

Why is it that my Mistress looks so harsh?
Why are those rubber straps around her breasts?
Why is their size exaggerated so?
Why are those needle spikes upon their crests?

Why are her fingernails so long and sharp?
And filed to cruel points at each red tip?
Why is it that my manhood stands erect?
Now that she moves towards me with her whip?

Why is it that, although her lashes hurt,
Although she makes me gasp and sob and groan,
The pain is like a sweet caress to me –
More lovely than all others that I've known?

Why is it as my Mistress mocks my shame,
And heaps her degradation thick on me,
And strips away all vestige of my pride,
I worship so her femininity?

Why is it as I watch my body's shame,
Reflected in the mirrors up above,
I crave to make the Sacrifice Supreme,
And give her all I have to prove my love?

The Ultimate Degree

"What is it that the High Priestess implies
"When speaking of the 'Ultimate Degree'?"
The trembling novice listened with surprise,
Mouth open wide in incredulity,
As, coldly, with contempt, she answered him,
Whilst, bound, he lay, upon the rubber sheet,
His depilated body nude and slim,
Devoid of hair from shaven scalp to feet.

"The 'Ultimate Degree' entails," she said,
"Initiation Rites in Rubber's name,
"Wherein the Rubber Acolyte is led
"To plumb the deepest depths of abject shame,
"In which there is no limit to strange acts,
"Within the bounds of feasibility,
"Wherein the lewdest fantasies are facts –
"That's *what is meant by 'Ultimate Degree'!"*
"Please tell me where and when these acts occur,
"And how the Degradation Rites take place?"
The trembling novice humbly looked at her,
With mingled lust and dread upon his face.
"You fool!" she cried, "You surely must have guessed,
"The Ritual commences here and now,
"And, answering your naive, last request,
"By functions of my body – that is how!"

After reading those eloquent lines, Denise sat silent for a moment. I began to wonder if I had made a mistake in showing her such esoteric material. The recorded conversation continued:

H.E.: I sincerely hope that I have not offended or shocked you?

D.H.: No, it's not shock. I'm simply overwhelmed, that's all. Conrad Weiss makes what is, let's face it, extreme deviation seem so, well . . . so beautiful!

H.E.: Beauty, like obscenity, is largely in the eye of the beholder.

D.H.: Somehow you don't realise what you're actually reading, then, suddenly, bang! it hits you, but, curiously, you're not shocked at all. I had a similar experience when Ted, my husband, showed me some of those Scandinavian sex magazines with close-up photographs, all in colour – you know the kind I mean?

H.E.: Yes, I have a complete collection of "Private", "Colour Climax" and other similar publications. I find them useful in research work, also for overcoming the inhibitions of some of my more reticent clients.

D.H.: Well, there again, they are so beautifully produced, it seems to raise pornography to a genuine art form. The girls are so lovely and the men so handsome that, when you look at them, for a few seconds the actual subject matter doesn't seem to register on the brain. Then, suddenly, you think, Christ! – they are actually doing that, not just pretending. That's real semen all over her face and nipples, and she's obviously enjoying the experience! It's no mere act for the camera, with bored models acting out their parts like dummy flesh machines. When you see quality such as that, it changes one's whole outlook on pornography – well it did mine, anyway.

H.E.: I'm delighted to hear you say so. I am all for quality in these matters. It is the tenth-rate trash – much of it from the U.S.A. – that does so much harm, not morally, but by lowering people's general standards. But we seem to have strayed a long way from our original subject. Do you think, now, that you have a clear understanding of the type of practices Roland required for the full gratification of his desires?

D.H.: Yes, and I fully realise why Margaret found it impossible to give him what he so desperately needed. It must demand enormous skill on the part of the Mistress to execute these acts with grace and refinement. It would, clearly, be all too easy to make a complete botch of it and utterly destroy the erotic atmosphere.

H.E.: I must say that you are very perceptive and sensitive for someone who came to me only a couple of hours ago, confessing next to no knowledge of esotericism. I am sure your husband is going to be a highly contented man from now on! But to get back to Roland, make no mistake about this – he loved Margaret just as

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Just Deserts

Motoring in Morocco

by Mike Hill

When you're in the motoring journalism game you get a pretty unreal view of life around the globe. Manufacturers are prone to taking plane loads of boring British herberts out of their maisonnettes in Raynes Park, London, SW, and transporting them to the fleshpots of Europe amid general alcoholic haze and gift-passing, the premise being that they will be so fazed by the hype to overlook the more tedious aspects of the latest Wankmobile de luxe. And after a while you can get quite hooked on the idea so that when you're asked over to Amsterdam or Nice for a press launch you immediately wonder what's so wrong with the car that they can't afford to ship you out to Kenya. So it all becomes kind of hard when you have to make your own arrangements to go see a country without a clutch of PR men oiling you on your way.

Morocco occupies the top left hand corner on the map of Africa with its most northerly point near Tangier facing out across towards Gibraltar to form the narrow gateway to the Med through which all world trade has to pass into the Atlantic and beyond. If you're driving you take the long dusty road right down through southern Spain and pick up a ferry which the Moroccans swear runs daily between Tangier and Algeciras or Gib. Personally I wouldn't want to take their word for the organisational abilities of their seamen, or for the fact that the Spaniards might let you on to the hallowed Rock.

Because of its geographical position, Morocco is unique of the African states in having both a Mediterranean and an Atlantic coastline with the northern boundary moving east towards big brother Algeria and the other former French colony Tunisia. Beyond that still lie the heavier Arab brethren of Libya and Egypt with whom relations are said to be a bit, um, strained, for various reasons, not the least of which is the price of £2 million which Libya's Gadaafi is said to have placed on the King of Morocco's head. South down the Atlantic the country wanders off into desert until it runs beyond the limits of my O-level Geography into such places as Mauritania, Senegal and Mali. I was based in Agadir, trundling forth in a Renault 4 hire car to get the feel of the place and ending up hooked on the wild beauty and the underdeveloped remoteness of the country.

Only very few places in Morocco are developed for tourism with the result that most of the country stays as it has been for hundreds of years. It also has a political system guaranteed to keep it that way with a rigid royal dictatorship keeping the power in the hands of the very few and very rich and keeping the rest of the country backward. If they don't know what they're missing, they won't agitate for it, is the rule of thumb government philosophy. Any leftish thinkers have already been put quietly away and the police are constantly on the lookout for any dissenters. It is illegal apparently to congregate in groups of more than three in the streets, just in case you were thinking of starting a small riot. Where tourism has arrived, in places like Agadir, the locals are more interested in exploiting the potential wealth than in any more national social conscience. But this is making the country sound a depressing and depressed place, which it isn't. There is a certain truth in the assumption that you can only miss what you *know* you're missing and outside the large towns and cities life trundles slowly on, undisturbed by mass media. Driving through, it's hard to see exactly how anyone manages any kind of living at all. Seemingly bare fields of rock somehow nurture large flocks of goats and sheep, the goats faring somewhat better than the rest since they're agile enough to climb trees to seek the fruits of the argam tree. Women bend for hours in the hot scrubland picking individual stalks of wheat by hand, which has grown to around six in high. It is a very dry and arid place with rain coming only seldom and the natural oases coping only with immediate local water needs. The occasional lush farm of oranges, in the south anyway, turns out likely as not to be owned by a relative of the monarchy.

Agadir was completely wasted in 1960 when a freak earthquake lasting 15 secs killed over 15,000 people and left little standing. Moroccan architecture, built mainly of the red mud and straw, has to stand very little in the way of elements so that Agadir today is very modern by Moroccan standards. It is also rather boring with little to commend it except as a place to shop if you happen to stay on the new hotel strip along the beach. And it does have seven miles of beach, clean Atlantic-washed sand backed by high dunes in which live odd communities of nomadic arabs. Take your surf board – there are some great Atlantic rollers, and if you're into the communal showers and classical music under the trees scene there's a fairly new *Club Méditerranée* there right on the beach.

But mainly Agadir is a good place from which to depart and if like me you fly into the town, you

can hire a car here at cripplingly high daily rates. The car is still very much a rarity in Morocco and for the most part the roads are occupied by well worn Ford trucks, piled high with oranges; the local buses with their high roof racks hanging with dead sheep, vegetables, baskets and all manner of other personal chattels bound to or from market; or the occasional taxi. The taxis are an art form in themselves for students of obsolete Americana – Studebaker Hawks, De Sotos, high winged Plymouths, obese Dodges – gems of the fifties and early sixties which lurch around on shot up shock absorbers and dubious brakes taking advantage of the fact that there's little on the road for them to hit. Spare parts and the high cost of petrol has for many led to the substitution of the big old sixes and V8s with coughing Perkins diesels, but whatever they may be mechanically, visually they are superb with more time being spent on polishing than on hiring.

A Renault 4 is the cheapest car you can hire and for four or five people it is fine for Moroccan roads. Generally the first and second class roads are good but there are few places where you can really get up speed and with the risk of goats or a laden donkey wandering out into your path you don't want to be going too quick. So a Renault 4 will trundle along quite adequately with the added bonus of that long travel suspension which soaks up the big ruts and pot holes which no-one got round to mending, and also the unmade verges which, on second class roads anyway, you have to take to when passing another car. From Agadir it is just about possible to drive to Marrakech and back inside a day but that sort of haste would do justice to neither the most romantic of the north African cities nor to the fabulous journey through the High Atlas mountains.

Closer than Marrakech is Tafraout in the lower reaches of the Atlas mountains known as the Anti Atlas. The first half of the

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two hundred km drive is not especially remarkable – once you've seen one vista of distant scrub you've seen them all – but the second half of the trip makes it. You can drive for miles on this road without seeing another vehicle through a countryside drowsy with the shimmering heat. After arid plains come contours containing little slivers of green oasis as the mountain springs seep from the rocks to feed lush palm trees and beds of livid green mint. There are a few villages, lying unobtrusively in the landscape and clinging to the sides of mountains. Since they are all flat single storey mud dwellings with scarcely any windows, they become almost invisible in the red rocky landscape and often it is only the stark white of the pinnacled mosque which gives away the existence of habitation. The climb gets steeper, the unfenced drops over the bends more harrowing, the Renault's breath shorter as the oxygen wears thin and the junk petrol sets the motor pinking musically. And the rock formations get more extraordinary, the pink stone worn into grotesquely beautiful sculptures by wind and sand, until you reach Tafraout with its cool verandahed villas and village houses built actually on top of hunks of rock in the shadow of the massive crags. To go further from Tafraout you would need a Land Rover or a donkey since the road degenerates into what are called *pistes* but which in practice are usually barely defined paths through the rocky scrub.

Returning to Agadir the road passes through the old fortified town of Tiznit, completely walled around by pink castellated fortifications. If you want to buy, Tiznit is the place since it's much cheaper than anywhere else – and good. Here you can buy blue calico caftans edged in white embroidery for under £1 in the old souk area among the arches in the dusty square. Jewellery sellers squat in the dust surrounded by hand made crude silver and amber ware. Nice

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This is Novotný, back with her second carnalistic column for *Club International*'s sex orientated readers. Since my first article I've compiled a list of my current Top Ten sexhilarating men. Dig this: No. 1 – General Amin. What a wild looking specimen he is for screwage, his outstanding beauty and tasteful style make him one in a million (thank God). There can be only one possible white mark that could count against the Gen., no circumcision.

No. 2 – The sleek, elegant Gerry Nabarro. For sheer, modest manhood he can't be beaten. There's nothing flash or obvious about him, but Gerry's flair for making bread and broads sigh at the sight of him is well known.

Position 3 gave me a mental tug-o'-pricks, but I opted for the young Juan Peron, once said to have been a dictator. But that's hard to buy because by the look of Perry he would have been issuing his orders from the cradle. But he's made a come-back with class, got rid of (or nearly) the dame who first promoted him, and is now ready and randy for a second fling among the prosperous population in the country where he once again hangs out.

Before continuing, I must lay this on you. Turn on to Emperor Rosko, soak up some of his verbology. He's got the hang of getting me into a state of sexpectation wherever I am, often awkward, but if I've got to have a bit, that's it.

I was happy to let Rosko get busy when he invited me to his pad. We had a stimulating chat on high minded subjects as you can imagine. I flipped when the full aspect of his ideal equipment caught my thrilled attention, one of the best sets of what-have-you's in the West. Can't speak for the East. Anyway, after closely appreciating Rosko's load, I admit I told him I dug his whole scene. To say I was sexually stoned wouldn't be exaggerating, so I can't remember whether he said the equipment was Japanese or German, dammit. I'd better return to my Top Ten.

No. 4 snuffed it recently, that master of sexpottary, Pablo Picasso. Pity the good die young. Pabs was a genius at giving his canvases an erotic perception, provided of course you read cubes for cunts, he depicted decadent images that I'll never fail to fornicate to. However, Pabs had one tiny flaw that I must mention: the artist of the century supported Uncle's Red politics, drag. Damned Communism keeps creeping in everywhere; I can be in mid-climax and it hits me. Uncle Antonin was a hard line Stalinist, the hard line part was okay as long as it was related to cuntology and not Politburo ideology. Poor Pabs, pudendi the world over mourn your demise, thanks for those copper, canvas and ceramic pics.

On to an intellectual, heavy penis prospect at No. 5, Elvis Presley, naturally. A mature old man, misunderstood by public and privates alike. American to the core, one time opera singer and Shakespearean actor. I have it on the worst possible authority El is a raving sexhibitionist, wanking twenty-four hours a day for his fans. And the operation did fuck all for his problem prick. But how gracefully he handles this burden, ably assisted by the omnipotent Colonel Parker. El's a cert for the White House, watch his hips swing into the Presidency.

I feel like a laugh, my favourite comedian is at No. 6, Chairman Mao. Another youthful guy with a flair for writing pornographic stories in Chinese, and keeping millions of Chinks in the paddy fields. Fucking in water up to the balls in padded unisex dungarees is not on, but what self-respecting Chink wants to be ostracised for exceeding the sex limit of two kids? Maomania is a threat to Uncle's team. The Chairman is very fond of Western birds I'm assured, and is reputed to sport a ten-inch erect-a-set. He thinks big in all matters, can't be bad – I'll smoke to that as I read his randy tales.

At No. 7 I've placed a film actor with a kink for royalty, Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. He's a sort of international version of Gerry Nabs. I knew him when I was a teenager, we had a nice relationship in New York, I'm not commenting further.

I pass on to the world's most sociable multi-millionaire around, Happy Howard Hughes. He welcomes all comers, and forget those silly stories that he's a horny hermit. Don't believe anything in print, including *Melody Maker*. Howard was once hitched up to an old time sex symbol, Jane Russell, but she had a nightly problem – she couldn't locate him. About that "fridge" – it's a cover for his secret female silencer. But I'm not going to be bullied, he's got a stock of deep frozen genitalia in it, bought second hand from a dealer in castrated slaves. The merchant has no problems, a bird gets the victim ready to pump, then POW! The master butcher moves in, it's instantly frozen, then flogged to H.H. before it can deflate. One snag, no cunt wants a freezing, real-life dildo to play with. Howard generously dishes them out willy-nilly when he's had a good day and clocked up another half mill. Cool, no kidding.

No. 8 is David Frost. Dave has a wild trick, gets engaged to an unbleached blonde, wins himself a great image and the chick gets set to walk off with the gold ring of marital confidence. Between you and me, the chick does every prick trick known to get him hot for keeps, but listen, dashing Dave is colour blind, so when he's faced with his mistake he gives his fiancée a metaphorical kick in the cunt.

No. 9 is too much, he's that Westminster Wit, Hal Macmillan's left-over, Lord "Darling" Denning, master of the Rolls-Royce, the sex-appeal judge with high thoughts. He's a mixture of humour and good intent as he dashes from Establishment clubs to Courtroom with a titillating grin. I rate him a stager, and boy, can he knock the sexotic scenery.

And finally, No. 10 is Lord Longford. Without his awareness, porn would not be what it is today, nor would the country be so successful in the sexport lark. Forget Lord L. is a Roman Catholic, he's produced enough kids to satisfy my curiosity. I will never knock him, he's too nice, he's the most polite penis owner that I've ever met, long may he safeguard our degenerate interests. America needs his style; next time I see him I'll suggest he opens a branch in the States. Oh no, just remembered, he's a left winger. As I wrote, it creeps in everywhere; Capitalism is in great danger. If we could only give J.F.K. the kiss of life we'd be safe.

I once knew the late Jimi Hendrix very well. I mention this because some dumb-dumb recently dared to say I was colour prejudiced. Me! I've literally had hundreds of Spades including ********** Jnr. Jimi knew how to manipulate a guitar, he composed and performed on stage like the super stiff he was. Jimi could keep it up for hours, the fans dug him, even male groupies tried to get a piece of the action. Jimi had class, his work lives on, the finest fucking aid I know. That's what it was intended for, inducing an itch for pumpage. Take my tip, put on one of his LP's if you've got a bitch who won't play ball. Turn it up full blast and ignore her for a bit, wank without a glance at her, then wait for it, she'll not stand it for long.

Some cats I've heard of actually bribe medical men to write scripts for poppers, uppers, or cannabis resin extract and worse. Some fools buy from their friendly local Anglodisiac pusher. The high cost of high living is crazy, V.A.T. was the last grass. If bread is short boys, this could be the remedy. Pull a bird who's all body and no brain, let her go on the game and take pills in payment. To be on the safe side, make sure you have a good job, don't let the fuzz hit you for living off etcetera. Don't let her know you are dropping them, tell her you are flogging them and investing the proceeds for her in Ernie in case she seizes up where a bird shouldn't. Fall deaf if she mentions marriage, if she gets knocked up just to put the screws on you tell her to get lost and install a new bird.

I've been told that the lady most men want to ball is Mary Whitehouse. Right, so we've all got our quirks. Or is she a hot lay? One word of warning to any who want to try her out: Mary will play hard to get, so nick those specs off her and Mary hasn't a hope, they're her secret defence. Park the car on the M1, stretch Mary across the bonnet, do some really indecent numbers, and photograph her in colour. Then as the Panda car approaches get into the straight stuff. Let the fuzz witness your motorway method till they bust both of you, but dig Mary's face on arrest.

As I've said before, I used to do a lot of outdoor stuntage, and it all started when my one time secretary fell for me. She was an excellent typist, could spell and even read my writing. I didn't twig her vibes till she threatened to strike unless I took her for a drive in my E-type. As usual I had the hood down and made for the rural scene. I thought I felt something between my thighs, I did, her right hand began some rapid action to a deafening Rich accompaniment. At nearly 100 miles per hour you can't argue the toss. As I raced along I decided I wouldn't fire her for being familiar. She knew I was getting a buzz, and couldn't conceal it. I never try to beat them, so I joined her trip and soon left her way behind once I had got the taste. I fell into sexhibiting myself in public, wore nothing beneath my linen coat dress. Drove men insane, since I am near insane myself it was an obvious step in my sexology. Jill St. John is jealous of me.

The mind blower I'll not forget, like the wedding cake drag that I mentioned last month, was when I discovered it was possible to cheat at croquet. I dig a croquet match and happen to be a female ace. A frequent gig at weekends in the country is picking a partner and challenging another pair, often with large side bets thrown in for excitement. My flash period was at its peak one summer. I wore a crutch length dress not a thing beneath, dig the scene? I chose my partner carefully, more for his prize prick than his prowess at the game. Each time I leant forward with my mallet poised for a crack at my ball the spectators saw Hurlingham standard play and a lot of me. I never said a word when I spotted a well known film director skulking in the bushes with his camera and large zoom-lens aimed at what my dress should have been covering. If photographing my rear end turned him on why should I object?

It was an intense match that did not end till about 11 p.m. Lights from the Queen Anne windows illuminated the lawn. Neither side was going to quit that day, nor did the rain stop play. We were wet, shivering lunatics, both teams determined to win. Before I explain the matter of cheating, I'll touch on an infuriating fiasco that almost halted the game. One of the guests, a sculptor supreme, who considers himself second only to Henry Moore, is addicted to touching a girl up, and when I say up, I mean right up. I can't stand being fingered intimately at the wrong moment, but my picturesque poses as I wielded my mallet were too much for him, he could not resist. He sneaked on to the course during play, just as I was positioning myself for a tricky long shot. At the very instant that I swung into action he struck, he was spot on my private target, he ruined the stroke of my croquet career. I turned nasty and made menacing gestures with my mallet. He didn't dig a blow on his non-croquet balls and cleared off the lawn real sharpish. But the onlookers dug the fracas, I fumed, I've never forgiven him. That prolonged the ruthless match and the opposition was tough. I griped to my team mate – a writer of pop songs and a pillar of the music trade – he grinned confidently.

"I'll fix it," he hissed. "Keep cool and don't look so bugged, we've got it made. Croquet is for us, stand back." His handsome face and his great figure turned me on, but that match was serious stuff. Sexually, I ruled the scene, I had re-written the code of conduct for young cunts on the croquet lawn. Then I spotted an odd thing, both my partner's and my balls seemed better placed than they were after we had last hit them. But it wasn't possible, an optical illusion, I told myself, and forgot the matter. A few minutes later however, my cunning mate, the picture of innocence, created a minor disturbance that caused the enemy pair to take their eagle eyes from the lawn for a few seconds. With a swift side-kick I saw my partner assist one of our balls into a much superior position.

"You can't do that," I told him. "It's cheating, I can hardly believe what I've seen, we'll have to own up and lose the game. I'm staggered to think croquet can be rigged, how in the world could you ruin our reputations? I'm glad I'm not in the music business." I was thankful dusk had fallen and that the shivering watchers had gone indoors.

"Shut-up, you silly nit," he growled, "I can be bent, warped or straight, depending on the circs. The name of the game is 'win', how it's done doesn't matter a fuck. Ask your uncle."

His final remark concerning uncle's technique hit home, true, we had to win at everything. After that, I didn't actually contravene rules, but I did aid my partner in his bluffs, enabling him to manoeuvre the balls in some very sharp stunts. We won.

After dinner it was decided that we all play Monopoly, and to my horror I was accused of cheating. That bugged me because I wasn't up to a thing, but somehow a large wad of unaccounted-for Monopoly money was spotted between my feet. Had I intended to be a bit naughty, fair enough, but to be innocently accused and pronounced guilty without a fair hearing led to a radical mental overhaul of my own standards. And when I saw the silly grin on the face of my erstwhile croquet partner, I knew I had made the right decision in declaring I would never play Monopoly again. I didn't actually throw in my croquet mallet too, but it was a near call. Anyway, less Monopoly but more screwing could save my name. I've never done a sneaky with sex, all my orgasms are genuine.

Not long ago I fancied getting on to the inside of the English equivalent of the American business convention. I was nosey about how hookers got the bread after I'd helped to knock the bottom out of selling sex for cash. I heard of a company that was having its annual fling for the male execs. They sent a scout out to book twenty escort agency birds to entertain them after their nosh-up, which was to be held in a suite specially hired for the party from 10 p.m. until 3 a.m. I got myself introduced to and made friends with the girl in charge, the girl the scout had commissioned to find twenty suitable chicks.

Thelma was an attractive boobage-built model with a hard job to do. Her instructions were to see that the girls were tarted up in long dresses showing as much up top as was going, and to gather in the lobby of a certain expensive hotel in Mayfair at 9.30. In her flat before the off, Thelma told me about some of the difficulties to be faced:

"Last year," she said, "I had a hassle with this firm, they refused to pay the fee of £10 per girl for socialising. The boss is a bastard, he said the girls vanished early after picking on a likely punter, and that they all tried for fifty or sixty quid a throw when they got the hicks on the kip. So I've got to tell them not to leave the suite till the boring bitter end, and that if they come to a private arrangement on the quiet, not to charge more than £25. I've got a mixed bunch tonight, but they are all 'specials' except for two straights." Thelma shrugged and adjusted her cleavage. A "special" was the trade name for a sexual cert. "Straight" meant she did it only for the booze, nosh and chat, provided of course, she considered all three requisites up to scratch.

I wore a long dress which covered me from neck to ankle, I don't go for that corny, cleavage gear that looks so dated. I couldn't even try, not even to please Thelma, anyway, I'm not built like that, even if I tied them together with string the cleavage would only be noticed by its absence.

"I'm in a bit of a hole," Thelma confided, "because the buggers haven't yet paid me the fees, and I don't want a repeat of last year's performance. I suppose I'll have to force it from the horror-in-chief as soon as we clap eyes on him, but you can bet he'll try and stall paying till the end then he'll be too bloody drunk to sign the cheque."

"This is your bag," I said, "but this is my advice, if you're asking. Tell the girls to stick together, you demand the cheque and if he hedges tell him if you don't get it then and there the birds will split."

"Yes, that's not a bad idea, I'll do my best, but the cheque could still be stopped unless the girls stick till time's up, what a bore. Come on, let's strike the hotel and gen the girls up."

Thelma and I were first to arrive in the lobby, but by a quarter to ten the birds had all tottered in on high platform shoes, and all wearing heavy theatrical make-up. Their open coats revealed a variety of blatently bouncing breasts with cleavage by the yard. They had followed Thelma's instructions to the limit. Thelma herded them into a corner for a further briefing.

"I disagree, Thel," the biggest busted blonde let forth in a piercing blast, "If we can con a bastard into paying fifty, sixty or more for it, why the bloody hell shouldn't we? I'm worth it, so are we all and damn well charge top rates or they don't get my services." She stopped only to draw breath, then continued before Thelma could reply. "Sweaty bums that can't get it up for bleeding hours should be made to pay extra. I did this job last year and got fuck all from the bloody liar I took home. Have they paid our booking fee yet?"

"No," Thelma told her, "I'll get it as soon as they arrive so no silly scenes, June, just support me and be pleasant to everyone."

"Not till that cheque is paid and cashed by you or them at reception. That'll fuck up any cancelling tomorrow. We all piss off unless we see our fee first. Agreed girls?" There was complete solidarity from the already tired girls. June's earthy brand of speech left them little option.

Thelma led the way up to the suite with grumbles and moans in her wake. I could see the party was going to be, literally, a fucking failure as far as I was concerned but then I was there primarily for info. I had previously told Thelma that if she counted me in in her twenty, then she was to keep my fee for having put her to some little trouble.

June was a mystery to me, a vulgar, tarty female with a touch of honesty and humour about her that the rest lacked. I knew damn well they would all demand a decent price if called upon to do a bit of overtime fucking, they just hadn't the guts to be as frank as June. I spoke with her as we followed Thelma to the suite.

"What sort of company is it that we are supposed to be entertaining?"

"Plastic manufacturers, plenty of money but shy about spending it. And that goes for their managers too. Damn it all, if I go for a man he can have it for free any night, but these bloody yobs, out on their once a year fuck-in have to pay, and pay well for it, otherwise they get no action from me. Bleeding bores, all of them, you'll not enjoy this party," June warned.

The double doors were opened by a waiter, staggered by the large gaggle of females jamming the corridor.

Some girls began to remove their coats, but June yelled to them to hang on to them. "To show we mean business if they don't hand over the cash," she said. So a score or so of assorted sex symbols sat awkwardly in the large reception room, hugging coats and asking for drinks to fortify themselves. I flopped into an armchair, curious to listen to their gossip before the men appeared. They fiddled with their bosoms, Thelma had said tits were priority, so if tits were what the men wanted for a turn on, then tits they'd get. June's dress was a bold lamé outfit with cut-outs in strategic places. She had invested in a blow-up job, she informed me, and from what I could see it was obvious that the surgeon had excelled himself. He had not stinted on anything and had put all he had into his work.

From where I sat I could see anyone coming down the passage way. The initial arrival was an elderly man who was somewhat surprised to walk in on twenty girls spelling out sexual titillation. He spotted me sprawled casually in my chair, the only bird not exposing anything apart from a smile of amusement. Wearing the predictable dinner jacket and black tie he made for me in my zebra striped Mendala.

"Are you a member of the company?" I asked after he had introduced himself, and sat in a chair beside mine.

"No, I'm the odd-man-out, I'm only staying a minute, just have a quick drink to show willing." He had an upper-class voice that was no act, only natural pomposity.

"What do you do?" I persisted.

"I'm a freight broker, but you won't know what that means," he informed me.

"I know precisely what freight broking entails, a friend of mine happens to be in the same field," I said, then hit him with a few questions that proved I knew the score. He was a little confused by me and my line of conversation as I discussed the world wheat, barley and maize markets. He said he had lost a packet a couple of years back when the bottom had fallen out of Chile pilchards. Apparently, the cold currents coming up from Antarctica had taken a wrong turn and had swept the coast of Chile and had thus deprived the Chilians of their pilchard harvest. Interesting because I had no idea that the Santiago lot were so hung up on the small fish.

His description of last year's locust plague made me shudder. Fortunately he took the hint and complained that he had been forced to buy the square piping used in oil drilling from Japan. China and Russia, he told me, were where his main business interest lay, so naturally I gave him a little verbology concerning those two areas. He listened respectfully, then glanced at the restless girls. I detected a slight sneer on his bloated features. "Are call-girls expensive?" he asked.

"Call-girls? You've made a boob there," I told him. "These are hard working girls who like to go to parties to unwind."

It was true, they were hard working girls. Thelma never put anyone on her books unless they had a good permanent job. It was a safety precaution, but what the girls did double moonlighting was another matter.

"Good try," he nodded. "But I'm too long in the tooth to be fooled, I recognise a girl on the make when I see one. Assorted lot, ideal for the lads they've got coming though. What do you do?" he asked.

"I write books," I told him, but I'm not sure that he believed me.

Thelma was on edge; she had once joined the biggest sexcort agency in London. She built up her own clients, left the agency and worked alone from her flat. Agencies have to pretend no sex is involved when hiring out an escort for the evening. Worthless papers are signed by the girls declaring nothing improper will take place, so the labels "special" and "straight" are used, and a further one which I did not mention earlier, "ultimate". An "ult" is a girl that is prepared to put on a sexual exhibition of any kind requested by a client, with or without a second girl.

The eager punters bustled into the hot room and gazed at the goodies spread out before them. They were almost stunned by the array of tittery. They looked as dumb as I had anticipated, red in the face from their work-in booze-up, and stiff in the body in their Moss Bros. hire gear. Waiters hurried around and Thelma signalled the girls to circulate and chat the men up; even June was persuaded to do her stint.

A middle-aged man with a supercilious smirk strolled in and surveyed the scene.

"That's the big boss, a good account for me but not the type of man you'd want to mix with," my pilchard losing friend hissed in my ear. Quite frankly, I didn't require that piece of information; I had made up my own mind concerning rat-face at first glance. He spotted me and frowned. I was the only girl seated, the only girl not hustling

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and teasing the leering men. The freight broker talked with me for a while, then dodged out of the suite before he could be nabbed by rat-face or hustled by one of the other girls. Several men tried scoring with me, but I didn't dig one prick. Discreetly slipping through the crowd with my coat and bag I intended to execute a crafty exit, but outside the double doors I ran straight into Mr. Big and Thelma who were locked in argument. Rat-face gulped and snapped nastily at me, stabbing with a little finger to emphasise his verbals:

"Hold it, where the hell do you think you're going? Now get this clear, I've hired you till three, you can't leave this suite before I say so. Get back in there and socialise, go on, earn your bloody fee before I kick you up your arse."

I hadn't received a bit of dialogue like that since my hassle with the New York police. June who had apparently followed me out heard the spiel as she came through the doorway. I was poised for the come-back but June got in first.

"Has our fee been paid, Thel? Ah fine, then let's have a ball."

"Get back in there." It was June's turn to get the lash, Mr. Big didn't like being interrupted. "Go on, get back, I recognise you from last year, you're a trouble maker, go and shove your tits at my staff, but keep away from me and don't try rooking my employees. I know your type only too well, this year I want value for money."

"Certainly," June's face and figure smiled like a series of spotlights, her lamé gear glittered garishly. Thick false eyelashes blinked cheekily at the rodent-like boss as she wriggled suggestively in front of him. Rat-face grimaced at June's physical jerks. I was puzzled by her switched-on smile. In a strange way it illuminated every part of her, yet I sensed an under-current of contempt. Mr. Big didn't detect it, she managed to hide from him what a professional peddler of sex could not afford to make clear. But it was there.

"I always give value for money and satisfaction to paying clients or I'd be out of business," she purred." Leave the lads to me, now that you've paid up they can handle my assets. These holes weren't a fucking accident. Want a quick feel before the mob maul me?" She pushed herself flagrantly against his bulging body, writhing and squirming on the creep's fat form.

Ratman went purple in the face, he gripped June by the shoulders and with a nasty knee movement sent her reeling into the suite. Then he slammed the door closed.

"Common tart," he blared. "But she'll keep my managers happy, they go for that disgusting sort of stuff. I'm fussy who I'm seen with, I've got class or I'd not be at the top. Now for you," he snorted at my grinning dial that reflected some of my thoughts. He twigged I was sending him up, and knew that I knew that his sham voice hid an unpleasant accent. Thelma was almost in tears, I was sorry for her and smiled encouragingly at her.

"You'll not be allowed back till you apologise for stepping out of line," he was looking at me as he snatched the cheque from Thelma. "No, forget it, keep your big mouth shut and get back or I keep this." He waved the cheque.

"Cool it," I said. "Cool it, no-one tells me what to do, when or who with, your little Hitler style doesn't grab me. Stuff the measly fee down your loud mouth, but stop bugging me. For a man to come on as you do with a bird you must be sick. And this whole scene, what a way to treat a staff! You've got to show off but I bet you can't get it up far enough to pump a cat let alone a cunt. Slobs like you just dribble, can't get it hand or in. Sexually inferior, that's your hang-up, so you have to throw a party like this to prove you're one of the boys. One of the boys, my fanny, all you can do is to take it out on defenceless people who are not in a position to spell it out the way I've done. No amount of your plastic bread could persuade me to go back in there, keep your fee and your prick, try hormones." I hit him verbally harder than he'd been hit for a long time. His face changed from purple to scarlet, he fought for words. Unfortunately Thelma was the victim of his retaliation, he wasn't risking more from me.

"This bitch," Ratface shouted, "has almost lost you the cheque, no-one behaves like she's the Queen with me. I refuse to pay out a single penny unless she goes in and is nice to my staff. That'll teach her a lesson, either she puts on a decent show or I tear this up." He waved the cheque frantically in the air, and still holding it he turned, went inside, leaving us alone in the hall.

I was in a hole, it wasn't my intention that either Thelma or her girls should suffer. Something had to be done, but I was determined not to go back into the reception room.

"I don't think the Managing Director likes me," I said. "What a sod, how in the world can that mob work for such an uncouth animal?"

"Lovey, my earnings and my girls are in your hands," Thelma was nearly in tears again. "Please help, if I don't pay them they'll never work for me again. I'm on the make, game, call it what you wish. So is everyone, only the pay-off varies, ours is money, not marriage, promotion, property or an O.B.E. If you go in and stay for a bit and be a little pleasant to those bums, you'll save the day. Will you? I'm desperate, give it an hour then piss-off, come with me and treat it as a joke," she pleaded.

"Okay, just for you, but it's a bloody bad joke, anyway I'll do my best."

"Thanks a million, love, but there's another drag still to solve. Several of the bums want to go home with Judy. She's a "straight", what do I do? There are two that don't sleep with punters and they are in big demand. They will fuck any title that doesn't pay and when I send them on an aristocratic job they'll give sex away any way wanted. But offer them a simple client that's only interested in an easy lay and they lie in their bloody teeth. Insist they never go to bed with a client, dinner, disco, or a party only, I don't think. Oh, I'm sorry, but he first refused to pay your fee when he saw you sitting and not working on those bums."

"I wouldn't have taken it anyway. I told you before the off it was for you. I'm only here for the crisps," I giggled. Thelma was relieved and kissed me on one cheek.

"If you need a favour dial my number, I can lay it on, any kind of sex you might be in the mood for." Thelma wanted to please and she went on, "I'll visit your place if you like, I guarantee you'll enjoy my attentions. Nothing corny, no dillys, no gadgets, just a straightforward session with a pro, right? Say when." Her hand stroked the most sensitive part of my body. Thelma was not acting, I hadn't realised she was a female homosexual. But from her expertise in those brief moments I knew she had a strong erotic crush on me. I removed her hand gently, without implying I didn't dig her attempt to seduce me.

"I'll not forget," I told her, "and thanks for the offer, but let's get on with the gig now or you won't get your cheque back."

She reluctantly obeyed, and I had the vibes that said to hell with it, let's go, have a nice night together. But we didn't, instead we entered the arena of swaying, lecherous pricks on their annual trip to a world normally beyond their means.

I worked up a grin and plunged into the action and was mentally stripped by the group I fell in with.

"Oh, Christ, another bloody Twiggy," I overheard one reeling drunk mutter as he viewed my clinging but concealing gear.

"Know that busty one?" another asked me, indicating June.

"A little, why?" I answered.

Wonder how much she charges?" He and the rest obviously presumed all the girls were full-time prostitutes.

"Charges? For what?" I played it dumb.

"Come off it, we always get a bunch of pros provided for us, perks for the managers. Her face isn't worth much, but I'm not buying a face, am I? Are you all a tenner a time, or are some more expensive?" he asked, without mincing his words, and the group waited for my reply.

"You've got a bit screwed-up, man, there are some birds here who you couldn't get to pump, not even if you were Judas Iscariot himself. And June, the big boobage job doesn't come cut price, she'll cost you quite a few tenners, if she accepts you, that is." That seemed to shake them somewhat.

"Crap, quit kidding us, I can have her for ten for sure; anyway, what's your rate?" he asked.

To send them up was all that I could possibly do.

"I always charge according to the customer's requirements," I said. "My cunt is a classical one for a starter, a look at it will produce a stiff in seconds. Anyway, that's beside the point at the moment so how does this grab you? Each of you tell me what your bag is and I'll give you a quotation." They were interested.

"I can fuck every cunt in my office but they can't do much else, so I'd like a blow job. The full way and twice. Can you do the Gay Paris stuff?" a ginger haired bean pole wanted to know.

"I can do whatever is required provided the price is right, and that would set you back forty-five quid and fifteen quid for every additional blow after the second," I told him.

"What! My local barmaid does a fair suck for a quid, you want far too much unless you're the world's best blower," he said, a little disappointedly, I thought.

"I am," I told him, "and forty-five is my lowest; my magic mouth usually commands a lot more, but as it would be the first time for you I'd take bottom rate. Next." I said briskly.

"I'd like to do it in the bath, soap each other first, then have normal intercourse under water, is that pricey?" a plump, horn-rimmer asked.

"Ah! You can cheat at that one, have a quick come camouflaged by soapy water, then take ages to get it together again for a genuine aqua-pump. That's got to be a time job, twenty-five for the first half hour, and fifteen for each subsequent half hour," I quoted.

"Bleeding hell, our Liverpool man must spend a fortune on it, 'cos that's all he ever has. Do we get a look and a feel for free, or is it pot luck?"

"Guess!" I said. "If you touch, you pay. I have to take pot luck, and so must the prick."

I could hardly believe it, they were taking me seriously, leering at my body and speculating.

"Your go, Jack. He's accounts," I was told. Jack looked as if he was from accounts, he peered at me as though I was a balance sheet.

"I'm not prepared to fork out more than ten, with you on top," he said.

"You must be kidding," I told him. "I do all the work while you lie back and smoke a cigarette! Thirty-five for that." He gasped and said "Piss off," which I thought was a little ungentlemanly coming as it did from a manager. "See titty bits over there? She's letting anyone test her form, how is it you won't?" horn-rimmer asked peevishly.

"Sweaty fumbling is for the birds, I do it my way, dig? That's her method of exciting men, but it increases the price because she'll hold an auction in a minute, give it to the highest bidder, crafty technique, wait and see. Carry on with your requests," I said as I saw more and more men joining our group.

"Me and my pal want to stay together," one newcomer said, "I go for buggery, he can have the front. Cost?"

"One and a half," I replied, without batting an eye. He was thrilled.

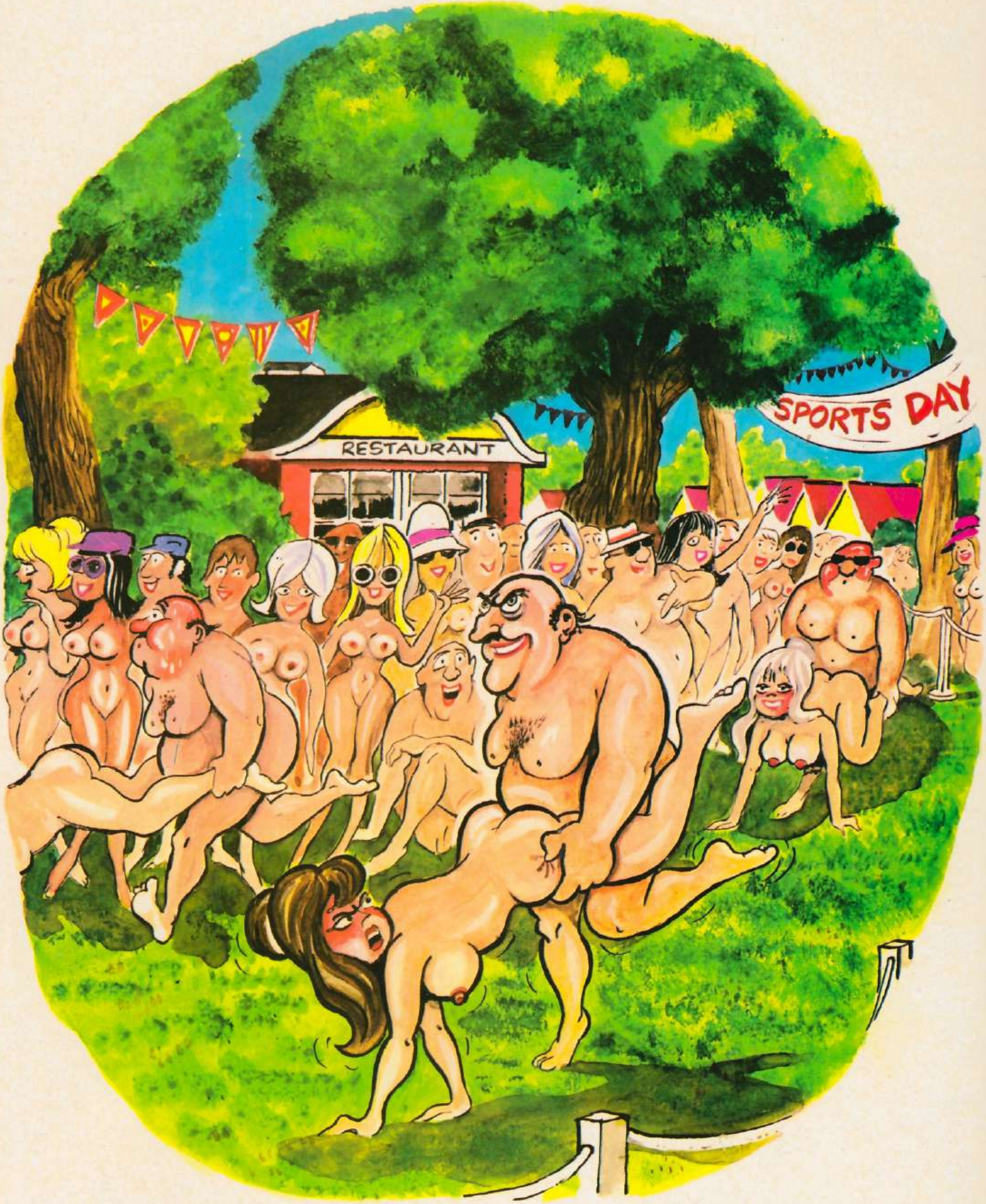
"Bloody reasonable, I'll book you for 150p's anytime."

"Not one pound fifty pence, you dolt, she means one hundred and fifty quid," one of his mates informed him on my behalf.

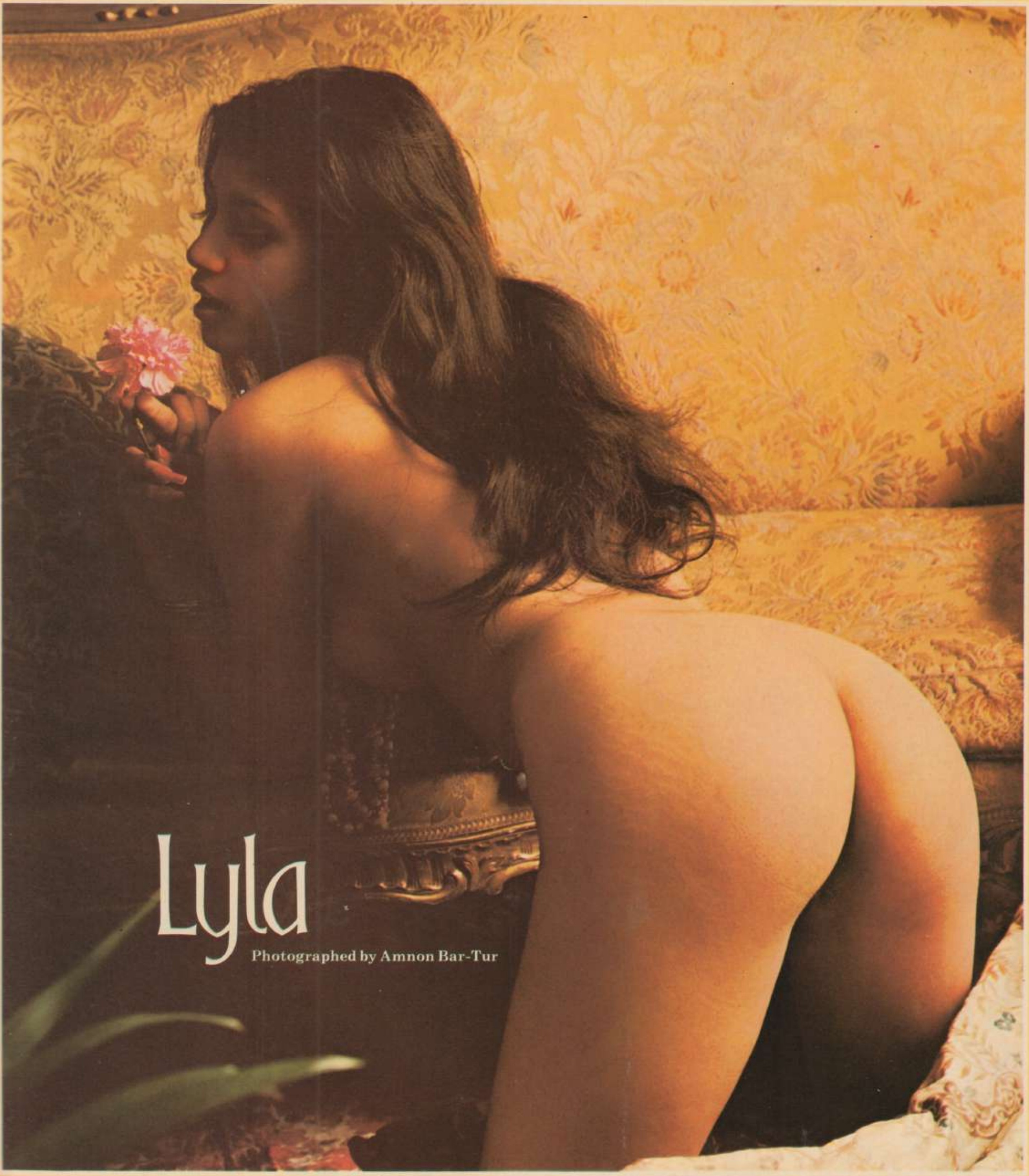
"I'm buggered if I'll be soaked for that," he snapped.

"Buggered is apparently the operative word, but not with this bird, it's not; try the lift boy," I told him, "you might get a bargain from him. They jam the lift while

Continued on page 94


RESTAURANT
SPORTS DAY

"Mr. Jeffries – you are supposed to be gripping my ankles*!"*



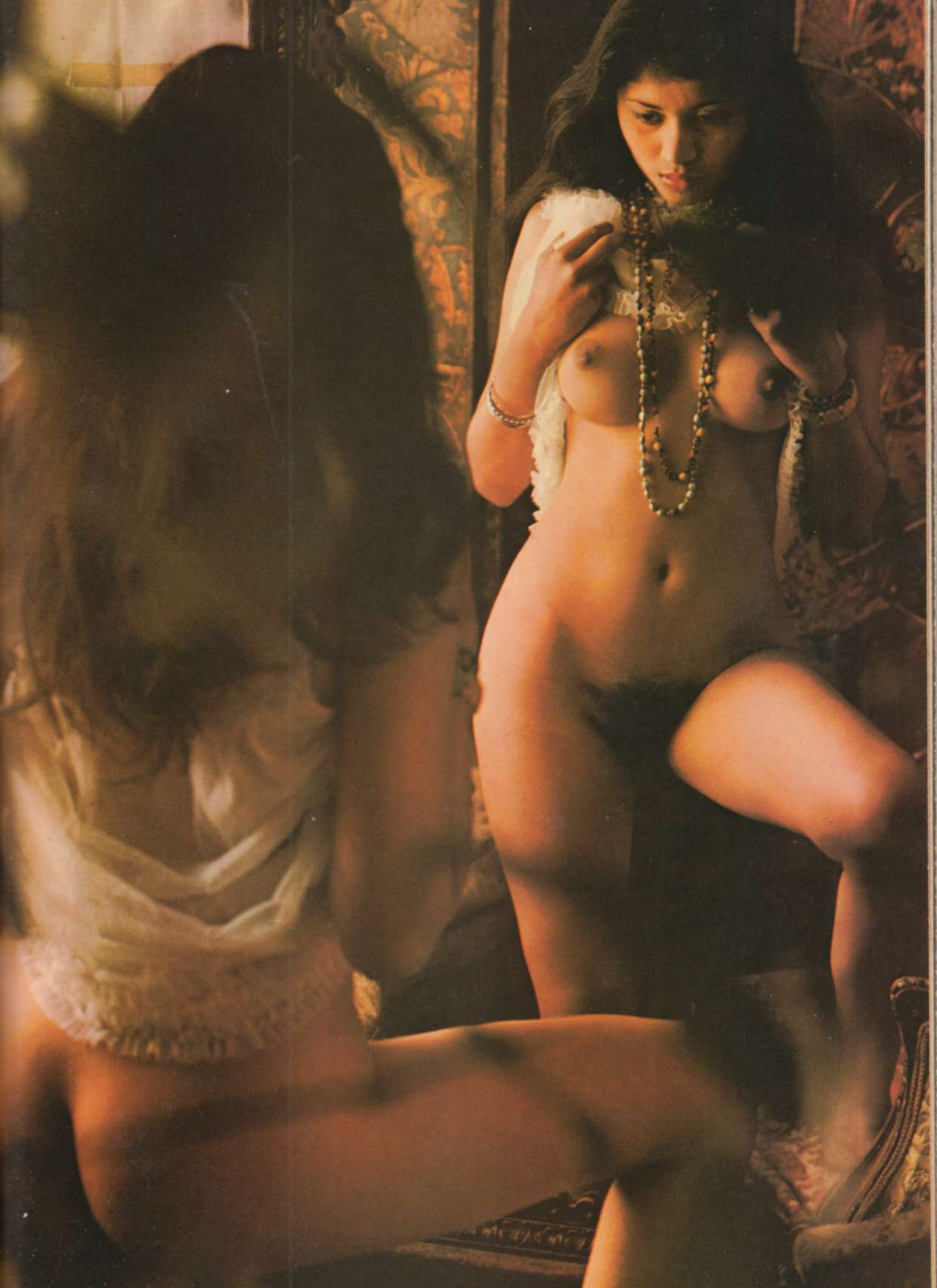
Lyla

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur

Lyla discovered Pastrami and Tartare in New York City of all places. Consequently she never succeeded in doing and seeing all the things she set out to accomplish because she was just too busy coping with gastronomic delights to be bothered with coach trips and boat trips.

Lyla was on her way to Miami to record a commercial for television and found herself in New York last April with a few days to spare. However, you're quite, quite wrong if you suggest that she didn't do very much in New York. "I saw a movie, for example, one not very likely to come to London. It's called I Love You, Rosa, *and it's an exotic and erotic film," she explains, "about a twenty-year old widow and her eleven-year-old brother-in-law who, according to Orthodox law, must have intercourse with her and marry her – if he so wishes. The problems which beset the affair and the way in which they are resolved make for charming entertainment. I caught it during the afternoon at the Little Carnegie movie theatre on 57th Street near 7th Avenue. I also spent rather more time than I intended at the theatre because I simply couldn't resist two revivals,* A Streetcar Named Desire *at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre and* The Women *at the 46th Street Theatre with, would you believe it, Rhonda Fleming, Kim Hunter, Myrna Loy and Alexis Smith in the cast!" She squeals with delight. She was assured by her friends in New York that when the Jesus cult, personified in the theatre by* JCS *and* Godspell, *finally burns itself out, 1950's rock 'n' roll will be revived, and since she didn't want to miss the first move in that direction, she went to see* Grease *at the Royal Theatre. "It was greasy all right! The 1950's* were*! Even* I *can remember the Brylcream!" she laughs.*

"We went night-clubbing the first evening. I'm not going to tell you who my escort was, but he's a very, very famous Hollywood movie star. We just popped into the Copacabana for a moment because it's the most famous club in town, and he said I shouldn't miss it. He was recognised at once and beseiged for his autograph, so we fled into a nearby café – and that's how I discovered Pastrami on rye." But, as you can see, Lyla's shape didn't suffer.



Do You

Club International strikes a mild blow for female equality: a monthly section in which women are invited to air their considerable views on all aspects of a permissive nature or subjects linked to the magazine's content.

Any female who would like to contribute to Women's Lip should address her letter to: Women's Lip, Club International, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., Chronicle House, 72/78 Fleet Street, London E.C.4. Please state clearly whether you wish your name and address published or withheld.

Virgin's Fantasy

Sir: I wonder if any other young woman has been troubled with the same problem as me? Although I am very attractive in all ways and have plenty of boyfriends, I was until recently a virgin. Lots of boys have tried to make love to me one way or another since I left school but, although I have petted heavily with certain ones whom I liked a lot and often felt like giving in, I have always refused the ultimate. Something which has tormented my thoughts for a long time and always fascinated me has prevented me from making love. It may sound strange but I have always wanted to lose my virginity through being taken by force. With my boyfriends, something exquisite seemed to be out of my reach.

I have often indulged in fantasies in the privacy of my room. I have torn and ripped my underwear and pulled my own hair. Often I have fondled myself. I have gone for walks alone hoping to meet an attractive young man who would force his attentions on me, although I was well aware of the danger. Often when I have seen some young man alone, I have trembled with desire and anticipation.

A fortnight ago, the urge was so strong that I went into the woods near my home for a stroll, bra-less and wearing a very short dress. This time, I actually met him. He was not a man with thoughts of taking a pretty girl on his mind, and at first he seemed more interested in his dog. When I saw him in the distance, I sat down on a grass mound and watched him approach and as he passed he gave me an odd glance. He wasn't much older than I am (eighteen), perhaps twenty-four or five and not bad looking. He hesitated and then started a conversation. We exchanged small talk; I liked him and had the old familiar feeling of excitement.

I don't suppose it would have ended the way it did, but I encouraged him and soon I had him kissing and fondling me. I could see he was becoming very excited and I pretended to protest at something he kept trying to do. To add reality to the scene, I was scared someone would walk by and see us as we were more or less in the open. As it happened, the notion entered his mind and he tried to lead me to a patch of high bracken and dense bushes. I pretended indignation but allowed myself to be pulled into them and forced to the ground. It wasn't all pretend then. Pregnancy entered my head and I put up a futile struggle. Before I was fully aware of the fact, my virginity had gone. After it was all over he looked positively stunned when he saw the signs that I had been a virgin. A short time later, again with my encouragement, we made love a second time. This took longer and I received a great deal of excitement and pleasure from it. Afterwards, he walked me partly home and I left him. I don't know his name and I haven't seen him again.

That very same night I also let my current boyfriend make love to me and I enjoyed it once more. My one hope now is that this urge will disappear and trouble me no more. I haven't felt it since and have made love with another boy besides my boyfriend, so perhaps I have purged it from my system. I only wish to think I am normal but what other girls would think I don't really know.

Miss P.N., Yorks.

Thoughtful Wife

Sir: I am writing to you about a problem that probably thousands of other loving wives face, and the solution to which I have now found. My husband, John, is a wonderful lover, and our sex games last for hours and hours. He drives me frantic with excitement and desire, but this is part of the difficulty, because, until recently, I could never manage to get him as excited as he got me. I felt bad about this. It seemed almost like cheating.

For several years, in our sex games, the biggest fantasy was that I was making violent love to another man – a hugely equipped, hairy, virile creature, more like a gorilla than a man. We both found this idea erotic in the extreme, and it was the best means I had of getting John to come off nicely. Although we talked and talked about it, it remained a fantasy. The truth of the matter is that neither of us really dared to make the first move towards introducing a third member to our sex games.

Then, one evening, a friend of ours called in and, supported by a few glasses of strong cider, I thought that if John would not do anything about it, I would. To be honest, I openly seduced this other chap, who was about forty and very virile.

My skirt was short enough anyway, but, by sitting in the appropriate position, I gave Hal (the friend) a good view of my crotch. For a while, John did not realise what was going on and, when he went into the kitchen for coffee and biscuits, I decided to play my advantage.

For want of any better idea, I slowly stroked my fingers up and down the inside of my thighs and asked Hal if he liked what he saw. He was hypnotised and almost speechless, but managed to blurt out a strangled "Yes". I told him that we could go a lot further if he wanted to, and this time a huge bulge in his trousers spoke for him. The size of it shocked and fascinated me. "Surely it can't be *that* big?" I thought.

Brazenly I went and stood in front of him and guided his hand up my skirt and on the inside of my panties. When I could feel his fingers moving feverishly between my legs, searching and probing, deeper and deeper, wetter and wetter, I called my husband into the room.

John nearly dropped the tray of coffee cups, and Hal quickly pulled his hand away, but I explained that everything was all right, and that John would be thrilled to see me give myself to another man. In seconds, Hal's hands were back on my body, one at the front and one at the back, caressing my lovely smooth bottom.

I slipped off my skirt and blouse and let his hands wander all over my body. Suddenly, he pulled my panties down, fell to his knees and kissed me deliciously. Within seconds I had a glorious orgasm, looking straight into my husband's face as I came. I saw the sweat pouring down his forehead.

All three of us then stripped off completely. Hal's body was incredibly hairy and I found myself more excited than ever before in my life. Hal lay on the floor and I lowered myself on to his upturned face. This was too much for John, who came off immediately, just from looking at what was happening. I had never known him to come off so quickly nor so violently. By the time Hal had come, John was hard again. This was something that had never happened before. John had always been a "one shot man".

You can publish this letter if you think it may help others.

Susan S., Brighton.

Self Control

Sir: My new boyfriend has the most wonderful self control you can imagine. He can hold back his climax for the longest time, even while I'm working him with all I've got. I was put out by this at first, thinking that I was unable to satisfy him properly, because most boys I've been with have come off in next to no time.

I love to see a good, spurting throw. It gives me a great sense of power. Like I said, when Terry refused to come until *he* was ready, I used to get a bit irritated and frustrated. But what a fool I was! To have a boy who can hold back like this is absolutely marvellous, once you have adjusted to the fact that he is master of his body, and not your slave.

It opens up a whole new world of sensuality and loveplay. My own great favourite is penis-nipple stimulation. Terry is great at this. He gently rubs the tip of his glans around my sprouting nipple, lubricating it with that clear, sticky fluid that comes out of his body.

He can keep this massage up for the longest while, first working one nipple, then the other. On two occasions he has actually brought me to orgasm like this without even touching my clit!

Miss J.P., Rhyl.

Wife's Secret

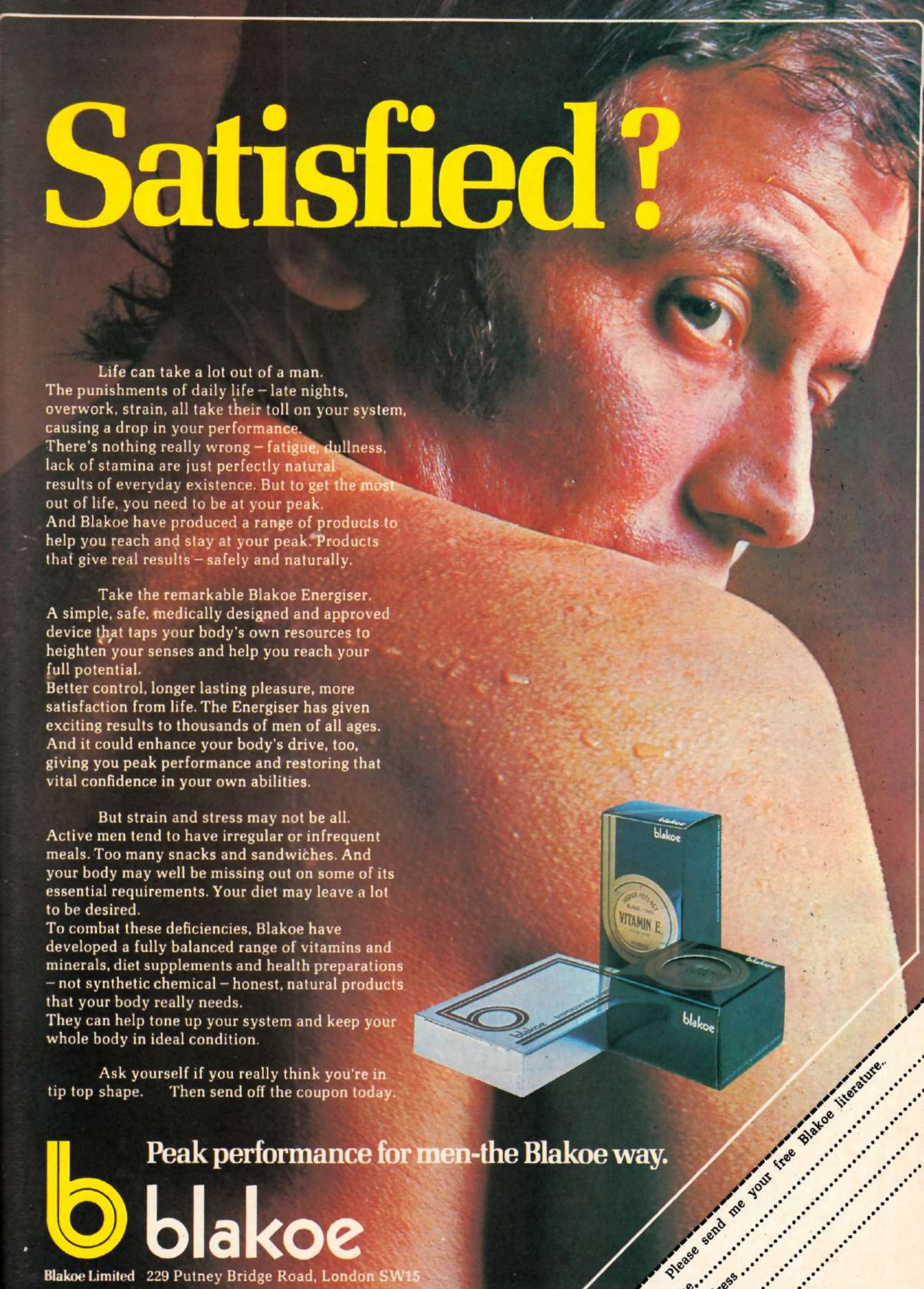
Sir: I don't know whether my case is exceptional or not, but, for the whole of my sixteen years of married life, I have regularly masturbated. Until recently, I did it secretly, being ashamed, and not daring to mention it, let alone my reason for doing it, to my husband, Jack. However, Hildegarde Eisenach's wonderful "Sex Probe" articles, and her emphasis on the need for complete frankness between sexual partners, especially man and wife, so convinced me that I was doing wrong in keeping silent that I made up my mind to open my heart to Jack.

This took a lot of courage on my part, because I felt that my husband, like so many, had alway regarded himself as a terrific performer in bed, but a large penis is not enough, and I had never been fully satisfied by him. To be fair, unlike some husbands I've heard about, he did always make certain that I had climaxed before turning over and going to sleep.

But one orgasm has never been enough for me, and, strange as this may seem, my sexual desire has increased steadily as I've grown older. I am now thirty-eight. Well, one night, as we were lying, naked, in one another's arms, I came clean and told Jack everything. He was astounded, because he'd been under the impression that I was not all that highly sexed, and, to use his words, he did not wish to "force unwelcome attentions upon me"! Oh, Miss Eisenach, how right you are! It is possible to live with a person for many years and still not really know him, or her.

For my part, I'd been terribly worried in case his feelings were going to be hurt. There are two things you must never criticise a man for – his driving and his sex! Believe me, I was enormously relieved that, far from being put out by my revelations – my masturbating, and, especially, my way-out fantasies – Jack was delighted. He said he was greatly stimulated, and proved it to me in no uncertain fashion.

Later, he wanted to know all the details, down to the least, tiny thing, and particularly what went through my mind during orgasm. I was very reluctant to disclose this at first, but then, "in for a penny, in for a pound" I thought,



Satisfied?

Life can take a lot out of a man. The punishments of daily life – late nights, overwork, strain, all take their toll on your system, causing a drop in your performance. There's nothing really wrong – fatigue, dullness, lack of stamina are just perfectly natural results of everyday existence. But to get the most out of life, you need to be at your peak. And Blakoe have produced a range of products to help you reach and stay at your peak. Products that give real results – safely and naturally.

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and told him the lot.

Jack's excitement as I described, in the minutest detail, the genitals of my fantasies, my negro lovers, the savageness of their love-making, and the pagan, ritual techniques, nearly sent him through the ceiling, and I experienced similar pleasure in opening up to him. Our sex, that night, was by far the fiercest and most uninhibited we had ever enjoyed, although, let me say, we have surpassed it on several occasions since!

I have not stopped masturbating, but I don't need to do it any more. I continue with it, though, because Jack gets the most terrific lift out of watching me excite myself, and by thinking about what's going on inside my mind as I do it.

We have recently evolved a sort of game in which Jack acts out the role of voyeur, and spies on me as I masturbate in front of a full length mirror, using all sorts of way-out tricks to stimulate myself. Although I cannot see Jack (he is standing, playing with himself, outside the room, peering through a crack in the door) the knowledge that he is there, and that I am exciting him so much, gives me exquisite pleasure and makes me fantastically inventive in the things I do to myself.

When I begin to moan and shudder, Jack rushes in and takes me. My orgasms are absolutely blinding, and his erections and emissions have to be seen to be credited. Thank you a million times for helping my husband and I – a long-married, middle-aged couple – to experience heights of sexual pleasure we never knew existed.

Mrs. Joyce C., Bath.

Ménage à Trois

Sir: My husband and I are both aged thirty-nine, and, although still deeply in love, we find that, sexually, our marriage has lost much of its earlier zest. We seriously considered joining a swapping group, but, in view of what happened to some friends of ours, who are now divorced and most unhappy, due to jealousies that arose from a swapping session, we decided not to risk it but to try a *ménage à trois* instead.

Although I had never had any pronounced lesbian inclinations (not to my knowledge, anyway) I am, I find, bi-sexual by nature. My husband has no homosexual tendencies at all, but, like many men, loves to see lesbian activity between women. All this, obviously, determined the sex of the third party. I felt satisfied in my mind that I would not resent Roy's making love to another girl, provided she and I could also have a relationship – a sort of "tit for tat" idea – and Roy agreed that he would certainly not feel any jealousy.

My husband fully appreciates that he is fortunate in having a bi-sexual wife, because, if I were not like this, and with his not being in the least homosexually inclined, a threesome just would not work, in fact it would be far less feasible than swapping, because Roy would want a girl and I would want a man.

We have a large house with a spare bedroom, so advertised for a nice AC/DC girl to live in. Over a dozen applications turned up, some of them obviously phonies, and others absolutely horrid. Just how obscene can you get? One, however, stood out, and this is how we found Maxine, a lovely, eighteen-year-old Belgian student.

She has the most delicious little breasts, with pert, pink, upturned nipples, so different from my own heavy, pendulous breasts and wide-spreading, brown nipples and areolae. Roy is like a cat with two tails and, I've no doubt, he'd like two organs as well! The tragedy is, of course, that Maxine cannot stay with us indefinitely, and, when she leaves, it will be a terrible blow to both Roy and myself, because, having no children, we have almost come to look upon her as a daughter, although I assure you there is nothing remotely incestuous in this. My fear is that, when she does leave, our marriage will suffer from the strain. *Ménage à trois* is not without its problems, you see, even though they are different from those arising from swapping.

Mrs. Pat L., Slough.

Country Cousins

Sir: Just because one happens to live in a big city, where it's all happening sexwise, it's a great mistake to judge the whole population by one's own standards. There is an awful lot of ignorance about – so much that, had I not recently come across cases of it myself, I just would never have believed it possible for girls to be so utterly clueless about sex.

I've been staying with some country cousins (literally!) of mine, in the depths of rural Gloucestershire, and honestly, in spite of Laurie Lee's marvellous "Cider with Rosie", their naivety was staggering. I say "was", because I think I've managed to educate (some may say corrupt!) them a bit.

Doreen and Hilda are eighteen and sixteen, respectively, and neither of them, so far as I could make out, had ever experienced an orgasm, even though they were not virgins. Their various boyfriends, of whom both girls had plenty, seemed to be cider-swilling, straw-sucking clod-hoppers, with not the remotest idea of how to satisfy an eager girl. Their idea of eroticism, from what I was told, is confined to the crude antics of the barnyard, and foreplay is a word that has no meaning to them.

No-one, down there, had seen, or even heard of *Club International*, although a few of the old-timers remembered *Men Only*, in its pre-Paul Raymond days. When, one evening, in the local pub, I produced a copy of *Club* (belonging to my fiancé, if you're wondering how I came by it) there was a near riot, with beer mugs overturned and dominoes scattered far and wide.

None of the farm boys had ever seen anything like it, and the exclamations of amazement, amounting to almost sheer incredulity, were very amusing and a bit sad. It was as if I'd tossed a side of beef in amongst a pack of ravenous lions!

But to return to my country cousins, you will hardly credit this, but they just did not realise the significance of the clitoris. They admitted to having fingered themselves on occasion, but it seems that they must have missed their clits, for they said that masturbation did nothing for them. Their rustic boyfriends appeared to have been similarly ignorant, too, so, believe it or not, there existed in that village a modern-day repetition of the old, Victorian scene, with the girls just lying there and taking it as their duty, without ever experiencing a genuine orgasm, and having not the slightest conception of how beautiful sex can be.

This completely destroyed all my previously held notions regarding passionate village maidens and randy farmers' sons, about whom we used to read those long and atrociously compiled poems at school.

I am very much clitoris-oriented myself, and most of the men I've bedded with have soon come to realise this, although I have had to instruct one or two, with pretty dismal results on the whole. Most men are so egotistical that they think they know it all, and cannot stand being taught anything by a mere girl. I know that vaginal orgasms are enjoyed by a lot of females, but, alas, I've never experienced one. I have, however, been brought to climax on two occasions by prolonged and skilful play with my nipples, coupled with lurid fantasy talk by my partner. I always believe in letting my boyfriends know all about my pet fantasies, kinky though they be. Such knowledge not only turns *them* on, but the feedback to me is most rewarding.

By the time I left Cinderford, I'd earned myself quite a reputation as a Scarlet Woman. I was hugely popular with the men, but, Doreen and Hilda apart, the womenfolk all took a very dim view of me and my depraved London ways.

Miss Helen B., London.

Spanking Miss

Sir: I am an ardent devotee of the spanking cult, in both the active and passive roles. Sorry to disappoint you heavy-handed guys, but I am only prepared to be passive with another female – preferably an authoritarian type of stern aspect.

A lot of my uninitiated friends of both sexes maintain that spanking is a very boring and juvenile pastime. They are, of course, entitled to their opinion, but must not expect everyone to agree with them. I'm afraid they also show scant knowledge of the psychology of sex because it is, in fact, the juvenile associations of spanking and, more particularly, of being spanked, that account for the widespread popularity of the practice.

Spanking techniques can be highly sophisticated, too, although many of the letters one reads on the subject are pretty pathetic in my estimation. All the same, it's quite wrong to condemn something simply because the people who indulge in it cannot express themselves clearly.

To dismiss spanking as feeble kids' stuff due to the low standard of the writing about it is as bad, in my opinion, as saying football is a rotten game because very few players (or spectators for that matter!) are articulate in speech or writing. You don't have to be a Shakespeare to play a good game of soccer!

Miss Belinda L., Surbiton.

Latent Lesbianism

Sir: I was enormously interested in the letter from Mrs. J.R.T. in Vol. 2, No. 4, and think I may be able to help her. I have always hated anything to do with homosexuality, male or female, when in what I call my right mind, yet there were phases, particularly between the ages of twelve and eighteen, then again in my mid-thirties, when I was strongly drawn to make lesbian attachments.

I was brought up with a religious background, and regarded anything other than conventional sex as sinful. This outlook, I may say, persisted until I was thirty-six and driven by worry over my lesbian yearnings to visit a psychiatrist. I never actually formed a lesbian relationship, but, try as I might to keep them out of my mind, I had many lesbian fantasies (walking ones) and dreams (sleeping).

At thirty-six, I had been happily married for fifteen years and had two children. During my lesbian phases (I looked upon them as my mad days) which came and went, but not, so far as I could determine, governed by my menstrual cycle, I lost interest in sex with my husband. It was this, more than anything else, which made me seek professional help.

I know there are lots of jokes about trick cyclists and head shrinkers, but the relief I got within half an hour of entering my psychiatrist's consulting room made me thank God for such enlightened people. She was a plain speaking woman and explained to me that no male is one hundred percent male and no female a hundred percent female. Everyone is a mixture, thus homosexual tendencies are bound to exist in every person. It is in the lap of the gods to what extent. I was instructed not to worry about my desires and fantasies, worry being the main cause of most mental illness. Most important of all, it was explained to me that there is really no such thing as a "normal" person.

Mrs. Hilda F., Luton.

Gordon & Barbara

Sir: I was interested indeed to read Miss Brenda D.'s letter (Vol. 2, No. 5) regarding the private sex show put on by a couple calling themselves Gordon and Barbara, because I saw this man and wife team perform at a party thrown by a wealthy Preston mill owner last Christmas.

What I saw was the £100 act. I am afraid you would not be able to print the details, even if I tried to tone them down a bit. Let me put it like this – imagine the most extreme thing you can think of whereby a man pays tribute to a woman's loveliness, multiply it by ten, and then you will be somewhere near to what Gordon did to Barbara!

If anyone had told me, in advance, what I was going to see, I would have been horrified beyond words, but, strangely enough, Gordon and Barbara were such a lovely couple and so skilful that whatever they did took on the form of art. It was a case of the old saying: "It isn't what you do but the way that you do it".

I am a 46-year-old married woman, set in her ways (or so I thought), but this demonstration totally revolutionised my sex life. It is almost as though Bert (my husband) and I were on honeymoon again, with all the zest of youth, plus all the experience of age. Let no-one condemn live sex shows out of hand. No doubt there are plenty of horrid, crude acts, but Gordon and Barbara are quite sublime.
Mrs. K.G., Burnley.

Educated Females

Sir: I must write and tell you how delighted I was by the sheer quality of the letters which you printed in "Women's Lip", Vol. 2, No. 5. In particular, the ones on Population Explosion and Football Hooliganism made me proud to be a female.

In general, the letters from women which appear in magazines are rubbishy and trite. They often make me feel ashamed of my sex. Three cheers, I say, for Erica Tomey and Dr. Sheila Poudre. Please, please let us have more letters of this calibre, and less of the trashy sex kind. Women are not all nymphomaniacs, you know, in spite of what one is led to believe by the correspondence columns of men's magazines.
Jean T. (Miss), Dorchester.

Schoolgirl Fun

Sir: I would like to tell you about an incident which happened while I was at a famous girls' school in the South of England. It is generally accepted that homosexuality is rife in boys' boarding schools, and that the authorities tend to turn a blind eye to it as there is virtually no way of stamping it out. Less publicity seems to be given to the widespread existence of lesbianism in girls' schools.

A number of us used to get together at weekends in one of our studies, turn down the lights, and have a mutual masturbation session. Often, that was as far as it went, but, on certain occasions, things did get pretty wild, especially if we had been drinking.

The night I am about to recall we had, between the six of us, downed a full bottle of vodka, which is really the only safe tipple in schools due to the absence of tell-tale smells. We were exciting one another in all sorts of different ways. There are literally hundreds of possible variations and combinations when you have six, totally uninhibited and imaginative young girls each with three available orifices and eager fingers and tongues, not to mention assorted fruits and vegetables!

I was busy making love to my current heroine, Claire, when, quite out of the blue, she snapped, "Really, Peggy, can't you do better than that?" I looked up at her in astonishment as she added, "If you don't show a bit more inventiveness I shall have to punish you."

I don't know what came over me, but I found the words tumbling out: "Oh, Claire, that would be lovely!" Of course, I had a terrific crush on Claire, who was several years older than myself, with well developed breasts and an exciting black fur all over her mound, whereas I had nothing much to show in either department.

"Dear little Peggy wants me to punish her," mocked my goddess, "grab her, girls!" The other four female monsters fell upon me, stripped off the rest of my clothes, and, each taking an arm or a leg, forced me face downwards and held me against the floor.

"What shall I use?" asked Claire, standing astride my prostrate body, gazing down at my defenceless buttocks.

"Use your bra," suggested Pauline, "it will be sort of symbolic, won't it?"

"An excellent idea," agreed the older girl, "you have a real flair for decadence, Pauline, you should go far in this world. Try out your ideas on some rich old businessmen!" and she began to hit me, fiercely and repeatedly, across my bare bottom, using her expensive, stiffened, half-cup brassiere, which was daintily trimmed with black lace.

J. SMALLBODY
M.D.
KEITH REYNOLDS

"I don't believe it is a thermometer!"

Quite honestly, it didn't hurt very much, but I found it immensely exciting and I had a sort of pre-puberty orgasm. Pauline, for all her youth, had put her finger on it in her use of the word "symbolic". In a curious way, I felt I was paying tribute to the loveliness of Claire's breasts, hoping that, one day, my own would be as large and as perfect.

I am a married woman now, with a young family. As far as I can analyse myself, I have no residual lesbian proclivities, but I often crave for a little mild spanking. I have not dared tell my husband about this harmless desire of mine because, although a satisfactory and virile lover in the straightforward fashion, he says he loathes anything remotely kinky. He is always condemning unconventional behaviour.
Mrs. Margaret D., Devizes.
Hildegarde Eisenach comments:
Any person who persistently makes a big show of protesting about something, particularly in the field of sexual behaviour, usually has very confused motives for doing so. Mrs. D.'s husband's averred hatred of all kinkiness sounds suspicious to me. It could well be an indication that he likes it! He may be too shy to admit it and is trying to provoke her to argue with him, or it may be that he is truly ashamed of his desires and is overreacting. There are many such cases in both categories. We consider it very sad that Mrs. D. has (or she thinks she has!) to keep secrets from her husband. Married couples should share all their fantasies and help one another to realise them as far as possible.

Male Brothel

Sir: Is there nothing sacred? I have lain back, thighs widespread and lolling, letting the sweet waves of lust wash over me, imagining the almost imperceptible vibration of educated tongue against clitoris as I drift slowly along a favourite corridor of fantasy. I have strolled naked, through the narrow darkness, deliberately choosing – the secret, one-way glass in the cubicle doors giving me time to assess and be very selective.

When I have made my choice, I melt through the door (there are no physical obstacles in my dream world) and am immediately pinioned against the black, velvet-covered wall. The upward thrust of the deeply plunging penis makes my body soar. Softly restricting walls of velvet hold me aloft as the rhythmic pumping continues. Central spasms of purest joy explode within me until mind, breasts and genitals are fused.

But, now, dreams might become reality, for I learn that a brothel of males has been set up in Hamburg. Life is full of disillusionments. Alas, goodbye, sweet fantasy!
Miss Barbara L., Stafford.

Sir: What splendid news for women who have suffered under men for too long – a male brothel in Germany! The sheer delight of *choosing* the man I am to pay – like a hired servant – to give me satisfaction is, I feel certain, going to provide me with more titillation than the sex-play itself.

I shall be immeasurably thrilled to look upon these wretched men as my slaves, which, in a way, they will be, to inspect them, slowly and deliberately, making comments, a few complimentary, but mostly adverse, about the size and condition of their equipment, and, above all, to know that they desire me, because, unlike the majority of their clients, who, I suspect, will be ugly, old hags, *I* am young and attractive.

It is quite possible that, in the end, I shall reject them all, and, in so doing, experience greater erotic pleasure than if I engaged one (or more than one!) of them to render me service. Anticipation of my power is almost making me drool. Hamburg, here I come!
Miss Yvonne G., Canterbury.
Hildegarde Eisenach comments:
I find Barbara L.'s letter strangely moving and poignant. Her attitude is far easier to take than that of Yvonne G., whose notions are ill-founded. Dieter Glocke's Hamburg establishment is not the first male brothel to exist on the Continent, although it has received more publicity than any of the others. In connection with my work at the Krafft-Ebing Institute, I visited a number of such premises in Germany and Austria, and have to inform Miss G. that the clients were far removed from being "ugly, old hags", and the inmates anything but "wretched". And has it not occurred to Miss G. that male prostitutes seldom "desire" their clients, for, in common with their female counterparts, many of them are homosexual? Miss G. will be fortunate if she finds herself looked upon as anything more romantic than simply another job of work!

"Sir" Clinic

Sir: Writing as a girl who likes her boyfriends to be real he-men, I'm pretty shattered to hear about this new Beauty Clinic for men in Baker Street. "Male facials with massage – £2.50". Well, really!

I like a man to look reasonably clean and tidy, but I don't want a plastic, antiseptic robot who doesn't sweat and smell manly. Is it on the level, or just another cover like some of the Sauna baths?

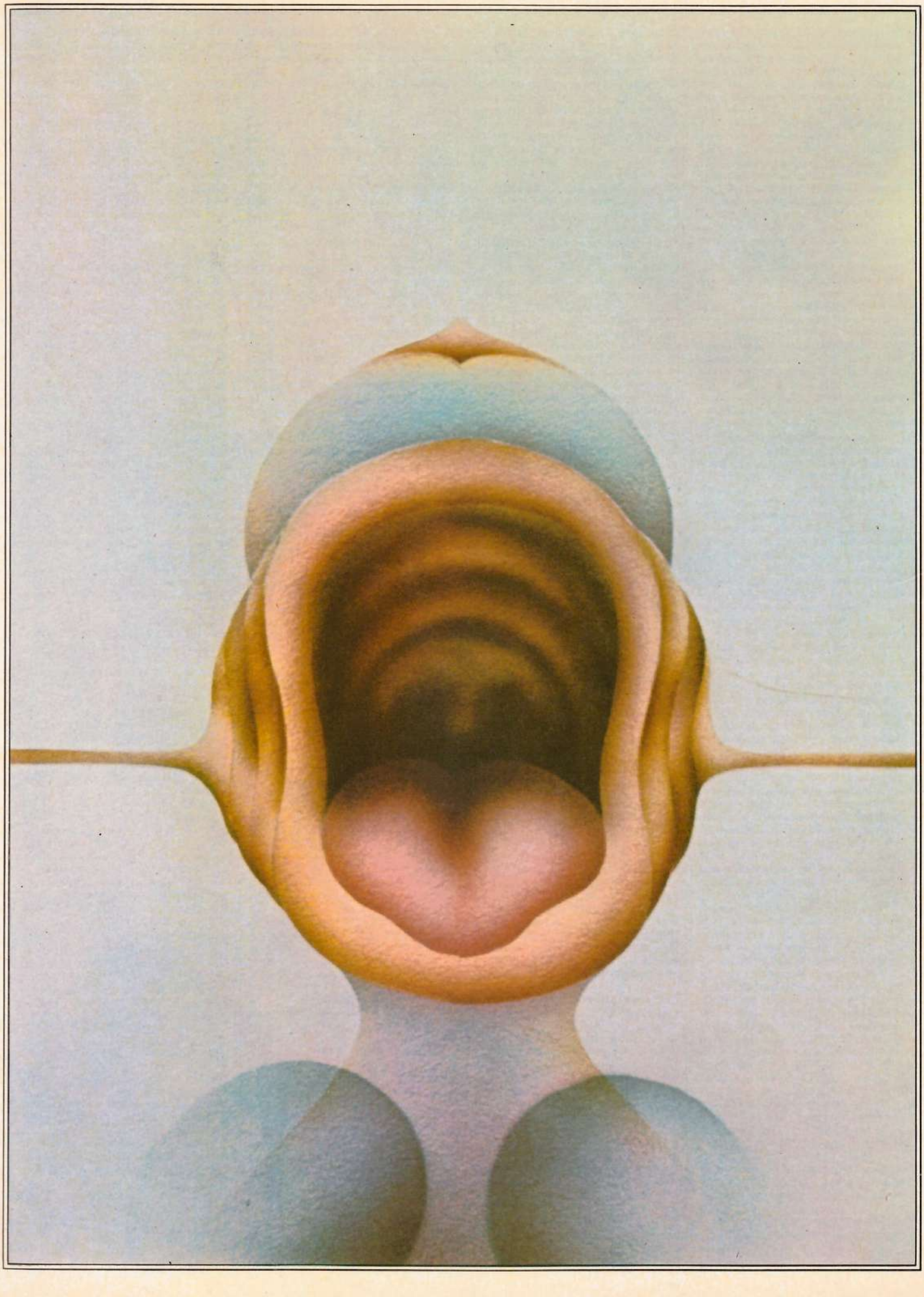
Ever since the long hair styles came into fashion, men have spent far too much time gawping at themselves in mirrors and shop windows. What on earth is it going to be like now? Just imagine – you've spent a good half hour waiting for him to emerge from the bathroom, so you give him a shout. And the reply?

"Won't be long, darling, I've just got to take off my face mask and apply the toning lotion." Ugh! I can't stand vain men.
Melissa S. (Miss), Bedford.

What's in a Name?

Sir: Hildegarde Eisenach's fascinating article in her "Sex Probe" series regarding the significance to men of girls' names was of immense interest, for I have suffered from my name ever since I was a child. Funnily enough, I had never considered having it changed by deed poll.

I am not unattractive (nor a raving beauty), and I have had my fair share of boyfriends, yet am still a spinster – *and a virgin* – at the age of twenty-seven. My Christian names are Agnes Gladys, and I think this has a lot to do with it.
Miss A.G.J., Liverpool.



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Disappointing Men

Sir: Where are all these supersexed, ever-erect young men your readers constantly encounter? I certainly have not come across any, and I assure you that it is not for the want of looking.

I am separated from my husband. I have a good figure and am generally considered to be attractive. My job demands that I keep up appearances and I am not looking for permanent emotional involvement. But I would like an occasional, active lover. The only men who ever make passes are too old even to try for the dolly birds, and, frankly, I am not very interested in being, however temporarily, an old man's darling.

A while back, I took a lease on a large flat and hired the dishiest young decorators I could locate. No amount of swanning around in my most diaphanous nightie, however, got me more than a look. All that happened was that I got a cold and nearly wore myself out making endless cups of tea.

Then I let two of the rooms in my flat to decidedly personable young men. Once, I walked in on one of them stark naked, and I must say that he had all the attributes a woman could want in a man. But did he immediately become erect and throw himself upon me? No, he did not. He put on his pants and blushingly apologised, hoping he had not offended me.

To add insult to injury, my other tenant surprised me in the bath one day and backed hastily out without even appraising my charms. It's enough to make a woman lose heart. Are the youth of England actually less red-blooded than we are led to believe? I had certainly thought that the world was full of young men only too eager to pop into bed with a responsive woman, no strings attached, but apparently, this is a myth. Perhaps I shall have to settle for one of those leering old gentlemen after all. Yes, it is getting that desperate. Still, if you print this letter, perhaps one of my muscular young tenants will get the message and do the landlady a favour!

Mrs. B.H., Birmingham.

Tight Lacing

Sir: I am writing in the hope that you, or your readers, can settle an argument between my boyfriend and myself. Robin is obsessed with small waists and tight-lacing and all that sort of thing. I don't mind this because I have a very small waist (20″) and quite enjoy wearing corsets and sexy lingerie in general.

I know that when Gina Lollobrigida first started in Italian films, her waist measured only just over 18″, and I maintain that 18″ is just about as small as you can go. Robin, however, tells me that, in France, in the 19th Century, 16″ waists were quite common, and that girls could tight-lace themselves to even less than this.

He assures me that there was one French actress, named Polaire, who had a 13″ waist! I just refuse to believe this. Has anyone heard of such a thing? Robin tells me that she appeared at the Victoria Palace in London round about 1920, and that she was a sensation (which I can well believe if the story is true!) because, in addition to her tiny waist, she had enormous breasts, with pierced nipples in which she used to wear chains and rings. He says her nose was also pierced. He assures me that he has definitely read all this, but cannot remember where.

I did not think nudity was allowed on the stage in the 1920's, and this makes me all the more dubious about the story. All the same, I'm very fascinated by it and would love to know more about this kind of thing if it *is* true.

Miss Jean Hall, Liverpool.

Lust Marks

Sir: To add variety and spice to our love making, my husband and I, after nearly ten years of happy marriage, often indulge in mild deviations and the realisation of some of our less impracticable fantasies. We have always believed in giving one another complete satisfaction. This, I sincerely believe, is the only sound basis for a lastingly rewarding sexual relationship.

When experimenting with something new, whether it be a different technique, or a novel "sex toy", to determine immediately the efficacy of the innovation, and to pass on the knowledge to the partner, we have evolved a system of "lust marking", which might well be useful to some of your other readers.

We have an empirical scale ranging from zero (no sexual arousal at all) to 25 (the ultimate degree of ecstasy experienced during the first split second of orgasm). All we have to do to keep one another fully informed regarding the lust value of any particular experience is to call out the appropriate number at approximately ten second intervals.

A typical build-up and climax sounds something like this – my husband's reactions only: "Two, Two, Four, Six, Ten, Ten, Fifteen, Twenty, Oh, God! Twenty-Five . . . Aaaaaahhhh!"

I find listening most exciting – a form of "aural voyeurism" – and Bill, my husband, agrees that keeping in touch this way certainly adds to the occasion. It is, of course, possible for both partners to rate the experience simultaneously, but, after much experimentation, we have come to the conclusion that it is better if one partner is "active" and the other "passive", and if just the passive one does the rating.

By the way, Bill and myself are both in our late thirties.

Mrs. Joyce K., Andover.

Leather Straps

Sir: Call me kinky if you wish, but I'm tremendously turned on by leather straps around a man's wrists. Even a wide watch-strap gives me shivers of delight, but the sort that thrill me most are those that appear to be worn solely for decorative (or is it intentionally erotic?) purposes. Some of them have metal studs, quite spiky looking.

I'm not a leather fetishist, nor a masochist (so far as I know!) but a metal studded, leather strap around a manly wrist, with a brawny, bronzed, hairy forearm above it, makes my legs turn to jelly and sends the most delicious quivers through my clit.

The advertisement boys must know there's something in it, for lots of ads. for beer and fags feature tough-looking guys sporting these leather wrist straps.

Joan H., Arnside.

Phone Calls

Sir: These anonymous phone-call merchants are a real scream. There's been a positive rash of them in our part of the world just recently, and the poor cops are being driven up the wall by irate females complaining about being vilely insulted over the blower. I really cannot understand why women bother to complain about this sort of thing, because it's no different from some idiot writing "FUCK" on the wall. It just gives the feeble-minded a cheap thrill. You can always put the phone down. You don't *have* to listen any more than you are forced to read a heavily inscribed wall.

Actually, I'd been hoping for months that I would receive one of these calls myself, because I was determined to give better than I received. I reckon these pathetic pervs get most of their kicks out of outraging people – rather like the "flasher" who exposes his tool in the park. He relies, mainly, on the element of surprise, for, from what I've heard, the equipment is never anything special.

I was determined not to be surprised, but, as is usually the case in this contrary world, when you're well prepared for something, it seldom happens. I had begun to give up hope (!) when, about nine in the evening, last Saturday, the phone rang. I knew instinctively that this was it. Isn't it strange how you get these feelings sometimes? I was all excited as I picked up the receiver.

"What colour are your knickers?" enquired a strangled sort of voice – I could just imagine the owner wanking himself!

"A delicate shade of puce, actually," I replied, "what colour are yours?"

There was what is known as a pregnant silence, and then a click as the stunned perv rang off.

Mrs. Kay L., Oxford.

Fantasies

Sir: My boyfriend and I (we are both twenty-two) have promised always to discuss our fantasies with one another, following the advice of Hildegarde Eisenach. Everyone has fantasies, so it's nothing to be ashamed of; all the same, our individual fantasies are so different that I am wondering if we are really compatible.

Mine revolve around the idea of riding a man as though he were a horse. It all began when I was fifteen. My grandfather had just died, and I was rummaging about in his large collection of books. My parents would have had a fit if they'd realised the sort of stuff some of it was, because the old man had clearly been a bit of a lad in his time.

In a German publication, full of kinky drawings and photographs, there was the reproduction of a painting called Equus Eroticus, showing a young girl, in full riding habit, including whip and spurs, riding a handsome, naked man, who was fitted with leather harness, and wearing a miniature bit, together with bridle and reins around his face.

The girl was spurring him on and applying the whip to his backside, which showed criss-cross markings to prove that she'd already given her mount plenty of encouragement. I found it an extremely exciting picture, and still do, for I cut it out of the book and kept it. As a kid, I masturbated to it on a number of occasions, and even now, in adult life, a high proportion of my orgasms are accompanied by my own elaborate variations upon this particular theme. I have never had the opportunity of putting my ideas into practice, but realise that this sort of thing does go on in a big way.

Although he is keenly interested to hear what takes place in my mind as we have sex, the thought of being my steed does nothing for my boyfriend except to make him laugh, just as *his* pet fantasy makes *me* laugh. He goes a bundle on the idea of having me dressed up as a schoolgirl, with navy blue knickers, blouse and gym-slip, ankle-socks, etc. He assures me that he doesn't fancy real schoolgirls (I should hope not, indeed!), but the thought of adult females in pseudo-schoolgirl gear excites him tremendously.

Now, I'm quite prepared to dress up for him to add to his pleasure, but I have a feeling that he would not reciprocate, and, eventually,

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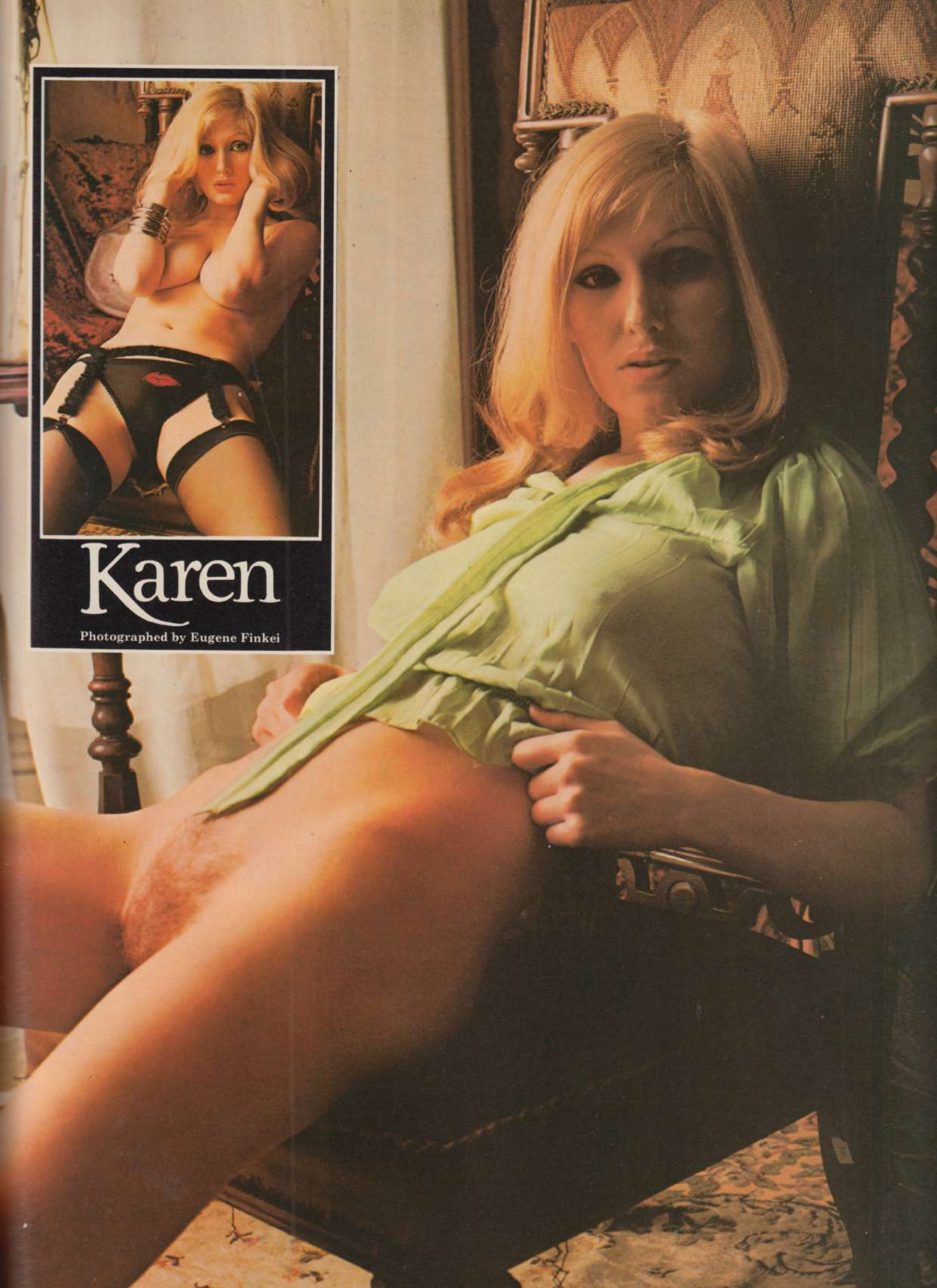


Karen

Photographed by Eugene Finkei

Karen refuses to divulge her full identity, but reveals that a distant relative of hers was Virginia Woolf, the writer.

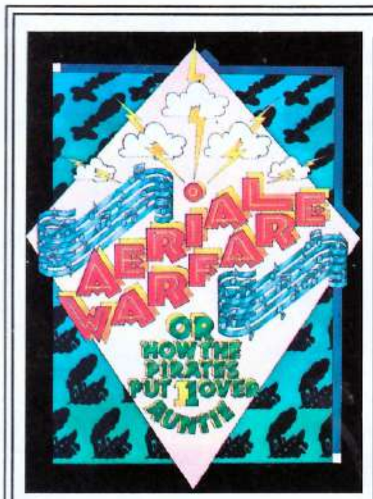
"Such a weird dichotomy exists in the family tree," Karen laughs, "that I often wonder how they got together long enough to produce a lineage," she adds, lighting up a cigarette. "On the paternal side of the family, we're frightfully hearty, tracing our ancestry back to solid Scottish stock. Thanks to education – that's the story I heard at my mother's knee, but personally I suspect that cunning had more to do with it – the family became prosperous and substantial, thoroughly middle class and, I'm sorry to relate, rather dull. Of course, we indulged ourselves in little philanthropic ventures, such as the abolition of the slave trade, and we were also active pamphleteers, thus establishing a tradition for literature of sorts."

"The family lived in Clapham, which was a very elegant suburb of London in those days, and acquired a baronetcy and a knighthood. Very impressive, I'm sure you'll agree, but not very interesting. Now, the other side of the family," Karen relates with obvious relish, pulling up her feet and sitting cross-legged on the long, low, white leather sofa, "has quite a history! We're descended from the Chevalier de L'Etang, a courtier of Louis XIV who was too friendly with Marie Antoinette! How about that?"

She's delighted with the tale and blows blue Russian Sobranie smoke into the golden rays of the afternoon sun shining into the book-lined drawing room of her Belgravia flat. "I simply adore Belgravia, don't you?" A French heirloom strikes four. "The Chevalier de L'Etang eventually married, and he and his wife had a daughter who married an Englishman and it is from that union that I am descended," she concludes with a sigh. "They lived in Kensington and entertained the celebrities of the day; writers like Thackeray, statesmen like Disraeli, artists such as Holman Hunt."

Karen has an all-consuming passion for Virginia Woolf. "Most of one's ancestors and relations are ordinary workaday people who lead humdrum lives. Nothing remains of them: there's nothing to look up, no letters to read, no newspaper accounts, not even an obituary. I've read all of her novels. Perhaps when I'm older, I shall be able to appreciate The Waves and To The Lighthouse. I agree with literary historians that they represent her two most important works; I'm simply not ready for them yet. I lack sufficient experience to grasp their meaning; my comprehension of poetry is too literal to understand her abstract prose-poetry. No, I can't write," she acknowledges. "I wrote a poem for the school magazine when I was in the Third Form. It was perfectly dreadful," she concedes in a low, confidential, slightly embarrassed tone of voice. "Then, when I was in the Sixth Form, I wrote a short story which I thought was rather good. In fact, it was a very good imitation of Virginia Woolf!" she exclaims. "In other words, I could never be as good a writer as Virginia Woolf, and I would never settle for less," she pronounces.

"Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf? Everybody, my dear, simply everybody!" she declares. "But, before you go, there's something I want you to have . . . a tiny hand-tooled, leather-bound edition of Jacob's Room."


AERIAL WARFARE
OR
HOW THE PIRATES PUT 1 OVER AUNTIE

Continued from page 20

25 agreed to the final allocations. To date, more than 50% of long-wave and medium-wave broadcasting stations in Europe are operating on frequencies other than those allocated by the Copenhagen Plan . . . so why go for the pirates? Later, in the early sixties, in a move against the pirates, the Council of Europe was used in an attempt to prohibit radio broadcasts from stations outside national territories: of 17 members, 3 voted against and 3 abstained from signing the Strasbourg Treaty.

Land Based Pirates.

When Radio Caroline was finally pirated from the high seas, a new animal arrived – the land based pirate. They can be heard every week, most with very low power and limited range. However, one station, Radio Jackie, transmits with a fairly high power, has good music and professional programming. It operates with portable equipment – a small 20 watt transmitter, a car battery and a cassette tape recorder. The aerial is a long wire (about 180 ft) strung between two trees. Ever on the lookout for the GPO men who have cost the station some £2,000 in three years in fines and equipment confiscations, the station continues to broadcast and will no doubt improve. It can be heard on Medium Wave: 227 – Vhf 94.4 MHz each week-end. Other land based pirates include Radios Star, Invicta, Odyssey, Aquarius . . .

IBA Commercial Radio.

London, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham will have local stations on the air by the end of 1973 or early 1974. Other stations will open in the following years until there is a possible maximum of some 60 stations. In the first instances, the local radio stations will use 261 or 194 metres on the medium waveband. Test transmission in January for the London stations resulted in interference with Radio Veronica on 538 metres. When the station complained it was pointed out by the GPO that Veronica was illegal and had not been allocated use of that waveband. Veronica threatened to jam 206 metres – the BBC London local waveband.

Talking to Ronan O'Rahilly: Mr. Caroline.

Mention pirate radio to a stranger and if he knows anything at all, the chances are he knows two things – the names Caroline and Ronan O'Rahilly. In Eire they'll tell you his grandfather died in Dublin, Easter 1916 while charging a British machine gun and they might even quote the poem Yeats wrote about him. Why call the station Caroline? Myth has it, Ronan was completely taken in by the charm of J. F. Kennedy's daughter after seeing her photograph in a newspaper on a flight to America. No matter, Caroline happened.

Q: *What is the future of Radio Caroline?*

Ronan – *In the beginning was Caroline and there still is Caroline. We're well established in Holland with both advertisers and listeners and some of the international companies who were there in the beginning are returning. Everybody is conscious that radio works. You might say we're in the Common Market with the best of them – and again, before the rest of the country.*

Q: *Looking back on the last ten years, does anything special come to mind?*

Ronan – *Caroline achieved what it set out to do. The original motivation was to introduce a medium where the small independent record company stood a chance of making it – of competing with the monopoly, and eventually to break down that monopoly. This has been done. There are now some sixty or seventy record labels in this country. As soon as commercial radio is on the air, that will help even more.*

Q: *Will the IBA allocation of wavelengths prove to be an interference for you?*

Ronan – *Not for us, though Radio Veronica did have some listeners in the south-east of England who I believe had some interference. As for jamming any of the stations, I don't think the government will take that step. One, it's quite a difficult thing to do and they run the risk of having wavelengths moved and the BBC jammed.*

Q: *Did you apply for any of the IBA licences?*

Ronan – *No. There were a few discussions but it was made plain a camel would have more chance getting through the eye of a needle. In any case, there's no denying that Caroline effected the bringing about of commercial radio in this country and totally changed the BBC. I think it would be safe to say Caroline reared 80% of the BBC's best people. To have done all this and not even be considered is a sad statement about politics.*

Q: *Why back the Conservatives in the last election?*

Ronan – *That was specifically designed to help bring about Free Radio, which has now happened. It's flattering to have played a part in doing this. Not having been invited to play in the game means little: we still have our own back door, one that wasn't there until we put it there: Radio Caroline.*

Rod Allen: Broadcast/TV Mail Editor.

Q: *You've been with TV Mail/Broadcast for over ten years now and have closely followed the development of both radio and tv in this country – what do you think the radio pirates contributed to the nation?*

Rod – *Commercial radio was a platform in the conservative party for many many years and I think the pirates received a certain amount of clandestine support from them. They certainly had an effect on the way broadcasting organised itself in terms of presentation. They made the BBC create Radio I, though I think the BBC got Radio I incredibly wrong. The pirates were good second-hand copies of American stations and Radio I rates about fourth hand.*

Q: *What is commercial radio going to do for us all?*

Rod – *It's very difficult to say. One of the problems is it will not be local but regional. The first twenty stations will effectively cover 60% of the population. No station will serve an area smaller than 200,000 people. Secondly there is a strange requirement in the Broadcasting Act that the commercial stations be balanced by day and time: this means they must have a full wide range of programming – drama, gardening, talk, etc. . . . up to 50% time devoted to music which also must be balanced between light music and pop. This stems from a great Parliamentary fear that if left alone, there would be nothing but pop stations. Aside from in London, as each commercial station will have a monopoly in its own area, for the first five years or so, commercial radio will be developing in the wrong way. The great joy about American radio is you exactly know on the dial where a certain kind of radio is – this seems to me to be the justification for alternative broadcasting. This leaves us (with the exception of the London News Station) with stations that are basically going to be Radio 2 with commercials and a bit of soap opera thrown in. The London News station is interesting as it really is proposing a 24 hour service of news.*

Q: *What licences have been granted so far?*

Rod – *So far only two: one to the London News Station of the London Broadcasting Company, a consortium of five companies and six individuals who'll be joined by other interests including one or other of the London evening newspapers. The other is for the London General station and that's gone to Capital Radio headed by Richard Attenborough. What's unfortunate is that there were some very interesting applications from experienced broadcasters who've been turned down in favour of monied consortiums.*

Q: *What will be the effect, if any, of commercial radio on TV?*

Rod – *Practically none. Commercial radio is a daytime medium. TV has started to get a daytime audience but only in the afternoons. The heavy listening times for commercial radio in this case are in the morning when mum is doing housework, early morning drive time and late afternoon drive time. I don't think it'll have any effect on the content of TV at all. Rather than take advertising away, it will create new advertising. There are something like 120 National advertisers who spend more than £300,000 per year each on TV advertising. Now they won't cut down; in fact, they will add on to their budgets an extra allocation of expenses for the radio ads.*

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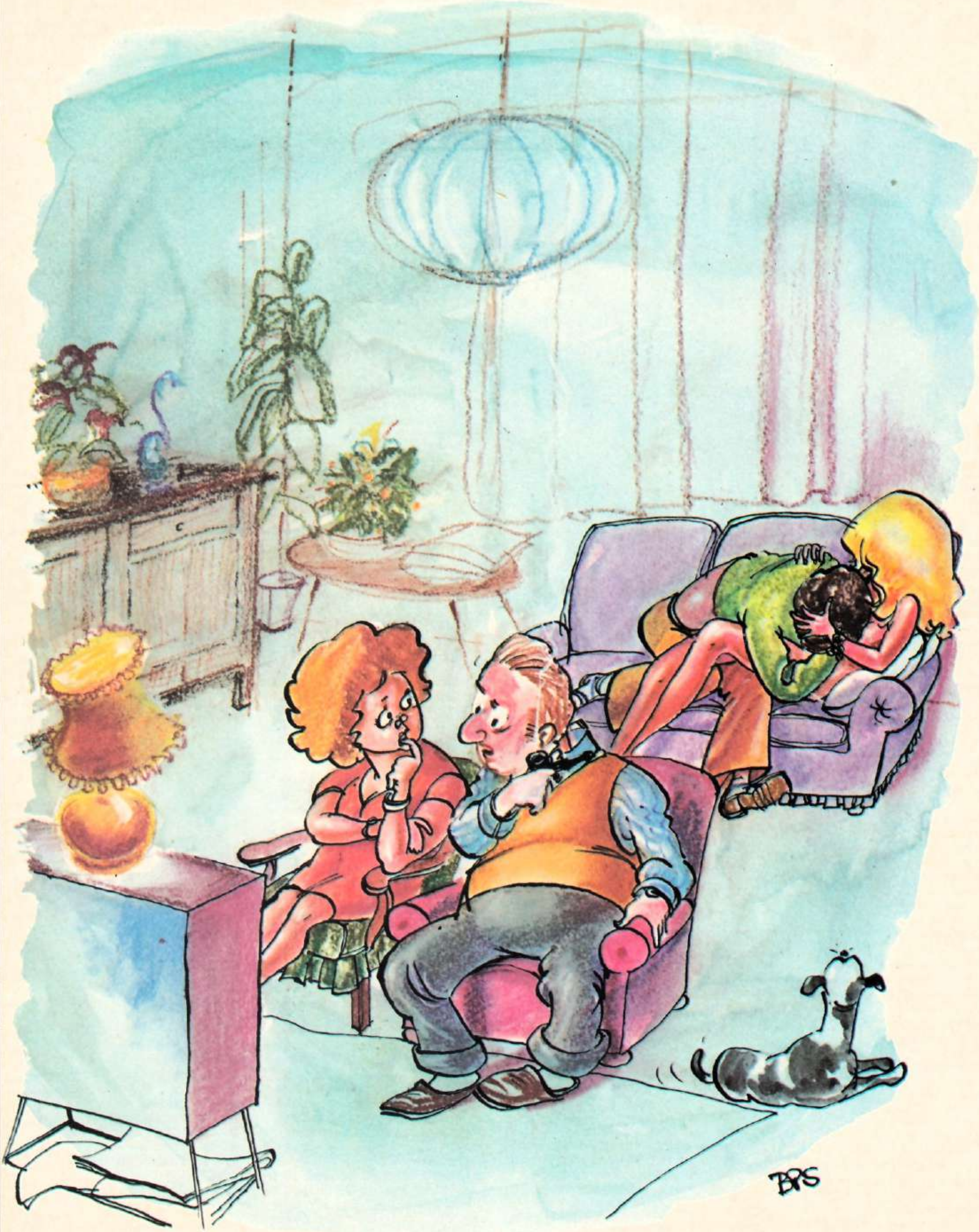

"Did you know we were 'groovy, understanding old dears'?"

Readers' Writes

Continued from page 78

I might get frustrated by this. Am I attaching too much importance to fantasy? Other readers' opinions and experiences would be greatly appreciated.
Janina B., Cheltenham.

Hildegarde Eisenach comments: Fantasy is important, but I think you are worrying unnecessarily here. You feel no compulsion to realise your fantasy, otherwise you would already have taken action as it has been with you for seven years. You must certainly avoid feelings of frustration, therefore I advise you to let your boyfriend's fantasy remain just that. It's good to hear that you laugh about these things. Sex should always be fun. Too many people take it too seriously.

Sir: My husband talks about sex until I get utterly sick and tired of hearing him going on and on about it – big tits, big bums, and all the rest. He maintains that the James Bond films are entirely dependent for their popularity upon sexual fantasy, with all those luscious girls ready and willing to jump into bed at any time of the day or night, not to mention all the torture scenes that play such a big part in the stories, and which, he says, are introduced solely to titillate our sado-masochistic instincts.

I pretend to disagree (mainly because I'm sick of hearing him belabouring the subject) and accuse him of seeing sexual deviation in everything, but, in my heart of hearts, I know he's absolutely right, because often, in my dreams, I sleep with James Bond, who is stripped to the waist, but wearing very tight, black leather trousers!
Mrs. Leila R., Leicester.

Erotic Memories

Sir: Isn't it amazing to what extent our early experiences shape our life-long attitudes? You see, I am always a bit surprised when I read about women who are disinterested in sex, or experts who talk about an innate frigidity in the female sex. I never quite believe it. I think it has a great deal to do with male attitudes, somehow, if you expect to be turned down, you increase your chances of being rejected. Most men undoubtedly do expect to be turned down because they are, or were, brought up to believe that girls don't enjoy sex. I, on the other hand, have never felt this way and the reason is, I think, because of my first introduction to sex.

I was about fourteen when my family moved and I attended a tiny village school. There was only one classroom which accommodated seniors, juniors and infants. I was a very innocent boy. Although I had reached puberty and had certainly masturbated, I knew next to nothing about sex and was, amazingly, not very curious at that time. I often cycled to school with an older boy and one morning he dared me to shout a certain four letter word, the meaning of which I was totally ignorant, at two senior girls called June and Shirley, as we passed them on the way to school. I suppose these girls must have been about sixteen, though I can't really remember. I know they seemed almost grown-up to me and they had distinctly noticeable breasts.

After school that evening – I had completely forgotten the incident on the way to school – I found June and Shirley waiting for me in the bicycle shed. There was an old school bench in the shed and the girls roughly seized me and stretched me out on my back on the bench. I suppose I was afraid. They demanded to know what I had meant by the word I had called out to them. I could only confess that I had no idea and had merely done what the other boy had dared me to do. Even so, they said I must be punished and while June held my arms tightly, Shirley sat astride my legs and, to my blushing embarrassment, unfastened my shorts and handled my sex. Embarrassment gradually gave way to erection under Shirley's skilful manipulation. What an exquisite punishment! They announced that I was so big that I must know the meaning of the word I had used and therefore must be further punished for having lied to them.

I was released but ordered to present myself later that evening for further correction. The appointed place was a semi-derelict old barn near where I lived. Of course, I went, though whether my fear of being reported for using bad language or my desire for further sexual activity was the predominant motive I cannot now recall. They were waiting for me like two desirably avenging harpies at the stile which led to the field in which the barn stood. I was frog-marched into the barn by the two girls and at once was deprived of my shorts and underpants. My penis and balls were handled by both girls in turn until, inevitably, I was on the brink of orgasm. Then they both raised their skirts and pulled down their knickers, telling me that if I put my penis into their fascinating slits, I would be performing the meaning of the word. My punishment continued with my being ordered to fondle each half-naked girl in turn. The climax came, in all senses of the word, when I was ordered to kiss each girl's pubic parts. This I refused to do. The idea seemed to me entirely horrid. At once, June twisted my arm painfully behind my back and forced me to obey. My initial revulsion quickly changed to passion and I did not have to be forced to repeat what had so quickly become a pleasure with June. It was while I obliged her that Shirley manipulated me to orgasm.

That was only the beginning of a three-sided relationship which provided my entire sex education and shaped my attitudes to women. The pretence of punishment was soon dropped altogether and I quickly assumed a properly masculine role. My first experience of intercourse was with Shirley and it was soon repeated with June. June, in fact, became pregnant as a result of our relationship and that, of course, put an end to the delightful friendship which must have lasted throughout the summer.

Simply because my first awareness of sex came through the active desires of two girls, I have always assumed that women were as enthusiastic about it as I and no experience in later life has caused me to revise that opinion.
B.W.F., Ledbury.

Speedy Sex

Sir: I was driving home to London from Cambridge on a sultry evening in August. It was near dusk and I was feeling very low, having left my girl-friend in Cambridge after a blazing row. Ahead I could see a girl by the roadside thumbing a lift. Against all advice and common sense, I pulled up and offered her a ride, but not until I had driven past and looked her over.

She was young and pretty, dressed in a thin skirt and white blouse. As I watched in my rear-view mirror, I could see her heavy breasts bouncing up and down as she ran to where I had drawn up. I knew, deep down, that I was doing this to "get back" at my girl-friend. Had we parted happily, I would never have dreamed of picking up a strange girl, pretty or not.

She turned out to be a student, well-informed and an amusing talker. After a while I unburdened myself to her, telling about the scene with my girl-friend, and explaining that, so far as I was concerned, she, my travelling companion, would still be thumbing a lift had I not been feeling so bitter and vengeful.

"I know exactly how you feel," she said, "I've just been dumped out of my boyfriend's car. We've had a row, too." She shuffled off her shoes, but I didn't attach much importance to this, thinking her feet may have been hurting. However, when she calmly began to unbutton her blouse, I realised that her thirst for revenge was even greater than my own.

Her breasts were truly sumptuous, and, with a cruel relish, I thought how much more beautiful they were than those of my girl-friend. She wore no bra, and such was the arrogant firmness of her bust that, in spite of its impressive size, no support was really needed. She knew that I was impressed, and proceeded to remove her tights and scanty briefs, which covered a magnificent thatch of black hair. Again my girlfriend came in for unfavourable comparison.

She released the mechanism controlling the angle of the seat, and stretched out almost horizontally. I must have driven nearly a mile, gripping the steering wheel feverishly and fighting a terrible battle in my head. I'm not a loose-living bloke, but I doubt if anyone in my position could have resisted the invitation when she softly said, "Well, don't you want me?"

I took my left hand from the wheel and fluttered my fingers along her gorgeous thighs before entwining them in the thick, black hair. She parted her legs and sighed, then grabbed my hand and began to move it around, guiding it, instructing me in how she liked it. "I'll draw off the road," I muttered.

"No," she gasped, "don't do that, I like it at speed. Go faster!"

She favoured alternating deep and shallow thrusts, and demanded greater thickness, which I gave her by forcing a third finger between the two already in operation and distending her sex. All this, I might say, was taking place at about 50 mph. It was fairly dark now and I was driving on lights. In any case, my companion's position rendered her virtually invisible from overtaking traffic, which was not heavy.

She kept demanding greater speed, and, as I gradually worked up to around 65 mph, she seized my hand again, urging it into correspondingly faster movement. There was an air of unreality about the whole situation. I felt I was simply being used – just a machine, like the car. I was too intent on driving to take any real satisfaction, although, obviously, I was in a state of full erection. She finally came as I touched 70 mph, and almost broke my wrist as my hand was plunged into her frantically thrashing pelvic arch. This is not an experience I can recommend.
J.B., London E.7.

The Evacuee

Sir: Unlike most of your male correspondents, I do not remember being particularly aware of my adolescent lack of sexual knowledge. I was an only child and rather over-protected. That ceased overnight when I was evacuated in 1940. My new 'family' had two sons who quickly introduced me to their considerable knowledge about girls and sex.

During the day we would often go to a deserted air-raid shelter where, with the willing help of a girl who lived up the street, we would play our favourite game – 'Doctors'. This consisted of 'examining' a patient, diagnosing the disease and effecting a 'cure'. After much prodding and squeezing of the girl's pubescent chest (little gentlmen that we were, she was always the first 'patient'), her legs were examined and then her knickers were removed. The 'cure'

Continued on page 92

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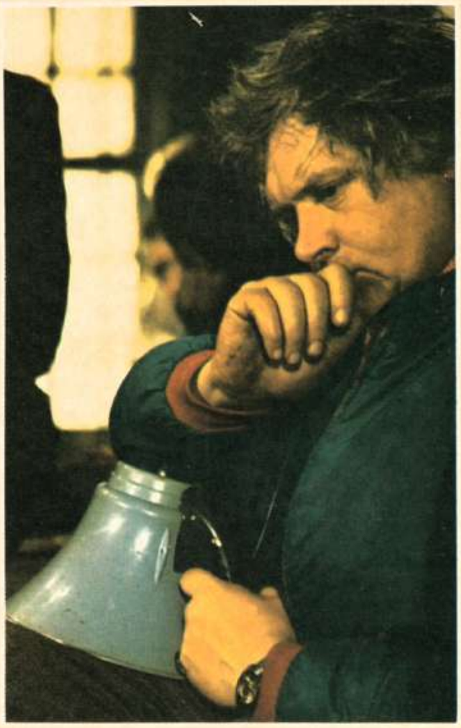

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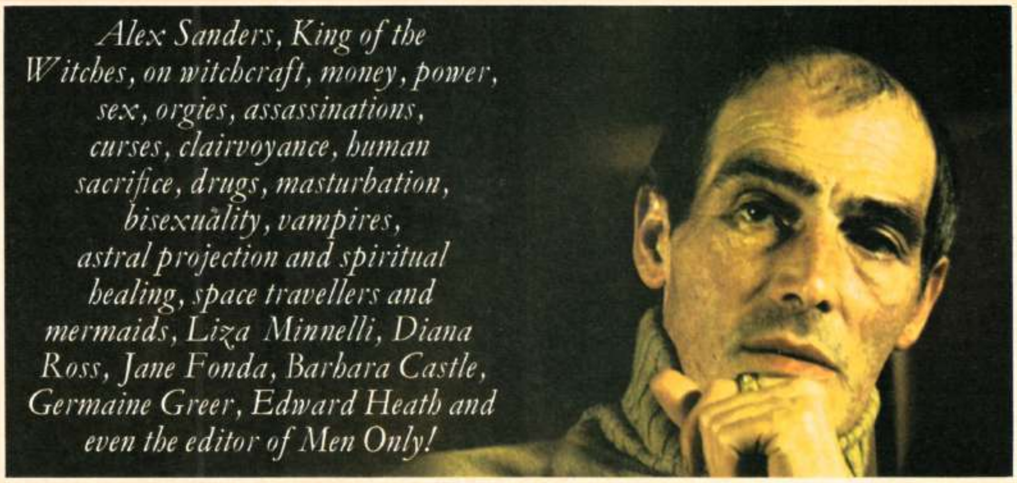

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Sex Probe

Continued from page 54

much as she loved him, and he positively idolised her for trying her best to give him what he needed, and what he knew he had no right to expect from her. In all other respects, it was a perfect marriage, and the pair of them were wonderfully happy, but there was this one thing lacking, and, for Roland, being what he was, as you may well imagine, it was a crucial factor in his life.

D.H.: I can understand that. I suppose there must be hundreds – thousands – of cases like it.

H.E.: I'm afraid so. Anyway, as the years passed, Roland became more and more dissatisfied with Margaret's valiant attempts to gratify him. Understandably, as she had no real interest in the subject, she showed little imagination. Her efforts became more or less routine, for she had no knowledge or experience on which to draw. Of course, she realised that she was not giving her husband what he desperately needed. As I told you, they were very close, and, although Roland never complained about his frustration, Margaret sensed his feelings. Because she loved him so much, and because she longed for him to feel fulfilled, eventually she urged him to go and find release elsewhere.

D.H.: Oh, I say! – that really does sound a bit far-fetched. No woman in her right mind would tell her husband to go to a tart!

H.E.: Not so. Take it from me, there are many such understanding women, although it is not generally recognised. *The real pity is that there are not thousands more.* A lot of good marriages could be saved. Margaret was sensible enough to realise that Roland's compulsion had nothing to do with his love for her, and that, unless he found release from sexual tensions, his health would suffer. He had, already, begun to experience bouts of hyper-tension, in which he was irrationally irritable over trifling matters. As a matter of fact, this was when he first came to consult me. He had just turned thirty at the time and had begun to visit a girl called Deborah.

D.H.: How did he tell her he wanted to be her slave?

H.E.: There was no need. Submissives and dominants have a kind of secret code.

D.H.: Certain words and expressions, you mean?

H.E.: Not necessarily. Often there is no need for speech at all. It's more a matter of general demeanour, and the eyes can speak volumes. It's a form of supersensitivity that such deviants possess – just as the deviations themselves have been described as a form of super-sensuality. Leopold von Sacher Masoch referred to his own condition as such. Anyway, Roland became Deborah's devoted slave right from that initial meeting, and he soon discovered that she was an expert and connoisseur – also an extremist.

D.H.: Like in the verses of Conrad Weiss?

H.E.: Exactly so – to the "Ultimate Degree" in fact!

D.H.: And what effect did this have on Roland and Margaret's marriage?

H.E.: An entirely beneficial one. They loved one another more deeply than ever before, and all Roland's irritability and nervous tension vanished. He was eternally grateful to his wife for her love and understanding in allowing him to seek his esoteric gratification elsewhere. Very sensibly, Margaret schooled herself to look upon Roland's visits to Deborah as medical treatment, which, to a large extent they were – quite literally so in certain practices too. The marriage prospered and was blessed. Margaret became pregnant. She was eight months on, and Roland was running her to the local pre-natal clinic for a routine check when their car was involved in a fearful pile-up at a crossroads. Margaret was killed outright, and there was no chance of saving the unborn baby. Roland got off without a scratch.

D.H.: Oh, my God! How terrible! Why do these cruel things have to happen?

H.E.: As you can imagine, Roland's whole world seemed in ruins. He came to visit me again, and was close to complete, mental breakdown. All the love had been taken out of his life. The only thing which remained was sexual desire, coupled with a compelling wish to punish himself for causing his wife's death.

D.H.: Was he to blame, then?

H.E.: Difficult to say. The court cleared him, but the evidence was somewhat conflicting. All the same, Roland believed himself to be guilty. He wanted to end it all.

D.H.: Suicide?

H.E.: Yes, but, of course, those who talk about suicide seldom commit it. However, it was one of the most harrowing cases I have ever handled. In the end, to preserve his sanity, it seemed that the only solution was for him to sign a contract to spend his life in perpetual bondage.

D.H.: To Deborah, I suppose?

H.E.: Of course – who else? It was all arranged in a sort of pseudo-legal fashion.

D.H.: You can't be serious?

H.E.: Indeed, I am. Deborah insisted that a formal contract be prepared, and that Roland sign it in the presence of witnesses and a legal representative.

D.H.: It sounds quite fantastic! Why did she insist on a thing like that?

H.E.: For four reasons – first, to absolve herself from any blame; second, to make sure Roland could not change his mind; third, as a further demonstration of her power, and, fourth, because, in cases such as this, it is the customary thing to do, giving extra piquancy to the arrangements for both parties to the agreement.

D.H.: Do you know how this "contract" was worded?

H.E.: Something along these lines – "I, Roland C., being of sound mind, and in full possession of my senses and faculties, hereby, voluntarily, agree to surrender all my rights as a man, and as a human being, and to become the abject slave of my Mistress, Deborah P. I understand that, in the position of slave, I can expect no praise, thanks or recompense for my services, nor can I expect any pity or mercy. I understand that my Mistress is free to use me in any way she sees fit, at any time of the day or night, and that, for evermore, I am to be subservient to her slightest whim.

I hereby undertake to obey her orders to the letter, without question or hesitation, to the best of my ability, and, if I fail in any way to render her the immaculate service she demands, I must submit to her chosen punishment without complaint.

Finally, I understand that my bondage is to be perpetual."

D.H.: Oh, that is utterly fantastic! Did you actually *see* the contract?

H.E.: Certainly. I was one of the witnesses to Roland's signature.

D.H.: How long ago was that?

H.E.: Almost two years.

D.H.: Have you seen him since that time?

H.E.: On several occasions. Deborah and I have become friends. She assists me in my research work on deviation. In my profession, it is necessary to associate with all types of person. Actually, Deborah is a charming woman – she just happens to be a deviant, but that is no fault of hers. As with Roland, her condition is the result of childhood experiences and quite unalterable. There are many women like her, but most of them are not in a position to have the wherewithal to maintain a male slave. They have to rely upon fantasy.

D.H.: How is Roland now?

H.E.: He's probably as much at peace as he could ever hope to be in view of the circumstances.

D.H.: You mean having lost his wife like that?

H.E.: Yes – wife *and child*, don't forget.

D.H.: How does Deborah treat him?

H.E.: As he wishes to be treated – the way in which most male slaves are treated by an implacable Mistress.

D.H.: Meaning what, precisely?

H.E.: Total, remorseless, unremitting shame and degradation.

D.H.: To the "Ultimate Degree"?

H.E.: Yes, that and beyond – if it's not a contradiction in terms! I have much experience in this field, but have to admit that I have seldom witnessed such humiliation.

D.H.: What does he look like?

H.E.: Well, of course, he is completely unrecognisable as his former self. He is totally depilated – not a single hair on any part of his body from scalp to feet.

D.H.: You mean even his eyebrows have been shaved off?

H.E.: Total depilation means nothing less. Then, of course, as is common in these cases, she has had his body tattooed.

D.H.: How, exactly?

H.E.: With the words "DEBORAH'S SLAVE" across his scalp, chest, back, belly, thighs and buttocks.

D.H.: Where does he live?

H.E.: During the day, when not required for service or amusement, in a Temple of Rubber. At night he sleeps chained beneath Deborah's bed, ready at a moment's notice to render her any form of service that might be required.

D.H.: Where was he when you last saw him?

H.E.: Waiting on us at table, dressed in a French maid's outfit, all in black and white, latex rubber – most attractive!

D.H.: Have you ever seen him? . . . well . . . seen . . . Oh, you know what I mean!

H.E.: The "Ultimate Degree"? Yes, I have seen that too.

D.H.: Somehow, I find all this very difficult to take in. The fact that his bondage is *perpetual* fascinates me – the fact the he is in bondage NOW, at this very moment as we sit here talking, and that there is no escape for him – no light at all at the end of the tunnel. His humiliation must go on, and on, and on!

H.E.: That is as he wants it to be, and there are plenty of other men in his position, I can assure you – in reality I mean. When it comes to fantasy, there are hundreds of thousands of such men!

D.H.: Is he ever allowed any normal pleasure?

H.E.: What do you mean by "normal?"

D.H.: Well, intercourse with Deborah.

H.E.: Never. He has to watch while she has intercourse with other men, of course. That is part of a slave's duty, but he is never allowed to touch her himself, except when rendering service. He is, however, permitted to masturbate to ejaculation in her presence twice a week. That is his only form of release. At all other times, he is obliged to wear a male chastity belt, consisting of a wire cage held in position by a body harness of black rubber and secured by a miniature padlock, the key to which Deborah wears on a length of golden chain between her breasts.

D.H.: Does she ever whip him?

H.E.: Undoubtedly. What Mistress does not whip her slave?

D.H.: Oh, how callous! Fancy treating a human being like that!

H.E.: Yes, it's strange indeed how some people live, but then, life itself is an unfathomable phenomenon, is it not?

Here the recording ended, and I would like to explain on some future occasion the reason for Roland's deviations, his childhood experiences with his female cousin, and his sad relationship with ascetic parents, but, as I said to Denise, "that is another story."

Just Deserts

Continued from page 57

are the heavy silver wrist bangles or the enamel and silver bracelets crusted with filigree silver and studded with hunks of crude amber. Amber they have plenty of and you can buy great rough lumps of this fossilised resin for a couple of pounds up, depending on the grade. Nice too are the old pistols and curved daggers in their ornate silver filigree sheaths, inlaid with bone and brass and all very well used although you are liable to be offered a mock-up version by a vociferous stall-holder who will insist that it is at least a thousand years old.

Buying and selling is a national pastime. Nothing is too little to sell, no price too ridiculous to ask, especially of a tourist. There is a technique in buying and your ultimate weapon is to make to leave on the pretext of comparing prices elsewhere. Apart from caftans and jewellery, look out for dead cheap pottery and for decorated platters carved out of a kind of marble by hand. Take a break for a drink and your choice is generally between mint tea and mint tea which is the national drink in a land where liquor is against the religion. Grass isn't however and although the legal position technically makes the stuff illegal you'll see plenty of the *keef* pipes being used and the smell hangs heavy over any market place or social gathering. It is illegal, quite definitely, to sell it to foreigners and the police are very liable to bust anyone with long hair (over 1 in) and turn them over in the local nick. You do see some very freaky characters about though, mostly Americans Easy Ridin' their way round North Africa and generally in a pretty high place.

On south, past Tiznit into the Sahara is Goulimine, until recently a completely nomadic city though some permanent buildings do now exist. This is the big camel trading post of the south Sahara where the caravans pass through to trade and retrade their livestock. They come in from the desert with their camels to sell, camp in their brown skin tents in Goulimine, then make back out into the sand to get more camels. Every Saturday the huge camel market is alive with the ill-tempered creatures, hobbled on their front legs to prevent them moving as the trading goes on. To own a camel is a mark of some status in a country where few people have even a donkey for transport. This is also the land of the Blue People, so called because of their distinctive robes in a natural dyed blue calico. Over the years their skin becomes permanently stained with the pigment to give a wholly blue tinge to their whole body including their faces which are wrapped closely against the driving sand of the desert.

And everybody still wears traditional robes, except for the few inhabitants of towns exposed to tourism where some western clothing is worn. In particular, religious belief still dominates everyone's lives and since it is against the Muslim religion to 'look upon another man's wife (or wives – they're allowed four) all women over the age of fourteen are completely veiled to show just their eyes. As you drive through country regions in fact the women will turn away and hide themselves completely from a stranger's gaze. Allah also says that if a man is poor it's because his God wanted him to be poor so there's no use worrying about it, and there's a lot to be said for the philosophy after a European system which says that you must all strive or strike for a better and more complex existence. Certainly most Moroccans seem happy with their lot and will probably stay that way until such time as an "enlightened" putsch takes over from the king and starts in on giving the country the benefits of "progress".

Remember this if you go there. Remember that to Moroccans we are some kind of millionaires which, when you take into account that the average farm worker earns 30p per week, we certainly are. Don't give them charity, don't treat them as freaks: maybe they've got a more together existence than we have. Get to understand what the country's about and treat it with respect. But go there. Go there with a car and see this ravishing country, get into its markets with the medicine men, the water sellers flogging water from a stitched up goatskin, see the snake charmers, smoke the *keef* if you want to, let the mountains blow your mind. But go there.

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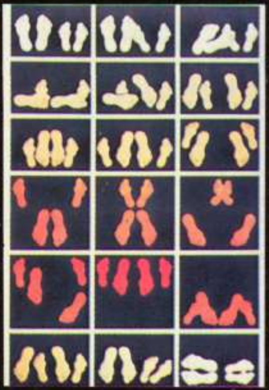

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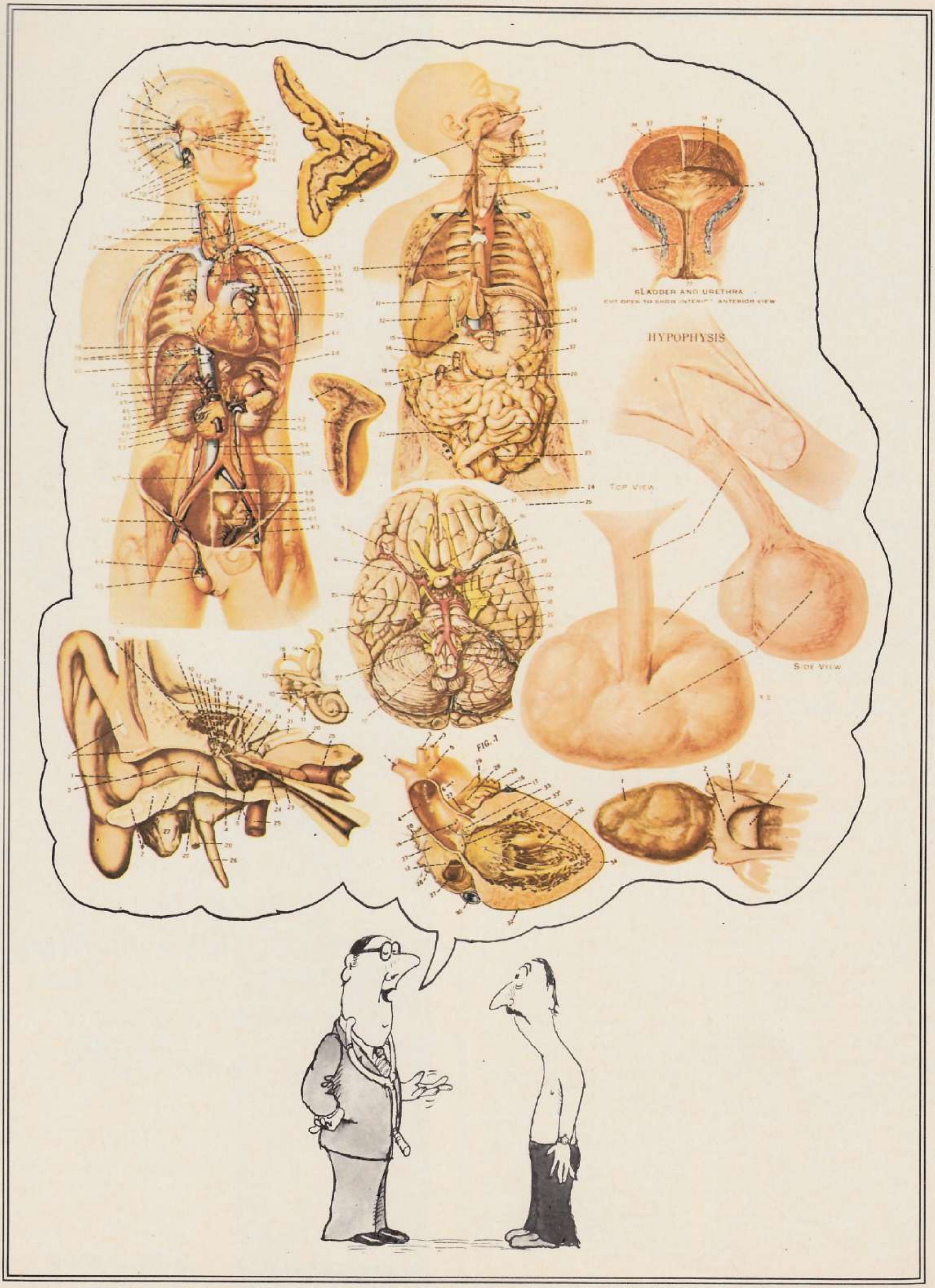
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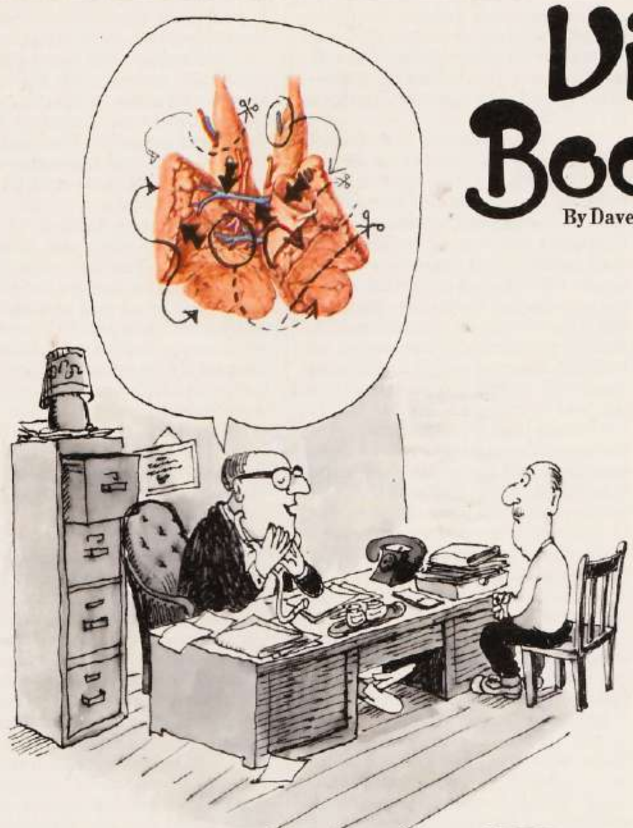
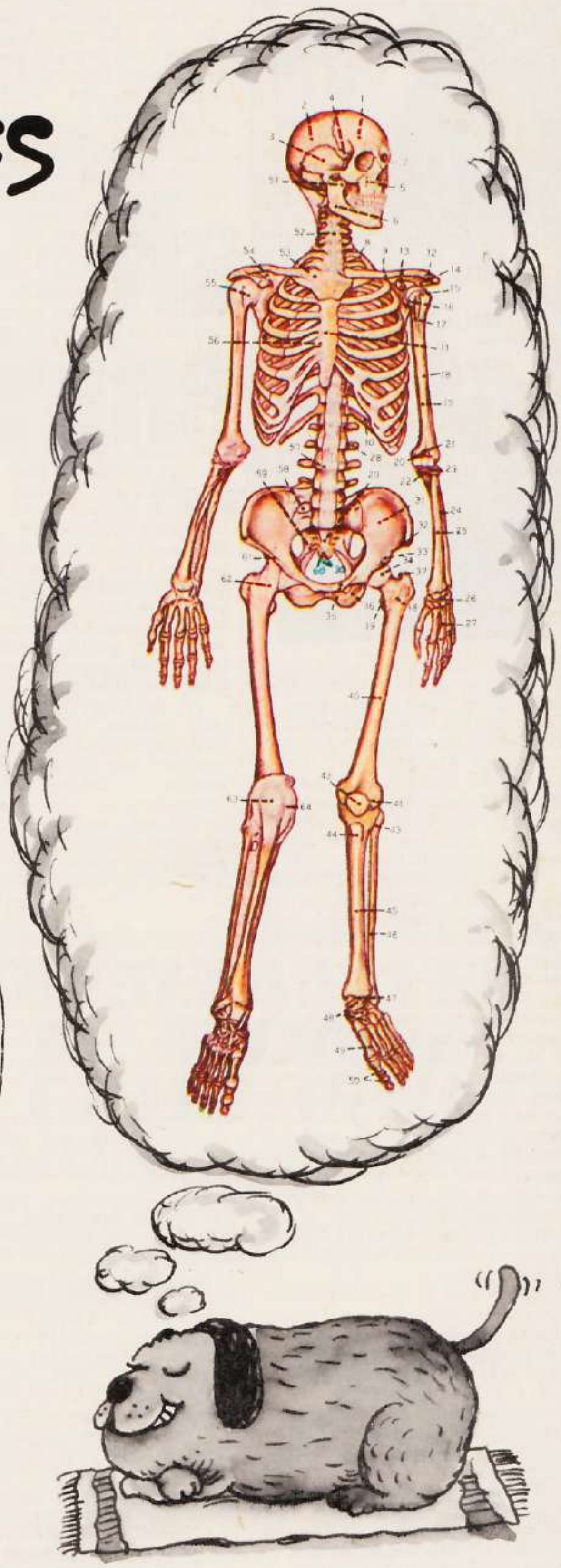
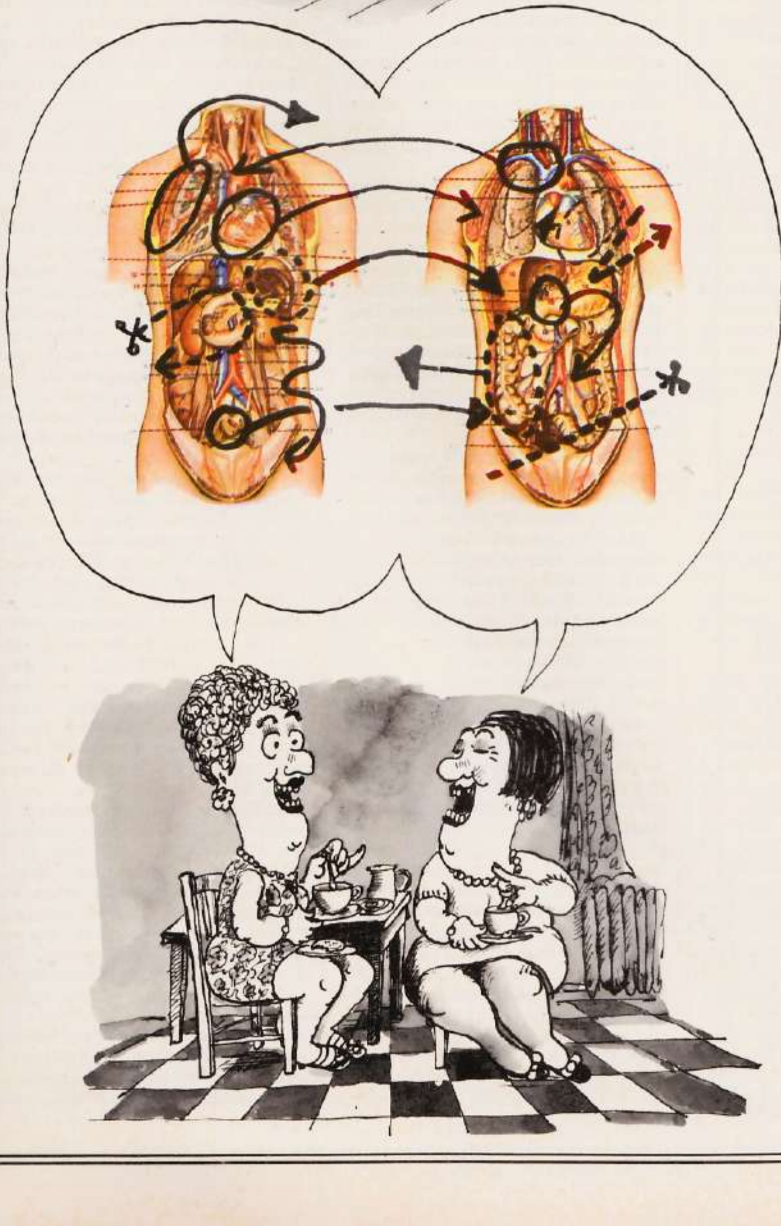
FIG. 1

Vile Bodies

By Dave English







ignorant, but she was an expert. I realised with a heavy heart that she must have had scores of men. She guided me into her, took the initiative, milked me with superb muscular control and brought me to shattering climax, watched intently by her mother who slowly removed her own clothes at the same time.

I had never seen a mature woman in the nude – not even in photographs – and was stunned by Hilda's body. As I exploded into Iris, sobbing and groaning, I remembered details of some of the rumours I had heard concerning her mother, and, with passion temporarily spent, became suddenly afraid. What had I, a mere boy, to offer a sophisticated forty-year-old woman?

As it turned out, I had much to offer – and to surrender – not the least of which was my childish innocence and wonder at the sublime mysteries of advanced sexual practice. That Sunday, between four o'clock and eleven, when I staggered home, utterly spent in body and soul, I learnt, in essence, all there was to know about sex.

It was a seduction, of course, but I have never regretted it for one instant, and, given a couple of lovely females as expert and gentle as Iris and her mother, I would have no hesitation in recommending any young man (including my grandson) to receive his sexual education in like manner. This may be shocking to many, but, surely, the proof of the pudding . . .? Had it not been for that experience, I might have spent years in ignorance, for, to my parents, sex was an unmentionable word. Later that month we moved back up to Scotland, and I never saw my lovely mentors again.

James McD., Dumfries.

All that Jazz

Sir: Nice to see a luminary of the calibre of Humph (Humphrey Lyttelton) writing for your mag. Why not sign him up to do a series on some of the great figures in jazz – Armstrong, Oliver, Bechet, Spanier, Parker, Reinhardt, etc. – the list is a long one.

Humph has the knowledge and the literary style to make a wonderful monthly feature, and, please, give us lots more of those red-hot action shots of strippers in action in New Orleans and 'Frisco dives. Let's have a really raw, meaty, no-holds-barred series worthy of the "dirty" trombone sounds of Vic Dickenson.

Ken Stiles, Liverpool.

Horrific Memories

Sir: I greatly enjoyed Karl Steiner's article on horror films (Vol. 2, No. 6). I agree with everything he says about Boris Karloff's wonderful performances in *Frankenstein* and *The Mummy.*

As a kid, I was very tall for my age, and, as a result of this, able, at the age of fifteen to pass for eighteen. No-one under eighteen was supposed to see horror films, but I managed to get into my local cinema and have the pants scared off me.

I clearly recall how for months after seeing *The Mummy* I used to look under my bed and search the wardrobe every night before retiring, and, even then, have difficulty in getting to sleep. The horror films of today are rubbish compared with those old masterpieces.

Gordon Parks, Leeds.

Praise

Sir: Since the welcome reappearance of *Club International* on the bookstalls, the magazine has become a better publication all round. As a "tit and bum" mag it was always tops, along with stablemate *Men Only*, but the last issue sets a new standard altogether.

The feature "Sensor" is most welcome – particularly the "Bad Restaurant Guide" – and the articles are adult and highly entertaining without being crude or sensational. Also, I welcomed the increase in the number of readers' letters and the variety of subjects which these covered. Sex is not the only thing in life.

All this was achieved without any loss of crumpet-power; in fact the photographic features were were among the best you have ever printed. For a mere 40p your magazine is quite fantastic value. Here's hoping you go from strength to strength without any more misguided and infantile harassment.

Jacob W., Tring.

More Praise

Sir: As a visitor to London from the States, I must tell you that I rate *Club International* the Number One men's magazine in the English language. I used to think *Playboy* was unbeatable, but your features and pics make it look old hat.

Bud T. Sternberg, Chicago.

Jolie-laide

Sir: In Anitralina, what a magnificently sexy cover-girl you had for Vol. 2, No. 6. She is a superb example of the *jolie-laide* – the type of female who really sorts the men from the boys. Mere prettiness is O.K. for chocolate boxes and the like, but is often a bore sexwise.

The French, in particular, have always known about the power of the *jolie-laide*, and its exploitation began in Paris. One of the greatest advocates of the style was (maybe still is, although I haven't heard of him lately) Roland Carré, who used to do all the photography for the magazines "Sensations", "Regal" and "Taboo", which were so popular in the early 1960's. Perhaps some of your readers remember these wonderful publications, copies of which are now collectors' items.

By all conventional standards, many of Carré's models were downright ugly, but Oh, brother, were they sexy! The same thing can be said of some of Harrison Marks's models – remember Paula Page! Jesus, what breasts that woman had! I've always regretted that Harrison Marks gave up still photography to make skin-flicks. He knew all about the kind of women that turn men on.

Fortunately, in Amnon Bar-Tur, you have found a superb photographer who also understands that a girl does not have to be conventionally pretty to be a sex-pot. He obviously knows all about the fantasies men have, and has the skill to get these sometimes

Continued on page 96

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Continued from page 62

you get it, neat, isn't it?" He didn't think so and left our grinning group angrily.

Two men from the public relations took me aside.

"Listen, those chaps are all very nice but not suitable for a girl of your type," the spokesman said. "We're a bit different, a cut above them, I'm sure you understand. Actually we'd go for a show with two of you performing. We'd be willing to pay a fair price if you gave us the whole works. You and that dark-haired girl over there, is it a deal?" He pointed towards Judy, the "straight".

"Ask her over," I smiled.

Judy was wearing her haughty expression, but her bosom was perilously near to falling out of her low cut dress. The P.R. men were hopeful as Judy joined us.

"I'm Judy, are you having a nice time?" she said condescendingly.

"Not yet, Judy, just fixing it for later, lovely dress if I may say so. Ignore the mob, we're hip to your scene, you look a pretty versatile sort of lady. Am I correct?" he said, his eyes on the obvious. Judy played it innocently.

"Yes, I can do a number of jobs well, type, take dictation in shorthand, interpret in two languages and so on. Thanks, yes, I only drink champagne," she gave her glass to the silent one of the pair who had put his hand out questioningly.

"I'm sure you're a clever lady, but I meant the other, like personal life. This beauty here is willing to make up a foursome with you having a bit of you-know-what together first to get the atmosphere right so to speak."

"Oh, you'd like us to leave and go to a nightclub," Judy said coolly.

"Well we could for a while, but we were rather hoping for something more peaceful, a comfy pad where we could get to know each other better. An intimate scene, you know, where you girls could get on a more friendly footing. Don't you think she's a beaut?"

"Of course, lovely, but we can become friends here."

"No, no, too crowded, we could go to her place I'm sure, and have ourselves some real fun. Do you like dominating or do you prefer she takes the initiative. You make a great pair. We'll not interfere, we'll just look until you want us to join in. Shall we go?" he pressed.

"Far too early to leave. Anyway, initiative in what? I don't understand, explain please."

"Judy, a big girl like you isn't stupid. Pleasure is the name of the game. Variety is the spice of life, I wondered whether you took the lead, okay? This pretty one is apparently adaptable, is that your thing or do you have a set role?"

"I'm not an actress, adaptable, yes, in what sense did you mean?"

"Really, you're giving me a hard time, Judy, how kinky are you?"

"Kinky? I'm not, I'm normal."

"But you are prepared to put on a show or those tits wouldn't be laid out as prick-bait. Tell her the score," he told me crossly. I was having a secret laugh, Judy was being too much so I took over.

"These two chaps dig us," I said with a quick glance in her direction. "You know what they expect us to do? A girl to girl sex show, dig? We have a rough and tumble together, give them a whole range of tricks. I'm not fussy, you can turn me on in your particular way, Okay?"

Judy acted the shocked Mrs. Whitehouse.

"You perverted, filthy girl, how dare you suggest I join you in an orgy of sex. I'll report you to Thelma immediately," Judy waved for Thelma who responded but didn't dig Judy's appearance as the insulted lady.

"Having fun, Judy? You want me, what's happening?"

"I've just been propositioned for an outrageous foursome This girl has cooked up something awful with these two men, she's not suitable for functions like this, she's a lesbian or whatever, and I wouldn't be surprised to learn that she's a whore. Get rid of her for immoral behaviour," Judy demanded, hypocrisy metaphorically written large all over her tits.

"Calm down, Judy," the bewildered Thelma told her, "I'm sure it was a harmless joke, forget it."

"What? A harmless joke? We always have a bunch of pros in for a bit of sex after our annual dinner. That wasn't a joke, we want an exhibition. Judy works the circuit with the rest of the girls. She knows it's sex for sale, or at least for hire." The spokesman was getting very cross.

"Please," gentlemen, please, Judy is not quite the same as the others, better join another group, Judy," Thelma suggested. Judy gave us all a nasty look and left. The men were uptight.

"Christ, what's wrong with the bitch, your job is to supply girls willing to have sex for a fee."

"Unofficially yes, and I do, but two of them here tonight are not prepared to do that. Judy is one of them, I'm sorry."

"Then you've no right to have her here, she's a bloody phoney, tits shoved at us, for what? If we don't get what we want, we'll tell the boss not to use you again. Get a replacement fast." He had turned aggressive. Thelma instantly waved for June to wiggle over.

"That's better, let's get details agreed and go. Hi, June, we're ready to disappear for a foursome. A show with her first, okay, you fancy her?" he asked bluntly, pointing at me.

"If you can pay, sure."

"Just a moment, I have to go," I said, I felt I had taken my little private joke far enough. "You'll need another girl."

That was too much for them. A tirade of abuse hit me. June could see the only punters worth bothering with slipping from her grasp.

"Don't be silly, we can have fun and quit this lot now without a hassle, leave it to me," she whispered. "She's all right, shy girl," June went on turning to the men and raising her voice. "I'll soon get her going, gents. I can handle her sort a treat, more of a kick than with a prearranged show. I can cope with any kink she goes for, satisfaction guaranteed."

"Good, let's get going; this got stupid. No more talk, action is what we want," the spokesman had perked up again and was ready to vanish from the suite."

"Not even for June can I wait. It's not your night, is it? But keep trying, goodnight," I said, and made a hasty exit. I escaped unscathed and pondered on the uncool scene. Normally I would have had all the men myself, one after the other. Sex permissiveness is my bag, but never for cash. I'm funny that way. I know some girls will always demand money. Brothels are the only solution, then no misunderstandings can arise. Even so it could lead to something new, "the credit card cunt", because that's how it is today.

Talking about powermania – if I ever was – reminds me of Michael X, the one time black power leader in Britain, now a condemned murderer in the Caribbean. On and off, I spent three years investigating him and his scene for my book *King's Road* and others. Under a cover name I chose a West Indian for a boyfriend and that got me into the black communities that Michael dominated. My family and friends thought I had become a drop out, mainly due, I think, to my change of gear which was essential for my new image.

White birds were only tolerated by Michael if they were hooked on junk or brought in bread. At first I was uptight when I was present at various gatherings, I knew I had to fool him somehow into believing I was a head. My spade prick wasn't enough. Matters blew up one evening at a party of about ten of his supporters in a luxurious house in Chelsea. I was the only one not smoking and passed the joint on when Michael gave it to me to inhale. That made him anxious, he produced a needle for me. I shook my head.

"No thanks, I had a fix not long ago," I told him. He stared at my bare unmarked arms. Not a sign of mainlining; he insisted I shoot the needle. My big chance of gaining his confidence was in danger.

"I'm stupid about fixing," I told the sceptical Michael, "I do it in private, I'm shy in that area. I shoot in my backside." He still wasn't believing me.

"Did I tell you what a bad trip the New York fuzz gave me when I was busted? Rough, man, and the F.B.I. – too heavy, but I kept my cool and won out."

"You had a hassle with the cops in New York? Really, that's the toughest test. That takes cool, chick, that takes cool, New York pigs are the heaviest, great baby, you're one of us." Michael beamed. I was in. I had only omitted to tell Michael that the charge was dropped and had nothing to do with narcotics as he had presumed. It only needed a bit – a large bit, I admit – of promiscuous sex after that for me to get all the info.

But returning to my coloured boobs. I once ate a huge meal in Vegas, served by chicks wearing mock Roman togas. Caesar's Palace is that daft, but it nets a fortune. Dammit.

Fresh fruit was held under my nose with the customary pair of wallopers dangling above the dish.

"Grapes please," I demanded.

"Which kind do ya want?"

"White please," I replied. A nasty hush fell over the table, the Vegas-Roman slave was stunned, her tits sagged visibly above me. A middle-aged member of our party sitting next to me whispered into my ear.

"It's not like London here, you must never use the words black or white. Ask for either dark or green grapes." I giggled, I was the only one they weren't fooling, this was California. I told the waitress to give me green grapes, forcing myself not to laugh. Time for coffee.

"White for me," I ordered. Repeat of previous scene, I was muddled.

"You've forgotten what I said, coffee is with cream or without," my tutor kicked me nastily. I cracked up, I was rapidly taken to the loo to get a grip on myself. When in Rome – you know the rest.

Went up North with super-star mate driving in latest Cadillac, with darkened windows, and we sped along the freeway with the chauffeur breaking the law haphazardly. By 2 a.m. I wanted lustology, super-star told me to control my urge, but I wanted it there and then. Alice Cooper blasted out in stereo. I played with myself but that was no big deal. S.S.'s well developed number was the object of my thoughts. He knew my weakness so he dressed in skin-tight pants just to bug me. I threw a soft car rug across his lower half and got going. A struggle took place, I won, his huge circumcized job was freed from restraint. S.S. protested when I slid down to give it a bit of oralogy. But he soon left me to it, we had a wild game, and he was very naughty, twice. To my horror I heard the sirens of a fuzz four-wheeler and saw the flashing lights spiralling round as it passed and signalled for us to pull in.

Despite the air conditioning, sweet fumes filled the rear end of the Cad. which was partitioned off from the driver. I was innocent.

"So what now?" I moaned.

"Keep cool," lover boy told me as he did a quick pants shuffle. "It's routine, I'll handle them, just watch me work on the cops and dig it. Fuck, my prick won't lie flat, that's your bloody fault, you oversexed broad, look at me." I did, there was no mistaking that bulge. "It wasn't me, fink, you must have been three times as keen as me or you'd not be in that condition. Sex isn't illegal, it's your blasted smokes they'll be after and they'll have me for dragging too. Shall I screw them?"

"Shut-up or I'll rap you in the mouth, all you think of is sex," he snapped as the armed officers strolled towards the car. One indicated to lower a window, S.S. pushed a button and grinned at them.

"Something wrong, boys?" he asked a little flippantly I thought. The law leaned on the car and the taller one's face poked into the interior, he eyed me suspiciously.

"No sweat," he said. "Routine check. Say, don't I know your face? Yeah, got it. Saw you on the Johnny Carson show, groovy, real groovy," he recognised my boyfriend.

"Thanks, I'm glad you enjoyed it, we're heading for Albany, ever get there? If you do I'll give you a pass for the concert, any use?" S.S. almost smirked with confidence despite the deep sniffing of the cop.

"Sure is, gee, we'd appreciate that, we live close to Albany, can we do something for you? Know the road into town?" The lawman inhaled deeply.

"No. the driver's cool," S.S. said, scribbling something on a piece of paper.

The fuzz gaped at me, my legs were exposed to the full. "Hi Miss, you from New York?"

"No, I'm from London," I said politely.

"Had to be, American broads don't dress so cutely as you Limeys. Having a good trip?" The fuzz were reluctant to leave. "Any chance of a couple of broads for us to meet? You know, sexy dames that can't get at you."

"Always plenty of left-overs, I'll see you have a ball. Don't come in uniform, dig?"

"We're not stoopid, can't wait to catch the show and the party. Strong smell, French I bet." I smiled silently and let my dress "accidently" ride up again. I had no tights on to veil the view. We were waved off elaborately.

"Cover your cunt," I was ordered.

"Why? That little exposure saved us, they're back there now wanking and picturing this," I stroked my soft skin and swung my legs over his thighs. I knew he had flipped when I flaunted myself to the two officers. S.S. was a mental masochist, he hated and loved other men to see me but he could never understand why. He would not accept the fact that his greatest pleasure came from being sexually pressurised in the mind.

"Crap, my face got us off the hook," he said as he re-lit the joint and gaped down at the spot that had intrigued the law.

"Rubbish, that hint of sex got them, tell me again to cover it," I said and pressed into him. He struggled mentally to deny himself but he didn't fight for long, sexstatic defeat swept him.

"Bitch, but this is the last stunt you pull, to calm you I'll let you do what you want. Those cops saw what they shouldn't have seen, I ought to beat the hell out of you for that. Made me look a fool. My girl is supposed to have 'reserved' written large across her cunt, but you shove your sex at every guy you see, it's got to stop. From here on my girl behaves with class. I mean it," he insisted.

"Really, you're a liar and you know it," I said, pushing on to him until I had all there was.

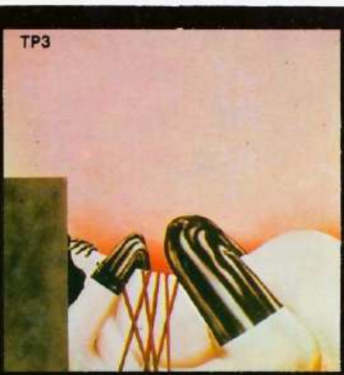
"I'll smoke to that, Godammit," he sighed.

To the public, S.S. is the symbol of power, penis power. I do nothing to alter that image, but in private he's at my mercy. I flog him mentally with all I've got and he loves it. I can force his mind to accept my most outrageous behaviour and I love it. His friends noticed a change in him when I came on the scene but they have never discovered the reason. They have never guessed that the great S.S. is my sexual slave.

However pudendum power and a sadistic nature are not enough in themselves to satisfy my notorious appetite. I'm a greedy girl.

TP1

TP2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Readers' Writes

Continued from page 93

elusive images brilliantly captured on film.

The close-up, face and bust study of Anitralina on Page 42 is one of the most stunningly erotic photographs it has been my privilege to see in a British publication. It produced an immediate, powerful erection when I first saw it, and has not lost its magic to repeat the operation each time I've gazed at it, which runs into scores by now!

That insolent face, with just the thrilling hint of a primitive coarseness, those thick, sensuous, parted lips, those glorious nipples. More, please, more, more, more!
Hal V., Sidcup.

Anitralina Again
Sir: Anitralina, featured in Vol. 2, No. 6, is unquestionably one of the sexiest models ever to appear in an English magazine. Sex appeal has little, if anything, to do with accepted standards of beauty. I really do not know what constitutes sex appeal because a decadently aristocratic looking female letting her hair down can be just as loin-grabbing as a bit of rough stuff showing all she's got, while, by the same token, does not necessarily, pack any significant erotic punch.

I think what really grabs me with Anitralina is the paradox implicit in the studies. She gives the impression (and, funnily enough, I mean this as a compliment, not an insult!) of being a bit of rough stuff, yet she is posed in a decadently luxurious setting. The paradox is quite devastating – well, I find it so, anyway. It would be nice to hear other views on this comment.
F. K. Lyons, Manchester.

Paradox & Porn
Sir: After much study and cogitation, I have come to the conclusion that the question of paradox is highly significant in relation to eroticism. Your Karl Steiner, who used to write for *Men Only*, but who now, I'm pleased to see, has begun to contribute to *Club International* as well, makes a big thing of this, too, and I'm sure he's right.

Let me quote you an example: I have a large collection of Scandinavian and German magazines, including complete sets of "Private" and "Colour Climax". These, as many of your readers probably know, depict explicit sex (hetero and lesbian) in all its aspects, in full colour and pin-sharp focus. Nothing, but *nothing*, is left to the imagination.

One of these magazines – "Colour Climax" No. 31, in case you're interested – I find incredibly powerful. It features two really lovely young girls, who cannot be more than seventeen or eighteen, doing the most extreme things to a group of handsome, awesomely equipped men, including a stupendously endowed negro (at least nine inches!)

Now, it's not so much what the girls are doing, fantastic though this is, but the almost child-like innocence of their faces which turns me on, coupled with the undeniable fact that they are actually revelling in bizarre practices. It is no act for the camera.

In so much pornography, the models look disinterested, if not utterly bored by the whole business, and one can agree, in these cases, with the oft-heard criticism that human beings are exploited and degraded for the titillation of others. But, in many of these Scandinavian productions, the participants are so patently enjoying themselves – the girls as well as the men – that such criticism is quite invalid.

I feel, in these instances, that the word erotica is far more appropriate than the term pornography. It is not so much what is being done as the manner of its doing, and the style of the presentation. I know this may seem like hair splitting, but, to me, there is no such thing as high-class pornography; there is only erotica (high-class) and pornography (low-class).
H.B.N., London.

Another Sceptic
Sir: At long last, a common-sense letter in Readers' Writes! I refer to A.N.'s "Voice of the Sceptic". I find myself in agreement with almost all he has to say, and can add a few more observations of my own.

Why, for example, does none of your correspondents go around with normally developed females? When the brassière comes off it is always to reveal "fantastic breasts with super-large, wide-spreading, deeply-pigmented, corrugated nipples and areolae". When the panties descend it is always to uncover "fantastic, wide-spreading, jet black hirsute growths".

I have seen some pretty horny beat-up teats in my time (and enjoyed the thrill of sucking upon them!) but they are not *that* common, and I can honestly say I have never seen a woman with hair up to her belly button, although I have met one or two with hair around the nipples, and *that's* quite a turn-on, believe me.

Granted, there must be hundreds of types around, possibly covered in hair from head to foot and with sixty-inch tits and two-inch-long nipples, but it is just too much of a coincidence to accept that all these fabulous creatures are the girlfriends of *Club International* readers. Please credit us with a bit of intelligence!
H. Wild., Preston.

Come, Come, Now!
Sir: I have devoted my life to a study of coming. I keep careful records of all my own comes, including the weight of emission, the length of time from flaccid start to ejaculation and the fantasies and/or pornography used to bring about the discharge.

I come at least once a day except on those occasions when I want to make a special effort and produce something extraordinary. Then I go up to ten days without coming at all. This is a great trial I can assure you.

I wish to improve my performance in respect of the volume of my come. I have tried oysters and Guinness with no significant effect upon emission quantity, although I tend to come a lot quicker after a heavy dose of the aforementioned.

I am sure a lot of your readers must be heavy masturbators and as interested in their performance as I am. Please print whatever letters you might get in response to this. We come-brothers must all stand together.
Big Dick, Colchester.

Hi-Fi
Sir: I note with pleasure that you are tending to diversity in the contents of your splendid magazine without any diminution in its erotic appeal. Good luck to you! I also regularly buy *Men Only* and enjoy the no-nonsense approach of Steve Croesus to financial matters. Being a Hi-Fi enthusiast, although by no means an expert, I feel that a similar, cant-free feature on this subject would be of much interest.

In the main, customers are taken for a ride by retailers of so-called Hi-Fi equipment, most of which is anything but Fi and the only Hi thing about it is the price. It would be great if you could run a monthly feature on this topic, giving us the real gen on equipment without all the ad-men's ridiculous superlatives.

The same thing could be said for photography, too.
James Blake, London, N.1.

Spanking Thoughts
Sir: Like M.J. and his wife of Newquay (Vol. 2, No. 6), we, too, are devotees of sex with pain and ran into similar problems due to the marks left by caning and whipping.

In our case, evidence of kinky games is not merely a question of possible embarrassment before friends but of risk to our livelihood, for Joan is a photographic model who occasionally is called upon to pose naked or in very brief attire, while I am a swimming instructor at a large baths.

We overcame our difficulties quite easily once we had discussed the matter fully and examined our fantasies. We came to the mutual conclusion that neither of us is especially concerned with the method of pain infliction. It is the fact of submission of one partner to the other which really works the erotic spell. The type and degree of pain is much less important than the idea of one of us deliberately hurting the other. "You always hurt the one you love." Very true!

We may be quite wrong in this but cannot accept that anyone other than a pervert (we do NOT consider ourselves as such!) actually likes pain for its own sake. Pain is pain, and it's damned unpleasant! Mind you, I'm not including mild discomfort like having a girl's pointed fingernails dig into one's buttocks or slowly score up and down the length of one's pulsing shaft.

This sort of pain is more of a caress, and it's almost impossible to draw a distinct line between pleasure and displeasure. The exact location of the line keeps varying according to the extent to which the libido is aroused. But we cannot, honestly, believe that anyone enjoys a severe thrashing, although we are prepared to accept (from personal experience!) that the *idea* of being soundly flagellated can overrule the physical discomfort and bring an erotic experience that borders on the sublime. It's all in the mind, as they say!

But M.J. asked for suggestions and specified that these should not be facetious. From our experience we can recommend a broad (about two-inch) leather strap, made from machinery drive belting, with a series of drawing pins pushed through it so that the points extend a fraction of an inch. The thickness of the belting assures that this will be so.

Both sides, alternately, of this awesome instrument can be used with frightening effect, yet no damage results that has not completely disappeared within a couple of days. To avoid weals, it is, of course, essential that no thin instrument be employed.

It is our recommendation, however, that M.J. gets right away from the practices of flagellation and concentrates instead upon the almost infinite number of static techniques, involving the placement of spring clips on the nipples, weights suspended by wires around the testicles, hot wax in the navel cavity, etc. The only limitation here is the imagination.

In case your readers have the wrong idea, please let me hasten to say that I am not a sado-masochist in the true sense of the word, neither is my wife. We both work to give the other pleasure and we never, on any account, exceed in severity the treatment desired by the other. Sadists and masochists care nothing for the feelings of others. They are a hundred percent self-centred, and love does not enter into their scheme of things.

Joan and I love one another deeply. We practise love games, not perversion. There is a great difference, you know.
Mr. & Mrs. Smith, Harrogate.

Close-up
Sir: I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the glorious, close-up photograph, magnified several times, of a female nipple (and what a lovely one!) which you used to illustrate Dr. Eisenach's titillating and educative article, "Sex Probe" in the last issue.

This is the best nipple study I have seen and I implore you to make greater use of the ultra-large close-up in your fine publication. There is huge erotic potential in the idea.

Just before the war, John Everard, a well-known nude photographer of the day (along with Walter Bird, Roye and Philip Gotlop – do those names stir memories?) produced a superb, large format, luxury book entitled "Portrait of a Model" which was devoted to several scores of photographs of the same, lovely blonde girl.

Not only were the usual full length, back and front, and torso shots included but there were several stunning close-ups of her nipples, her navel, bottom, hands, feet, nose, lips and eyes. Everything was blemish-free and beautiful – even the feet, and there are not many girls who have pretty feet!

It was as though the model were saying, "I am perfect in every detail, come in as close as you wish, put me under a magnifying glass and you will find no flaw." For some reason, I found this wonderfully erotic, and still do, for I have my copy of that splendid book to this day. Sad to reflect that the glorious girl portrayed must now be approaching sixty. Facially, she is (was) something like Shirley Eaton, the girl who was covered in gold paint for the James Bond film *Goldfinger*.

It is astonishing to me that so little is made of the large close-up in magazine photography. We get close-ups (often revolting ones!) on TV all the time, and Hollywood films were featuring them way back in the early 1930's.

Perhaps this is not permissible, but a large close-up of the female anus would be immensely welcome. When you come to think of it, if you are allowed to show the magnified nipple, why not the magnified anus? There is not all that much difference, is there? Both are pigmented areas of skin surrounding a duct!

G.M.D., Fleetwood.

And Still One More

Sir: In my humble opinion, the contents of the majority of the readers' letters you print is a load of crap. Guys with nine-inch tools who can come a dozen times straight off, knocking around with incredibly over-developed and over-sexed females who have orgasms like other girls have hiccoughs, will not be wasting their precious time writing a lot of cock to the editors of magazines. They will be on the job, mate!

Men who are driven to write letters usually have a lousy sex life. I speak from personal experience. I'm married to an old hag who's as dried up as the Sahara. Possibly this is just as well because I only measure five inches when fully erect (which isn't often) and an ejaculation just about corpses me for the rest of the night. I'm not so much a has-been as a never-was.

"One-shot Joe", Cheltenham.

Call-Girls

Sir: In view of recent happenings concerning call-girls and government persons, I have the following to say.

Everyone knows this sort of thing goes on, so why all the imitation shock? Call-girls are laid on for visiting, foreign businessmen and diplomats. This is common knowledge. To avoid the spurious security aspect, so heavily played up by the gutter press, why not have special brothels for the use of government ministers, etc., the inmates could be carefully screened. This would avoid all the hypocrisy and tragedy associated with the Lambton-Jellicoe affair, and the Profumo business some years ago.

I realise that some people may throw up their hands in horror at such a suggestion, but I say we must accept the world as we find it. Let us be realists and do what we can to avoid similar "scandals" in the future. Men are men. They can no more change their ways than a leopard can change its spots.

John C., Bath.

Peeping Tom

Sir: Being a bit past it now (I am sixty-two) I still manage to get plenty of kicks as a voyeur. I suppose you would call me a typical dirty old man or one of the raincoat brigade for I frequent strip clubs and the cinemas specialising in skin-flicks. I put it to you, it is surely better to be like myself than to try to foist unwelcome attentions on young girls. Unfortunately, my wife died six years ago, and I have no sexual outlet except for fantasy and voyeurism, but, like I said, I am a bit too old for much action myself anyway.

PETROL
WIZZ
KEITH REYNOLDS

"When I said fill 'er up' I meant the car!"

I am not all that well off, and strip clubs are expensive, especially when you go as often as I do. All the same, I manage to scrape enough together for an occasional visit to a London "business girl", where I am provided with a first class show for £10. I sit in a comfortable cubicle and watch all that goes on in the neighbouring room through one of those trick mirrors.

I have visited five different girls in the Maida Vale and Ealing areas, and each has these Peeping Tom facilities. Is it standard equipment, I wonder? And how many of the clients know that they are being spied upon by a dirty old man?

F.J., Pinner.

Dutch Treat

Sir: Copenhagen seems to have got the name for being the sexiest city in Europe, and it's quite true that the live sex shows there are pretty fantastic in respect of the youth and beauty of the girls. All the same, it is mostly straight sex, and after a time, strange as it may seem, one soon gets a bit bored with unimaginative sucking and screwing displays.

I am told that Hamburg is the city for kinky shows. I have not been there, but, if it's any more way-out than Amsterdam, from where I've just returned, it must be more than kinky – it must be knotted!

I was fortunate to make friends with a Yank who really knows his way around the world – Rio, Tokyo, Mexico City and all the European hot-spots, he's seen the lot. He took me to a show which he promised would be different. It was staged in a huge, private house, which had been taken over by a Secret Sex Society.

There were various esoteric rooms in this house, including a mock dungeon, also a small, luxuriously appointed theatre seating about two dozen people, at least half of whom were richly dressed women. The show began with a parade of six amazingly sexy girls wearing leather bras and panties, suspenders, stockings and extremely high-heeled boots.

Although nothing was showing, their movements, coupled with the pounding beat of the music, had me in a state of tingling excitement in next to no time. Each girl was different and there was something for every possible taste, including a truly luscious negress.

"Howdya like it?" enquired my friend. "Great," I answered. "You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait for it, here it comes!" As he finished speaking, the first dancer pulled down the zip of "her" leather panties revealing a large and erect penis! In turn, the other performers followed. All six were formidably male.

The effect on me was utterly shattering. These creatures were so beautiful, so feminine, and yet so virile. It is difficult to analyse my feelings. I had never, on any occasion, previously, experienced homosexual desire, in fact the very idea of male homosexuality had always repelled me, although I found lesbianism most stimulating.

I really think this was a corrupting show because I know that, given the opportunity, I would have had relations with any one of those transvestites, and particularly with the coloured boy. I have often heard and seen it said that one cannot be corrupted by pornography, and, being an enjoyer of porn myself, I have always gone along with this view. It is very easy to justify a weakness!

I know a live show is different from printed porn, but, after that experience in Holland, I have to be honest with myself and admit that, if the show I saw was photographed and presented in sequence with the same shock value when the true sex of the performer was revealed, then the resulting publication would definitely be a corrupting influence, insofar as it would introduce homosexual desires where none had previously existed.

I would welcome the views of other readers upon this matter, which, in view of all the recent fuss about porn, is, I believe, a crucial one.

P.W., Hornsea, Yorks.

Sacher-Masoch

Sir: Your introduction to Paul Tabori's erudite piece on Leopold von Sacher-Masoch stated that the Baron was "obsessed by personal submission to the ecstasy of pain". I beg to differ. He, like most masochists, was more obsessed by submission to humiliation rather than pain. A lot of masochists are obsessed by the *idea* of submitting to pain, because this involves humiliation. The pain itself is a secondary feature and, in the majority of cases, not all that welcome.

Anyone who really wishes to understand the masochistic mentality should read Dr. Theodor Reik's superb work on the subject, "Masochism in Sex and Society". There is more ignorance and muddled thinking in respect of sadism and masochism than regarding any other form of deviation.

Dr. Clemens Muller, Berlin.

Sir: Reference Paul Tabori's fine article on Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, I would like to say that I have never read a more beautiful or poignant work than his "Venus in Furs". This truly great novel has a reputation it ill-deserves. It is not pornographic, but is a work of genius and immense sensitivity.

Sacher-Masoch, unfortunately tends to get lumped together with de Sade, due to Krafft-Ebing's use of the terms "masochism" and "sadism". Sacher-Masoch's writings are infinitely more refined than those of de Sade, who frequently went right over the top in his description of sexual perversion. Sacher-Masoch was always restrained, leaving much to the reader's imagination. Here is the essential difference between erotica and pornography.

Gustav Lander, Stockholm.

Mud Wrestling

Sir: At long last you've given all us female wrestling fans (male fans, I mean – don't get me wrong) what we've been waiting for, and, my word you've done it superbly well. The only possible criticism is that the excerpt quoted by Mark

Royston from "My Name is Mud" is too short, and that there are no illustrations.

Although written with a good sense of humour, Marianne Mud's account of her conquest and total humiliation of "Prince Adonis" is extremely erotic, and a great deal more is implied than actually stated. This, in my opinion, is the art of good writing. It is far more titillating when something is left to the imagination, rather than having it all spelled out – often in four-letter words.

I have noticed in Mark Royston's fine articles that he frequently quotes from other writers' works, and the snippets printed always leave me longing for more.

Is there any chance of your publishing full stories by Lander, Mud, Yvonne Duprez and others? The extract from "Call girl de Luxe", which appeared in the same article as the mud wrestling feature, is just great. Mark Royston refers to the work as an unpublished autobiography. Why unpublished? I'm sure it would go like a bomb!

Thank you once more for a fine magazine. I don't know which is better, *Club* or *Men Only*. It's about 50/50 I guess. Please give us more on female mud wrestling soon, *with pictures*!
Gordon S., Wakefield.

Sir: Thanks a million for the recent piece on a girl giving a male his come-uppance in a mud-filled wrestling ring. Great! I've seen this kind of show in Hamburg but had no idea it was still going on here. Before the war, there used to be girls wrestling in mud on the South Shore and along the Golden Mile at Blackpool. They also used to fight in ice-cream, and I once saw the ring filled with wet fish.

All this was banned, though, on the grounds that it was a "degrading spectacle and an offence against public decency". To a large extent, I have to agree, for the women were pretty ghastly and there was no finesse. Mind you, under these circumstances, it is a bit tricky to decide what is finesse and what is crudity!

The mud shows in Germany were much better staged and some of the girls were marvellous lookers – something after the style of Marianne Mud, who, I imagine, must have learnt her trade on the Continent. This kind of spectacle is certainly not everyone's cup of tea. I was pretty revolted the first time I saw it.

However, one can soon acquire the taste and even become addicted. It's a bit like smoking in a way, because I have yet to meet the person who can honestly say he really enjoyed his first cigarette!
Vic W., Grimsby.

Anatomical Preferences

Sir: How I wish I had the gifts of a Shakespeare or a Shelley to extol the fantastic tit and bum glories lavished upon us in *Club International* Vol. 2, No. 5. I freely admit that I am a rabid tit and bum man, tending to go for sheer quantity rather than quality, but, when quantity and quality are combined, as in so many of the stunning pictures in the issue referred to, all I can do is to gasp and to groan, and go around suffering from a perpetual backache.

"Fanny's" bum is one of the most luscious I have ever seen – and all that golden down covering the delectable cheeks! These pictures, coupled with the text in Mark Royston's sensational article, "Kicks for the Connoisseur" – the bit where "Marianne Mud", the female wrestler, is talking about "bumming her opponent to death" – have given me some of the most tensely rapturous moments experienced in fifty-four years of not unimaginative life.

Fanny's breasts are gorgeous, too – such firmness and fullness – but they cannot compare with those of the utterly fabulous model (not named) who appears on page 22 (Fig. 6), very unfairly, I think, in a "send-up" feature. Without question, these breasts are the most horny it has ever been my good fortune to encounter, eclipsing even the twin mountains of my one-time heroine, Paula Page.

The breasts of this new model of yours are larger, heavier and even more succulently pendulous than those of the divine Paula, while her nipples are enough to drive a man insane with their richly pigmented, tawny, huge areolae. That was one department in the breastworks where Paula was lacking – her aerolae were not particularly large and were ill-defined. This female is the ultimate in mammilliary perfection – the epitome of ripe womanhood. Please, let us see many more photographs of her.
Richard G., Liverpool.

Sir: I have never written to a magazine before, but the picture on Page 22 of Vol. 2, No. 5, is compulsive. My loins are still on fire after gazing at it, on and off, for ten days. Tits are tops and it's impossible to have too much of a good thing. This model – who the hell is she? – is stupendous, almost beyond belief.
Fred K., Derby.

Sir: Vol. 2, No. 5 – Page 9, Page 11, top left, and Page 14, top right. Here are three of the most stunning bum-shots on which it has been my privilege to feast my eyes in over forty years of bottom adoration. The bum itself, belonging to one "Fanny" is sublime. It is no exaggeration to say that I would endure perpetual slavery to such a bum, submitting myself as often as she wished at any hour of the day or night. It would be the ultimate experience gradually to lose consciousness beneath the soft, perfumed cheeks of such an exquisite erotic weapon.
G.N.V., Norwich.

Laugh a Line

Sir: Club International is a very erotic magazine, and this fact is reflected in the Readers' Letters sections, but it is also an extremely FUNNY magazine.

I get a lot more laughs out of an issue of *Club* than out of several copies of *Punch*, which is supposed to be the No. 1 humorous publication. The style of the humour in *Club* appeals to me enormously as I've long been a fan of the Goons, Spike Milligan and Monty Python.
James H., Shrewsbury.

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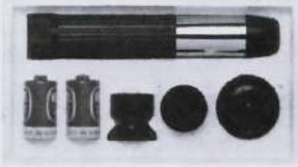

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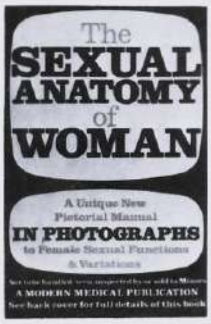
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